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LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE METTERNICH.*

It rarely falls to the lot of one man to enjoy such prolonged and undisputed pre-eminence as belongs to the statesman

whose name stands at the head of this paper. It is supposed to be one of the leading characteristics of the present age, that single individuals are no longer the great arbiters of human destinies; that the growth of intelligence among the masses has enabled them to dwarf the colossal power formerly exercised by intellectual magnates; and that, if isolated genius would command influence now, it must be no longer by the wand of independent agency, but by seeking to enlist the sympathies of large bodies of men in its designs, and by making them the factors of its will. But Metternich's career stands out in bold contradiction to this tendency. As a statesman, he belongs

* *Auszüge aus den Geheimen Memoiren des Fürsten Metternich.* Weimar. 1849.

Metternich. Leipzig. 1846. Phil. Reclam, Jr.
Fürst Metternich. Biographische Skizze. Von L. VON ALVERSLEBEN. Wien: Jasper Hügel und Mang. 1848.

Fürst Metternich und das Oesterreichische Staats-System. Von Dr. A. J. GROSS-HOFFINGER. Leipzig: Philipp Reclam, Jr., 1844.

Metternich's System, oder die Ministererschöpfung in Wien vom Jahr 1834. Leipzig: Arnold Rüge, 1844.

Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament June 15th, 1849.

Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy, presented to both Houses of Parliament, June 13th, 1859.

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rather to the class of the Wolseys and the Richelieus than to any of his own century; yet in the marvels he accomplished we must place him above the Wolseys and the Richelieus. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when the European populations had hardly emerged from the trammels of servitude—when the multitude was besotted, and the public mind kept down to the stagnant level of a brutish mediocrity, it was indeed easy for a great genius, monopolizing all the learning of the period, to wield the destinies of a kingdom, and make a continent of people, like so many terror-stricken herds, crouch to receive his mandates with slavish obsequiousness. But Metternich fashioned society in the molds of his own creation, at a time when society was fully as enlightened as himself, and was rushing in a direction fatal to his purposes. He laid down his grooves with the cool air of one who has only to speak to be obeyed; and as the multitude were rejoicing in the vigor of newly-awakened intellect, he arrested their progress, and flung them upon a retrograde movement with a facility the more surprising, as he stood single-handed in the conflict, and his resources appeared of the simplest character. During the times in which he lived, the literature of his country achieved its greatest triumphs; and the national energies were aroused by events the most startling and turbulent in human annals. To have possessed any influence at such an epoch would have been the mark of a high intellect; but to have been the presiding spirit of the period, and to have so guided its stormiest events as to make them run counter to their natural tendency, this must be confessed to be the mark of the loftiest genius. Yet such was the lot of Prince Metternich. If his system in Austria was at last overborne, the defeat was but momentary; like a ball, it rose higher from the rebound, and seems even now, with its originator in its grave, as likely to endure as ever.

Other men have performed dazzling achievements by the sword, but their empire has been fleeting, and their conquests as transitory as themselves. They have risen like a brilliant coruscation in the evening, and having overawed nations by their splendor, have been engulfed in mysterious darkness. Such was the career of Cæsar, Alexander, and Napoleon. Of the three, the Corsican was doubtless

the superior spirit. But Metternich contrived to overreach Napoleon, to bring him as a suppliant to his feet, and to help Austria to the richest kingdoms out of the spoils of the French empire, with no other agency than the stroke of his pen. He found Austria reduced to a shadow of her former greatness—a third-rate dependency of a confederation which was itself the puppet of France. He left her the most powerful kingdom in Europe, endued with a giant's strength, and fortified up to the teeth on the Po, on the Danube, on the Rhine. With its head resting on the sunny plains of Italy; with its trunk in Upper Germany, Illyria, and the Slavonic provinces; with its extremities stretching far away to the icy ravines of the Riesengebirges, the Austria of Metternich's creation still lies a vast political balance-weight in the center of Europe. As governor of this huge empire, Metternich was the political Titan of his day. He insured victory to whatever side he leaned without unsheathing the sword. Italy, by secret stipulations with its princes, lay at his feet. He ruled Germany through that Confederation, which was itself the creature of his breath, and which, in addition to the imperial forces, placed under his control an army of 300,000 men. Even Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, hardly exercised greater influence, or could dispose of a larger military array than Metternich acquired by pacific means, and which he made Europe believe was essential to its peace that he should retain. But his career extends over double the space of the French hero, though the latter was more fortunate in this respect than any of his predecessors, with the exception of Frederick the Great. Metternich was famous as a European diplomatist in 1797, at the Congress of Rastadt; and the requiem has only just been sung over his catafalque in the Hauptkirche of Vienna. His recollection of and personal acquaintance with our chiefs extended from Pitt to Aberdeen. The Foxes, the Liverpools, the Castlereags, the Cannings, the Peels, and the Wellingtons all passed like so many shadows before him. He was acquainted and shook hands with all. Four sovereigns since his manhood sat on the throne of Russia; and five swayed the destinies of France, three of whom he lived to see in exile. During the intervening space, three Emperors stalked, like

so many shadows, through the chambers of the imperial palace; but the real government of Austria rested in the hands of Metternich. From the age of twenty-five up to within a few years of his death, he was the virtual sovereign of the heterogeneous populations united under the House of Hapsburg; and the *prestige* derived from his lofty position, as well as from the success of his tactics, gave him an influence with foreign princes which many of their own councilors did not possess. His name stood as high in Rome, in St. Petersburg, in Paris during the Restoration, and in London during the Regency, as at Vienna. Hence the action of Metternich was not like that of other potentates, confined to his own country, but extended over the most influential quarter of the globe. Wherever grave interests were at stake touching the kingdoms at the head of civilization, there his voice was in the ascendant. For upwards of half a century he presided over diplomatic councils, and gave the guiding stroke to the policy of Europe.

But it is in the hardy task of inclosing the career of the human spirit within fixed barriers, and of arresting the democratic current, that Metternich claims our principal consideration. Nations that might have proceeded gradually from one liberty to another have been kept by him in a degraded state of political infancy. His eyes unceasingly went round the globe, to see if there was not some trembling throne to support, some tribune to close, some germ of liberty to stifle. Hence he called himself the head constable of Europe. But his was not the *bâton* which secures order that men may enjoy the greatest amount of freedom, but that which extinguishes freedom at the sacrifice of order. The force essential to keep humanity in shackles was periodically giving way. It required all the energies of this extraordinary man to save Europe from convulsions, and repair the broken fetter, that the system might continue. According to Metternich, there was no law of progress for society. Men were destined, like animals, to execute continually the same gyrations, only on a higher platform of being. The infallibility attaching to his religious convictions was imported into the domain of politics. Heaven had not only appointed priests, but kings, for his viceregents. One fixed and eternal round of blind acquiescence

in their decrees was the social Elysium he destined for mortals. The rapid development of science, the electric transmission of thought, the economization of labor, the volant flight of the steam-engine, which are, as we write, gradually elevating society to a more lofty region of existence, had no meaning for Metternich. The rosy morning of a golden future never knocked at his doors. His political world had no rainbow of hope illuminating its horizon, no blooming vistas indicating a speedy coming time when many of the thorns which at present infest men's path will be turned into flowers, when the course of society will lie through gardens, and not through deserts; when a social structure will arise, which shall beautify instead of disgracing material nature, and stand out in the same startling contrast to that of the present, as a Palladian palace to a Celtic hovel. Metternich read humanity backwards. The present with him was only a bad repetition of the slavish past; and he was determined the future should be in every respect a still more servile repeater of worn-out echoes than the present.

It is singular that this political phenomenon should have continued to knock about the world like a foot-ball for nearly half a century without extorting from his speculative countrymen more dignified notices of his doings than the miserable sketches which introduce this essay. The greater portion of these are vague eulogiums, of which Metternich must have been heartily ashamed, and were doubtless written by needy applicants for office, who expected by them to propitiate the favour of the Chancellerie. But if the press of Germany is in fetters, if its political bookmakers, overawed by the machinery of the Confederation, refrain from dealing with Metternich's career in a legitimate spirit, at least we, on this side of the water, are in a different position. If we had not had the blessing of Metternich's guidance, we have, at all events, experienced its influence, and have a claim to be just to his memory. Many of his political actions, also, are pregnant with the deepest meaning to Englishmen. We can not, therefore, allow the grave to engulf so much renown without canvassing the merits of a man whom England alternately regarded with pleasure and with distrust, and considering his public acts, both in relation to the foreign interests of

this country, and the effects they have produced in the later political developments of Europe. It is because we believe the policy of Metternich has had, and still retains, its partisans among a certain class of British statesmen, that we shall endeavor to show in what manner that policy has neutralized the foreign influence of England, and deprived its diplomatists of that weight in the councils of Europe which the success of British arms gave them a fair title to claim. Nothing can be more opportune than such considerations at the present crisis. When the state of parties is so identical at home as to present little shade of difference unless in their foreign policy, and when the fate of one of the countries, which supped full of the blessings of Metternich's government, is trembling in the balance between the renewal of his absolutism and the inauguration of constitutional progress, it is peculiarly fitting to review the class of evils this statesman has engendered, the happiness he has prevented, and to what extent England, by the weakness of some of her rulers, has been ancillary to the infliction of the blighting effect of his system upon the world.

Clement Wenceslaus Lothaire, Count de Metternich, was born at Coblenz, May fifteenth, 1773. He was descended from one of the best families in the empire, who had constantly maintained a foremost position either as princes of the Church or magnates of the State. In the sixteenth century they figure as Archbishops of Trèves, and military governors of Mayence. In later times, they have given chancellors to the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna. The family estates, more extensive than many German principalities, stretch from the Moselle through the plains of Winneberg and Oldenhausen to Handsruck. The wonder is not that such a family became distinguished, but that they did not aim at independent sovereignty. Clement's father, Francis George, however, who was born at Coblenz 1746, was the first who bore the title of Prince of the Empire — a dignity conferred upon him in reward for his efficient services as conference minister at Vienna. Of Clement's education scrupulous care appears to have been taken. Having surmounted a host of private masters, he was forced through the curriculum of two universities — the one at Strasburg, to perfect himself in the arts; the other at

Mayence, to imbibe the principles of jurisprudence and international law. At the age of eighteen he assisted his father as master of ceremonies at the coronation of Leopold II., and was subsequently, on leaving Mayence, initiated by him into the mysteries of Austrian statecraft at Vienna.

It is in the influences produced on his mind at the outset of his career that we must seek for the well-springs of that policy with which he so pertinaciously strove to inundate Europe. That policy was too unnatural to have its seat in reason, however much the mind may have been employed in adjusting its details and in imparting to them systematic coherence. Like many other radical errors, we must ascribe Metternich's early bias in favor of absolutism to adventitious circumstances disturbing the clear vision of his virgin intellect, and forcing him upon a path opposed to his speculative convictions. His first prepossessions were in favor of liberal institutions. With Benjamin Constant and Lowestein, at Strasburg, he hailed the advent of a constitutional government in France as opening a golden vista to humanity. But when the French made war against the class to which he belonged; when they pulled down the altar, and extinguished the throne in blood; when they menaced Europe with a war of propagandism; when they seized on the left bank of the Rhine, and confiscated his own patrimony in the general spoil; then his visions of human progress vanished, and he saw no hope for his species, unless cooped up in the cage of an iron-banded despotism. To crush liberty, and promote the cause of absolutism, became henceforward the grand object of his life. Nor did the visit which he paid to England and Holland before entering on his diplomatic career in the slightest degree mitigate this tendency. When he first came amongst us, in 1794, the flower of the Whigs, imitating his own recreancy, had passed over to the Tories, and Pitt was invested with almost dictatorial powers by a corrupt Parliament. In Holland, matters were even worse. That little kingdom, in hourly terror of invasion, had suspended the functions of its senate, and, in the hands of military generals, was bracing every nerve for its defense. Metternich doubtless mistook the diseased state of the freest of the Western Powers for their healthy condition; and

subsequently, with a flippancy little worthy of his genius, pronounced the only governments where order was unsupported by absolutism to be shams and not realities.

The first diplomatic office he undertook was to represent the Westphalian nobility at the Congress of Rastadt. The task probably was nothing more than nominal, to give him a title to a seat in that remarkable assembly, and initiate him into that astute policy which Austria made venerable in his eyes by transmitting it as a paternal legacy. Francis II. summoned his father to preside at the head of the empire over the deliberations of the Congress, and the part he had to play even exceeded the dissimulation which the son so artfully practiced, some nineteen years later, at Prague and Schönbrunn.* Austria, by secret articles in the treaty of Campo Formio, had given up the integrity of the Germanic empire, and conceded the left bank of the Rhine in return for Venice and a portion of Bavaria. At the same period, the exhausted and turbulent state of France, and the growing alienation of Russia to the Republic, led her to think a speedy opportunity might offer of resuming hostilities with effect. Before the Congress which met to decide the terms of the peace between the deputations of the Germanic empire and the French Republic, the elder Metternich had consequently two parts to play, one of which might even have exhausted the tactics of Talleyrand. He had to persuade the German princes his master was protecting their interests, while he was largely indemnifying himself at their expense. He had also to convince the French ministers that Austria was resolutely bent on peace, at the same time that she was only gaining time to recruit her forces and arrange with England the terms of a third coalition. The German princes were placed in the power of the Republic by the mock retreat of the Austrian forces beyond the Danube, which enabled the French to occupy Mayence and hold the empire in their grasp. The Directory, in turn, was cajoled by the in-

sertion of a clause in the preliminaries of the negotiations that no decision of the Congress was to be final until the entire stipulations drawn up in a complete form were ratified by the Emperor as head of the Diet. During the year 1797-8 this double farce went forward, exhausting the serious attention of the gravest diplomatists of Europe. The elder Metternich had the ability to waste three weeks in exchanging and verifying credentials. The formularies of the empire, with the etiquette and order of precedence of the thirty-five German courts, was another fruitful source of delay. Even Talleyrand, who then held the portfolio of Foreign Minister, made two or three journeys from Paris to the Congress, with a view to accelerate results, thinking there was something solid in the business. Bonaparte also favored the assembly with his presence on his return to the capital, and managed to dismiss that Count Fersen from its sittings who conducted the midnight escape of royalty from the Tuileries, and who sat as representative of Saxony. But two or three days' chicanery wearied the patience of the young soldier, and he was glad to escape to meet the plaudits of the Parisian populace. The secularizations required on the right bank of the Rhine for the territories conceded on the left, the question of territorial debts, of the navigation and custom dues of the river, each afforded the elder Metternich a rich theme for disquisition, and he availed himself of them with the skill of an Irish orator at Westminster, who seizes the precise moment when he has secured a majority by worrying his opponents out of the House, to drop his speech and go to a division. When Bonaparte had landed in Egypt, this interminable Congress was still at its labors, without any prospect of coming to an end. But when the seizure of Malta had led Russia to assume an attitude of hostility against France; when the Porte, menaced with a dismemberment of his dominions, joined his flag with those of Russia and England, and the victorious cannon of Aboukir resounded through Europe—then Count Metternich pulled the boards from under the Rastadt Congress, and left its astonished members to their fate. The French deputies were informed, with "distinguished consideration," that Francis II. had revoked the powers of his deputy, and that the proceedings were at an end.

* It is amusing to find a writer in *Fraser* (June and July, 1844) confound the son with the father, and enter into a defense of Metternich's proceedings at Rastadt, as if he had actually presided over the assembly. The same blunder has been committed in ten ostensible quarters. (*Metternich and Austrian Rule in Lombardy*, by JOHNSON, p. 7. 1848.)

They, however, held papers, the publication of which would have compromised Austria with the princes of the Confederation. To seize these papers was a point of great importance to Metternich. That object was effected by a most wanton outrage on the rights of nations. The three Ministers of the Republic, as they quitted Rastadt, were assaulted by a troop of Zeklar hussars, who barbarously butchered two in the skirmish, and left the third covered with blood to carry the hideous tale to the Prussian Legation!

Had young Metternich's appointments been designed to quicken his subtlety and expand his intellect, they could not have been better selected for that purpose. It appears as if Austria, aware of his great talents, had recognized in him her future ruler, and had determined he should bring a mind familiar with the principles and practice of foreign courts to the government of her own. From Rastadt Metternich was sent, as Secretary of Legation, to assist Count Stadion at St. Petersburg. After some two years' stay on the banks of the Riga, he was dispatched, in 1801, as Austria's representative, to the Court of Saxony. But Metternich had hardly familiarized himself with the learned *savans* and antiquities of Dresden, than he found himself in the same capacity at Berlin. The fact is, that these appointments, however capricious they may appear, had a design in them, which foreign editors may be pardoned if they omit to notice, but which we English have cause to remember to our cost. Metternich was sent to St. Petersburg, Dresden, and Berlin, not so much to represent Austria and to write protocols as to negotiate coalitions. Of these coalitions England supplied the nerves and sinews which gave them a moving force. We found ourselves, in 1798, in the same position, with respect to France, as in 1688. But in lieu of a military sovereign we had a reckless minister; and instead of confronting the hired legions of a despotic *régime*, we had to parry the thrusts of an audacious First Consul and the spirited troops of a young republic. Under William we paid other nations for fighting out their own battles; but our monarch was on the spot to direct operations, to command the allied forces, and see the troops stipulated for were actually brought into the field. But under Pitt, our sim-

ple interference was confined to paying the money, which was done with the same profusion as if the cliffs of this island had been bullion and the sands which line its coast had been composed of dazzling topaz or emerald. The result was what the dullest might have predicted. As soon as the respective amounts were showered into the coffers of our allies, the military organization was tardily proceeded with. Either the Powers could not be brought into simultaneous action, or one of them seeing its advantages lay in a separate peace, after some pretense of fighting, made terms with the enemy. The last was Austria's case at Campo Formio and at Luneville, when she showed the profound selfishness which has ever actuated her policy, and her steadiness to her engagements, by joining those troops to the enemy's which we had paid her to equip against him. The first was Prussia's case during the third coalition, which ended in the defeat at Austerlitz, and the horrible carnage by which she expiated her tardiness at Jena. Had Metternich's advice been followed, these disasters could not have taken place. He dissuaded Russia, Sweden, and Austria from assuming a warlike attitude until Prussia had joined the league and called out her forces to second their operations. The adherence of Prussia to the coalition he secured in 1805, while ambassador at Berlin. But, notwithstanding Metternich's entreaties, Prussia was slow in fulfilling her engagements, and the military zeal of Count Stadion precipitated a battle before her levies were in the field. Hence the disastrous conflicts which laid Germany at the feet of Bonaparte, and the intelligence of which killed Pitt quite as effectually as if he had been shot through the heart with a French bullet in the campaign.

To coalitions we have no antipathy in the abstract. They have often been required, and doubtless will often be required, to arrest the march of insolent success. It is to the influence of coalitions that England owes the preservation of her liberties from Stuart kings, and the freedom of her soil from the incursions of hostile armies. But if ever there was a time when this sort of combination was required, it was when a military chieftain, unsurpassed in war tactics, and who constantly nailed victory to his standard, was grasping at the sovereignty of Europe.

It was evidently the only resource of the unsubjugated States to unite their forces and present a compact front to the enemy. Had England held aloof, her independence as a nation would not have been worth three years' purchase. As matters stood, we narrowly escaped the melancholy distinction of Utis—that of being devoured the last. Owing to the remissness of foreign States, Napoleon overran Spain, conquered Italy, subjugated Germany, and enslaved Holland. He already mimicked at Paris the style and pretensions of the Cæsars on the Capitoline. All that remained to confirm his dominion, and reduce Europe to the condition of the old Roman servitude, was to smash Britannia's trident, and arrogate to himself the empire of the sea. Our complaint, therefore, is, not that we organized coalitions, but that we were so foolhardy as to undertake in them more than what naturally fell to our share—namely, the keeping the sea clear from Napoleon's navies, and hunting his forces out of Spain; that we were remiss in intrusting the management of these coalitions to the agents of foreign despots, and that in raising subsidies by ruinous loans, we wasted the patrimony of posterity upon despotic States without producing any but the most disastrous results. It is computed that, out of the four hundred millions which Pitt raised for the purposes of the war, hardly three hundred passed through the hands of the Minister, the rest was thrown away as largesse to entice lenders to commit their fortunes to the perilous enterprise of bribing foreign States to look after their own interests. The remedy became in this manner as bad as the evils it endeavored to avert. Since to impede the march of social progress, to shackle the industry of future generations with the interest of colossal debts, even had these Continental subsidies been essential, was in effect equal to the abuses of the wildest usurpation. For what form more oppressive can the most wanton caprices of despotism assume than that of grinding taxation, or what shape more hateful than when it blights the prospects of society, deprives the millions of ease and comfort, and precludes them from reaching that high stage of civilization which their nature is fitted to attain? We opine it is a very poor consolation to a man who does not know where to get his dinner, that his sovereign is deprived of

the dispensing power; or that he enjoys the blessings of a free press, when he has not a stiver in his pocket. But when we consider that the immense subsidies which Pitt raised served no useful purpose—that they invariably proved abortive—his name ought to be a much greater mark of popular hatred than that of Danby or Wymington. These gentlemen upheld a system of legal tyranny which, though painful for a time, the nation soon managed to get rid of. But Pitt turned the forms of a free Constitution into a means of entailing upon the nation a gigantic system of social restriction, which the country can not escape from without the loss of its honor. Like a reckless gambler, he drew bills to a fearful amount on posterity, and impoverished the resources of myriads yet unborn, to furnish him with the stakes of the ruinous game he was playing. A minister who would endeavor at the present day to enter on so wild a course of extravagance, would be at once hurled from power, and the execration of the country which would follow him to his private home could hardly be inferior to that which deprived the disinterested services of Walpole of the congenial assistance of Aislabie and Sunderland. Yet so blind is the infatuation of party, that the very folly of those acts which killed the man have only inspirited his followers to perform his political apotheosis, and to proclaim him a hero. Pitt died through the consciousness of having ruined the people whose destinies were intrusted to his hands; and on the ground of that consciousness, his party have erected a pedestal, on which they present him as the saviour of his country.

Napoleon, after the battle of Austerlitz, largely made use of his rights as victor. He took from Austria the mantle and imperial crown she had worn for six centuries. He deprived her of the Tyrol, of Venice, of the towns on the Danube, of the mouths of the Cattaro. He enriched Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, which lay in Austria's front, with a belt of her territories. He enlarged four petty electorates into powerful kingdoms, and placed them as checks to Austria's movements on the west. On the south she was restrained by the Cisalpine and Transpadane Republics; on the north, by the Helvetic and Rhenish Confederations. Napoleon had only to dictate. Austria, abased to the dust, was glad to sign any conditions

that left her the semblance of sovereignty. Metternich, at this crisis, was suddenly recalled from Berlin, and named ambassador at St. Petersburg. But this appointment was as suddenly exchanged for the same post at Paris, whither Napoleon, having taken such ample securities for the good behavior of Austria, had gone to degrade the phantom Republic into an empire, and indulge his vanity with the gew-gaws of a court. It was presumed that Metternich, who had some experience in imperial coronations, and who was well acquainted with the minute elegancies of courtly society, would be a great acquisition to the span-new Emperor, and be able to ingratiate himself into his confidence, as it indeed proved. During Metternich's brief stay at Paris, he was regarded as the great canonist upon all matters of imperial etiquette. The pageant at Notre Dame took place under his auspices. He regulated the first drawing-rooms and levees of the empire. Every new courtier who felt himself ill at ease in exchanging his buskin pantaloons and his woolen jacket for the silken robes of office, found an unfailing resource in Metternich. He was the mold of fashion in which Parisian society took its form after it had quitted its republican habits and was adjusting itself to the new modes of imperial sovereignty. Napoleon, who was charmed with the graceful manners and imposing exterior of the new envoy, and the zeal which he exhibited in the new creation, placed in him the most unreserved confidence. Metternich was then in his thirty-third year. With the elastic vigor of manhood, he still preserved the appearance of the artless simplicity of youth. "You are young, Metternich," said Napoleon, during one of his diplomatic receptions, "to represent so old a House as Austria." "Your Majesty was still younger at the battle of Austerlitz," was the felicitous reply. An astuter man than the French Emperor would have found it difficult to resist the system of delicate flattery whose casual effort could so briefly turn an imputed defect into a compliment, and make that seem more worthy of the bestower than the receiver.

There can not now be a doubt that Metternich regarded the millinery and paste-board work of the first Empire at their true value; and that the interest he seemed to take in surrounding its establishment with the trappings of dignity was only a mask

under which he might worm himself into the Emperor's councils, and study his disposition. In fact Metternich's mission at Paris, in 1806, was one of the most artful duplicity. From the peace of Presburg, Austria had laid her plans with England to rise at the first opportunity. Before Metternich set out for Paris, the scheme was secretly concerted, and the envoy had received his instructions to aid its development. Forces were to be poured into the Spanish peninsula in such numbers as to oblige Bonaparte to concentrate and head his troops in that quarter, and at the slightest reverse experienced by the enemy, Austria was to attack his confederates in Germany. Metternich performed his part dexterously enough. He must have regarded Napoleon, absorbed in his court frippery, much in the same light as an expert huntsman regards a heron he is trying to ensnare; and which he contrives to amuse until the foils arrive which enable him to secure his prey. During those conferences about court revivals, which gave him access to Napoleon at all hours, and in which the Emperor believed him entirely engrossed, with a view to place the Empire upon a respectable footing, Metternich was only noting down the minutest details of Napoleon's character, and cautiously taking his measures for sweeping away the whole superstructure, with the little square-built gentleman who was the center of the entire business. He besieged the French throne with the most fervent assurances of Austria's fidelity to the cause of the Emperor, and her alienation to British interests; while Austria was secretly enlarging her military stores by means of English gold, and equipping her levies for a deadly struggle with his forces. Napoleon, in the mean time, by Metternich's representations, felt so assured of the complete vassalage and dependence of the House of Hapsburg, as to set out to Erfurth to arrange with Alexander, the only monarch with whom he felt disposed to divide Europe, what were to be the halves allotted to each sovereignty. But the warlike preparations of the Austrian Government reached the ears of the French envoy at Vienna, and the intelligence was duly forwarded to Paris. About the same time came the report of the disasters of Duesne and Moncey in Barcelona and Valencia, and the arrival of twenty thousand British bayonets under Moore at Sala-

manca. Napoleon, although conspiring against all the world, was exceedingly enraged when he heard that any body was conspiring against him. Prepared with a lava of indignation, he waited on Metternich to demand an explanation of the intentions of Austria. The wily diplomatist assured his Majesty that the views of Austria were eminently pacific, that his master was sincerely attached to the Emperor, and that the new levies were designed simply to allay the ferment of his subjects, who feared, from the recent interview at Erfurth, that their territories were menaced with another spoliation. Napoleon departed for the Spanish peninsula somewhat mollified by these representations, which Metternich vigorously upheld, not only at the Bureau of Talleyrand and Champigny, but also over the Toquay which graced the Imperial suppers at the Tuileries.

Any events in which Napoleon was the principal actor were quickly brought to their *dénouement*. His decision was prompt; and his energetic measures followed as close upon his decision as the roll of the thunder succeeds the electric flash which announces it. He contrived not only to give two strokes to his enemy's one while the latter were in action, but he was awake realizing his plans one half of the time during which his opponents slept. This untiring energy, which ever constituted one of the principal elements of his success, singularly distinguished him at this crisis; and to it must be ascribed his escape from the dangers which now menaced him on the Ebro and the Rhine. He flew to Vittoria hardly in time to retrieve the disaster his troops had met with at Baylen. Austria now thought the moment arrived to launch forth a declaration of war. She attacked Wurtemberg and Bavaria. Archduke Charles called upon Italy while the tyrant had his hands tied in Spain, to shake off his degrading yoke, promising all kinds of national institutions, and a perfect saturnalia of freedom as soon as that feat was accomplished. Germany was also summoned, in the name of liberty, to chase the French and their coadjutors beyond Alsace and Lorraine. But Napoleon was not the man to lose the left bank of the Rhine, the Tyrol, and Italy for the sake of defending a mere outpost in the Spanish peninsula. With the speed of lightning he reassured his German allies, and then flew back to Paris to

organize an army to meet their exigencies. Count Stadion, the Austrian Prime Minister, had in the mean time instructed Metternich to get himself hunted out of Paris. But the dispatch had hardly arrived when Fouché reached Metternich's hotel, and informed him he was his prisoner. The Emperor was so enraged with Metternich's duplicity, that he refused to see him, and had charged his Minister of Police to have him conveyed over the borders of France by a company of gendarmerie. Fouché, though things were rather an unpromising look, knew that Metternich was a winning card, whose assistance he might need on a future day, and deemed it expedient to evade the spirit of his master's orders for the purpose of consulting Metternich's convenience. He left the Austrian envoy to choose his own time and manner of departure, and only appointed one officer to accompany him beyond the *octroi* of St. Denis, in order to save appearances with the Emperor.

The field of Essling, which immediately followed, menaced the fortunes of Napoleon; but the battle of Wagram entailed upon Austria a more disastrous defeat than that of Austerlitz. Napoleon would have been justified, considering the provocation he received, in extinguishing the House of Hapsburg, and dividing her territories among his German confederates. In fact, some project of this sort was in his mind. But the keen-sighted Metternich, who was now called to the helm of affairs in the room of the unfortunate Stadion, now turned to account the weakness of Napoleon's nature, which he had so skillfully anatomized at the Tuileries, and inclined him to benevolence. On Stadion's shoulders was laid the responsibility of the evils which had occurred. Metternich coolly avowed he had been as much deceived as the French Emperor. Henceforth there was only to be one policy at Vienna, and that was whatever Napoleon might choose to dictate. Austria, as events had shown, even were she again inclined to revolt, had been so emasculated by the treaty of Plessburg as to possess little power to inflict mischief, and it would be found much more expedient to France to leave her as she was, politically helpless, than to overgorge some favorite state with her dominions, who might, at the first reverse of the Emperor, join the allies, and con-

duce to his overthrow. The interest of Napoleon was to keep Germany fractionally weak. If Austria disappeared from the map, the states fed with her dominions would inherit her pride, and aim at an independent policy. Many Austrias with Count Stadions at their head, would reappear under other forms; and, instead of the alliance of one of the oldest states in Europe, which would cover the nakedness of a new empire with the venerable dignity of six centuries, he would find himself beset by *parvenu* powers, irritating his flank, and ready to measure lances with him in the field. To second these artful representations, Maria Louisa was invited to the somber gayeties at Schönbrunn. It was even whispered to Champigny, as Josephine could not raise up a heir to the Empire, that Francis II. had no objection to become another Agamemnon, in case Napoleon felt disposed to cement the union of the two crowns by a closer alliance. Metternich knew with what difficulty Napoleon resisted the attractions of women; but these attractions, in the present case enhanced by a diadem by the side of which that worn by the proudest monarch might have lost its lustre, exercised irresistible potency. Metternich's artful reasons were doubtless not without some weight in producing the mild treaty which succeeded; but one glance of the youthful princess had more effect than all the verbose rhetoric by which it was preceded. The scene at Schönbrunn was the triumph, so often represented by poets and novelists, of feminine beauty over enraged passion panting for revenge. We are told that the story of Rowena and Vogenstiern is a myth too improbable for belief, and only to be found in the annals of Druid sagas; but, with a little change in the minor details of dress and custom, the same drama will be found faithfully enacted at Schönbrunn in the nineteenth century.

If Austria had hitherto failed to retrieve her position, the fault was not Metternich's. The part allotted to him had been played with distinguished success; but that part was only subordinate. Count Stadion had pulled the guiding rein, and frequently in a manner which had caused Metternich to remonstrate. The rash temper of Stadion, and the tempting offers of the Pitt and the Perceval Cabinets had hurried him into precipitate measures. Austria was in the position

of old Rome when her fortunes were brought to the brink of ruin by the mad campaigns of Marcellus. But she found something more than her Fabius in Metternich. He was, at this crisis, in his thirty-sixth year, created Chancellor, and invested with almost dictatorial powers in the state. But that state was only the shadow of its former self. It lay crushed beneath a load of debt, exhausted by internal war, despoiled of one third of its dominions, and on every side entangled in the folds of that huge French Empire which extended its vast bulk from the Baltic to the Pyrenees. But a few brief years sufficed Metternich to raise Austria from the lowest depth of its decline to the zenith of prosperity. In 1808, Austria had no more influence on external politics than the republic of San Marino. In 1813, she was the arbitress of Europe. The principal means by which Metternich effected this great change, were the marriage of Maria Louisa with Bonaparte, which contributed to the Emperor's rash expedition against Russia; and the Fabian tactics of cautious delay and keen foresight which enabled him to grasp the confused cards of that terrible game opened at Moscow and finished at Waterloo, to control its issues with luminous precision, and direct them all to the aggrandizement of his country.

Napoleon, after the treaty of Vienna, much as he was flattered with the prospect of a family alliance with the House of Hapsburg, yet regarded that power in too cheap a light for his purposes, and naturally sought a new partner for his throne in the family of Alexander, whom he was so anxious to draw into his plans respecting the partition of Europe. The position of the three courts as regards each other was exactly what it was on the eve of the conference at Erfurth; with this difference, that Austria's interest now, much more than on any previous occasion, lay in detaching Bonaparte from the Russian union: for if that alliance had taken place, she must have sunk at once to a third-rate dependency. The refusal of the mother of Alexander to ally her daughter with the fortunes of a military adventurer, was a windfall for Metternich; as this step not only flung Napoleon back upon Maria Louisa, but led to that alienation between the two courts of Paris and St. Petersburg which Metternich since 1806 had been industriously plotting to effect.

As soon as the marriage articles were drawn up, the Austrian Chancellor conducted the Imperial Archduchess to the couch of the triumphant Lieutenant of Toulon. The Austrian Princess was doubtless instructed by her wary attendant to seize every occasion to second his policy, and to widen the estrangement between Napoleon and the court of Russia. Nor were opportunities long wanting. The strict enforcement of the Continental blockade against British goods began to be relaxed in Russia and Holland. As Napoleon drove the father of the present French Emperor from the Dutch throne, and appropriated his dominions, because he chose rather to follow the advice of his merchants than the orders of his imperial brother, it was not likely that the French despot would treat the same conduct on the part of a power already grown unsteady to his interests with mild remonstrance. Alexander, incensed by the rapacity of the French agents, who had seized for similar contumacy the territories of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Oldenburg, would not yield an inch. The result was war to the knife against Russia. So eager was Bonaparte's resentment, he would not wait for early spring to open the campaign. The cities of Russia must be invaded in the depth of winter. Austria agreed to assist him with a contingent of 60,000 men. But Metternich had no idea of allowing this force to brave the rigors of a northern winter in fifty-six degrees of latitude. He did not venture to suggest any thing about the madness of fighting with the elements. That was a combat in which he was only too glad to find the hot temperament of the French rush to cool itself. He merely stipulated that, as Austria was not the principal, but simply an auxiliary in the war, her contingent should form part of the army of reserve, and operate on the banks of the Vistula. It was also agreed that, in case of success, Francis should be rewarded for his assistance by the cession of Illyria. In case of failure, Metternich knew a greater prize awaited Austria; nothing less than the extortion of her old provinces, by the help of English subsidies, from the weakness of a prostrate empire. Napoleon on this occasion, with mad insatiation, rushed into the jaws of destruction. He allowed Prussia to make the same stipulations as Austria; and entered Russia in September, with an army of

reserve composed of concealed foes, ready on the slightest reverse to assail his rear, and coöperate with the enemy in front to effect his overthrow. The rawest recruit in the French levies might have fathomed the nature of the risks to which France was so rashly committing her destinies. But the Emperor was as effectually blinded by Providence as Paul on his way to Tarsus, and could not see it.

The horrors of that fatal retreat through Mojaïsk and Wiasma, to Smolensko, in the dreary nights of a November, unparalleled even in that region for its biting frosts and overwhelming snow-drifts, when the half-famished French army was destroyed by the pitiless rigor of the climate, and the attacks of an infuriated enemy ever assailing its flanks, spread throughout Germany a burst of sunshine. The monarchs of Prussia and Austria had no lack of popular enthusiasm to support their contemplated defection from the French cause. The whole German people rose to make merry over the grave of France. Of the 400,000 men whom Napoleon had led across the Dnieper, in all the pride of chivalry, hardly 25,000 returned to recount their disasters; and these more like groups of savage specters pursued by the Furies than disciplined soldiers retreating in the face of a civilized enemy. At this juncture, chivalrous Prussia, instead of resisting the progress of the Cossack horde, showed her heroic devotion to freedom by quietly marching her contingent over to the Russian ranks, and helping to annihilate the wasted remains of the ally whom she had sworn to defend. Metternich, more artfully, and without much seeming sacrifice of honor, instructed Schwartzberg, the head of the Austrian contingent, to conclude an armistice, and return to Vienna. The occasion was critical. Napoleon had rushed to Paris, had raised 350,000 conscripts, and was expected to sweep through Germany with the strength of a whirlwind. It was the interest of Austria yet to keep up a pretense of preserving her alliance with France. At the same time Metternich entered into secret understanding with the allies, and by means of English gold armed every clown with a musket whose services he could press into the contest.

The more completely to elude the vigilance of Napoleon, Schwartzberg was sent as Envoy-Extraordinary to Paris, and

some angry remonstrances of the Russians, got up expressly for the occasion, were shown by him to the Emperor, which expostulated with Austria for allowing her contingent to renew operations before the precise time of the expiration of the armistice. But the fact is, the Austrian contingent had only moved to retreat. It soon became evident to Bonaparte that the maneuvers between the two armies were an idle show, designed to enable Metternich, under the guise of friendship, to push forward preparations of the most menacing hostility. On summoning the contingent to assume an offensive attitude, Napoleon was quietly told that the commander had received instructions to take his orders from Vienna, and not from Paris; that the circumstances under which hostilities commenced had entirely changed, and Austria, if the war should continue, must engage in it as one of the principals, and not as auxiliary; but that she preferred peace, and would do her utmost to obtain it. In the mean time Metternich had secretly collected and equipped behind the mountains of Bohemia a force of 200,000 men.

The fields of Lützen and Bautzen which saw the raw recruits of France engage the veterans of Russia and Germany with such imminent risk of defeat, powerfully assisted the tactics of Metternich in raising Austria from a state of servile dependency to be the umpire of nations. During the last engagement, which ended in an armistice, a company of French hussars had fallen in with a Prussian escort, and intercepted a secret correspondence of Austria with the allies. Napoleon, who had replaced Count Otto at Vienna by Narbonne, because that minister had suffered himself to be outwitted by the Austrian Chancellor, now instructed his new envoy to charge Metternich with mistaking intrigue for politics, to menace him with demanding his passports, and to represent the imperial forces at 800,000 men. But victory had fluctuated. The weight of a feather would now have sufficed to turn the scale between the combatants. And Metternich had at his back an effective army, able single-handed to cope with either party, and panting to revenge on the one to which Austria was in reality hostile, all the disasters that party inflicted on their country; Metternich, therefore, disregarding threats, looked at facts, and at once leaped into

the seat of the great controller of European destinies. The allies knew that without Austria they were powerless, and offered every thing to the cupidity of her minister. Bonaparte knew that if Austria joined the enemy he stood in imminent danger of being extinguished, and therefore bid against the allies. But the star of the Emperor was on the wane. By the treaty of Trachenberg, Sweden had been drawn into the alliance; and Wellington was driving the French out of Spain. Besides, the offers of the Emperor were not half so tempting as those of the allies, and they were regarded as insincere. It was evidently the interest of Austria to side with the allies; but she strove to extort from Napoleon's fears by the pen what the allies were laboring to effect by the sword. Metternich talked largely about the duties of armed intervention, the necessity of placing the peace of Europe upon a durable basis; but really meant nothing less than the reduction of France to its old limits, and that Austria should receive out of the dismemberment of the Empire the lion's share of the spoil.

In reply to Napoleon, who pressed, through his minister Narbonne, for a specific declaration of Austria's intentions, Metternich proceeded to the imperial quarters at Dresden, bearing a holograph letter from the Austrian Emperor. The extraordinary interview which ensued lasted half a day; nor are the details, embalmed in the simple narration of Baron Fain, who was present as Metternich's secretary, wanting to posterity. Bonaparte, as soon as the envoy was admitted, eschewing all conventional preludes went directly to the point. "Well, Metternich, your Cabinet wants to make capital out of my misfortunes. The great question for you to decide is whether, without fighting, you can exact profitable conditions from me, or if you are to throw in your lot with my enemies. Well, we will see. Let us treat. What do you want?" Metternich replied in a sentence which, for clearness of meaning, might be compared to one of the Thames' fogs, that Austria desired nothing but those moderate measures which justice inspired, and would take up the position dictated by equity. "Speak more plainly," said the Emperor. "Come to the point. All I want is your neutrality. I am an old soldier, and know better how

to break than bend. Will you take Illyria?" At the rejoinder of Metternich, who, in a cloud of diplomatic euphemism, demanded the restoration of the old condition of Europe and the guarantee of peace under the agis of an association of independent States, Napoleon burst into a torrent of fury. "In fact, you want Italy; Russia, Poland; Sweden, Norway; Prussia, Saxony; England, Holland, and Belgium; and Austria wishes me to agree to these conditions without unsheathing the sword. The demand is an outrage. You urge moderation, and want to dismember the French Empire. My father-in-law might have left some one else to patronize such a project. How much gold, Metternich, has England given you for this?" During these ebullitions Napoleon paced the room with hurried step; laid down and took up his hat; muttered broken sentences between his teeth, and showered a volley of furious glances on the envoy, who remained as cold and collected as a statue. But the prey was taken in his toils, and Metternich could regard its idle chafing with stolid curiosity. At the end of half an hour's silence, the Emperor became less agitated, and dropped his hat, to allow Metternich an opportunity to relax the stiffness of his demeanor, and revive the conversation. But the envoy was not, as the Emperor imagined, the same pliant personage who stood before him the representative of humbled Austria after the peace of Presburg. He would now neither stoop nor speak; and the Emperor, having picked up his hat, deemed it expedient to assume a more gracious tone. "Illyria!" exclaimed the monarch, holding out his hand to Metternich, "is not my last word. We can make better terms. Consult your court, and let me hear." But the hat incident alone might have revealed to a less astute observer than Bonaparte that Austria held his fortunes cheap, and was as much committed against him as the most inveterate of his enemies. It was the first time in the annals of sovereignty that an emperor was known to stoop in the presence of foreign envoys. But Bonaparte, who was a novice in the arts of courts, placed a rash confidence in his alliance with Francis II., and could not bring himself to believe that he would aid the allies to impair a crown which his daughter wore. Bonaparte looked upon the marriage as a family compact, and not

as a sacrifice to which Austria had recourse to save her from social extinction. To this overweening confidence, which deceived him to the last, Napoleon always attributed his overthrow.

As Metternich's preparations for the final struggle were not complete, he proposed a prolongation of the armistice to the tenth of August, and a mock congress at Prague. Of this congress he was elected President. Caulincourt, Napoleon's minister, wished at once to proceed to business, but was overborne by the representatives of the allies, who wasted the time in prelusive debates about rights of precedence and idle matters of form and routine, until the evening of the seventh. On the following day, Austria proposed, as an *ultimatum* to France, the division of the Duchy of Varsovia between Russia and Prussia; the independence of Hamburg and Lubeck; the reconstruction of Prussia with a frontier on the Elbe; the cession of Illyria to Austria; the dissolution of the Helvetic Confederation, and a guarantee that the limits agreed upon should not be altered unless by the common consent of all the Powers. Napoleon's reply, which conceded some points, but modified others, did not arrive till the night of the tenth. But Austria had gained her point. She had her forces in readiness, and before sunset had sided ostensibly with the allies, and declared war.

To do Metternich justice, whatever deception he may have practiced on Napoleon, he did not desire his complete overthrow. After the terrible reverse the Emperor experienced at Leipsic, and when the allies in the north of France were coöperating with Wellington, already debouching on the south, Metternich wrote to Caulincourt, pressing him to urge his master to accept the conditions of the allies before it was too late. The fact is, he dreaded the preponderance which Russia would immediately possess in the councils of Europe, if the troops of the Czar were to enter the French capital and dictate the abdication of the Emperor. But Napoleon, deluded by a few ephemeral successes, revoked the powers to treat he had conferred on his minister, and again trusted his fortunes to war. He appears to have had in his mind the desperate case of Frederick the Great, and thought that by holding out to the last some misunderstanding between his

enemies might similarly effect his deliverance. The capitulation of Paris, however, left him no alternative but to abdicate. Metternich and Francis II. arrested their course at Dijon, thinking it unseemly to enter as victors the capital of a kingdom over which their daughter presided as regent. But the weak Archduchess was reclaimed by her parent. It was represented to her that Napoleon was no Scipio; that he was indifferent to her person; that his affections were engrossed by other women; and that, for the sacrifice of an imperial throne which had been erected on the ruins of her House, she should have a principality in Italy. Maria Louisa had married the Emperor, and not the man; but the Emperor was defunct, and it was for the honor of her House that she should assume the state of widowhood. Metternich belonged to a church which regards the marriage-bond as indissoluble, and which accords separation *a mensâ* only under certain very rigorous conditions; but by what casuistry he could reconcile it to his conscience, *first*, to throw a bait in a king's way and lead him to put away his wife, in order to accept the princess whom he offered, and then, on a sudden reverse of fortune, which he had mainly conspired to bring about, to estrange the affections and detach the person of that princess from her husband, has, indeed, never been sufficiently explained to us.

By breaking up the family of Napoleon, even to the separation of the mother from the son, Metternich aimed at the extinction of the dynasty. He, however, felt insecure at the assignment of Elba to the fallen Emperor as a principality, and represented how easily Napoleon might effect a landing on the adjacent coast, and upset all their fancied schemes of security. Indeed, the bare supposition of Bonaparte reassuming power in France was a terrible bugbear to Austria; for if the captive had once more got the House of Hapsburg within his grasp, that House would doubtless have paid the forfeit of its treachery by ignominious extinction. Metternich, to set these hideous fears at rest, proposed St. Helena. But Alexander had pledged his word; Bonaparte had already entered upon his exile, and to change his retreat in the sunny waters of the Mediterranean for a solitary prison in the African ocean, would have been a breach of faith on the part of the con-

tracting Powers which would have roused the indignation of Europe. The object which Metternich sought was obtained through the realization of the very doubts which he feared. The eagerness of Napoleon to avail himself of the dissensions between Austria and Russia enabled Metternich to wrench the South of Italy from the hands of Murat, to confer the crown of Naples on a Bourbon viceroy, and to chain his chief adversary to that rock from which he continues to excite the sympathies of posterity.

Metternich was now in his element. The roar of cannon had ceased. Instead of contending with kings at the head of flaming armies, he had simply to sit in his curule chair, with the maps of kingdoms at his feet, and arrange with a staff of diplomatists, of whom he was the acknowledged head, the future divisions of Europe. The spoil that was to fall to the lot of Austria he had taken care to secure by express stipulation as a reward for deserting the cause of Napoleon. Hardly without a word of dispute, Austria was allowed to resume her old frontiers from Bavaria and Wurtemberg, to seize Gallicia, to appropriate the Tyrol, Italy, and Illyria. England, the most constant and inveterate of Napoleon's enemies, who had raised loans without number, and rushed into coalitions without thought; who had hunted Napoleon's marshals out of Spain; who had supplied the subsidies by means of which Alexander annihilated the old legions in their flight from Moscow, and Schwartzemberg struck down the new levies on the fields of Leipsic; England, who had snatched the laurels of the final triumph at Waterloo, asked nothing for herself, and does not seem to have got the little she demanded for others. Castlereagh was instructed to propose the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, and the extension of the line of Sardinia to the Adige. He was also to preserve the Duchy of Warsaw from the grasp of Russia. But Metternich allowed Russia to seize what remained of Poland, on condition of the Czar's acquiescence in his spoliation of Upper Italy. It required no great effort on the part of Metternich to convince Castlereagh that France, on the side of Italy, was sufficiently guarded by the Alps; that a Lombardo-Sardinian kingdom would interfere with Austrian preponderance in the Peninsula; and that with Austria's prepon-

derance in the Peninsula was bound up England's supremacy in the Mediterranean. Indeed, this part of the argument has, even in our day, lost none of its effect; and the party to which Castlereagh belonged can still produce no other reason than the same selfish appeal which convinced the judgment of that profound statesman, for damping the ardor of the English people in favor of Italian nationality.

The treaties of Vienna, though the most desperate efforts have been made by English diplomatists to embalm them as monuments of political wisdom, are fast becoming as dead as those of Westphalia. In fact, they should be got under ground with all possible dispatch; for no compacts so worthless, so wicked, so utterly subversive of the rights of humanity, are to be found in the annals of nations. They reflect the tortuous policy of the minister who presided over their formation, who sought in them the aggrandizement of his country, and allowed no law, human or divine, to stand between him and that object; who, by their agency, arrested the growth of prosperity in other nations, that his own might flourish, and was content to establish the greatness of the dynasty which he served on the decay of civilization. Nations, no more than individuals, can reap any lasting benefit from each other's misfortunes. The international relation, to be of durable service, must be founded on the interchange of mutual benefits and the advancement of the general interests of humanity. A wise statesman would scorn empire based upon the privations of the governed and the degradation of continuous States. But the fine sentiment of Fénelon, that he was a greater Frenchman than a Periguan, but a greater cosmopolitan than a Frenchman—a sentiment which ought to be inscribed in the cabinet of every minister—was completely inverted by Metternich. He was a greater imperialist than a cosmopolitan, and a greater Austrian than an imperialist; but there was none of the three he was not prepared to sacrifice for the interest of the single family of Hapsburg. Having decreed that the interests of that House were incompatible with the progress of humanity, he stoutly resolved that humanity should move backward. Italy and Poland were consigned to perdition. The great law of nationalities, so completely subverted in the consolidation

of the Austrian Empire, was attempted to be erased from the face of Europe. Russia wanted Finland; and therefore Sweden and Denmark must partake of the weakness of Austrian rule, and stretch their scepter over conflicting races. Denmark, for giving up Norway to harass the Swedes, was indemnified by a democratic province of Germany, which has embowelled its factitious parent in return. Ultramontane Belgium was thrown into the arms of evangelical Holland. The Poles resumed their old place under three masters. Alsace and Lorraine, formerly integral parts of Germany, might, united with Baden, to which they had close affinities, have formed a compact State. Both parties clamored for the union; but these provinces were overrun with liberal ideas, and would have assisted Baden to oppose Austrian despotism in the Confederation: they were, therefore, annexed to France. The thirty-five German courts were dug up out of the past with scrupulous care, that Austria might stretch her giant bulk over their petty principalities, and awe them into quiet submission. The mediæval policy was restored in the Italian peninsula, and the people, in its fragmentary states, swept back to a worse condition than that in which they were at the commencement of the last century, that they might sympathize with the blessings of Austrian dominion. But the *animus* of the Congress must be viewed in the dispute concerning Saxony, which Prussia endeavored to seize. Metternich had no love for the Bonapartist who wore its crown; but its annexation would have made Prussia a match for Austria; he therefore opposed the step on the ground of its injustice. For Prussia to seize Saxony would be robbing a monarch of his kingdom because he had kept the pledge which Prussia had given to Napoleon, as well as himself. Metternich had no objection that Prussia should seize a part, as a reward for the violation of her engagements. The glaring injustice of confiscating the whole did not apply to taking a slice, provided Prussia used her knife with moderation. Hardenberg replied for his kingdom by publishing tables containing the number of leagues of territory and amount of inhabitants which had been appropriated by Austria out of the spoils of the French Empire; by showing that she had snatched more than fell to her share, and insisting upon the necessity Prussia

was under to emulate her rapacity. Metternich did not attempt to question the validity of this line of argument, but simply busied himself in refuting the accuracy of the figures, and proving that Prussia had already seized as much of the spoil as himself. The fact is, the Congress of Vienna was a mere scramble among Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the numerous States which the fall of Napoleon left in a state of dissolution. National interests or political justice were only thought of to be violated. There, mutual concessions were only licenses to inflict wrong. The whole of Metternich's future life was a constant struggle to perpetuate the very unnatural state into which he had contrived to plunge the greater portion of Europe. When those efforts at last proved unavailing; when he saw each raft of the system give way with a crash beneath the pressure of public opinion; when he heard the roar of French cannon amidst the jubilee of an entire people, announce the doom of his House in Italy—he must have had strong misgivings as to the worthlessness of the objects on which his life had been spent. He might have resorted to the far different results with which history had inspired the bright visions of his youth, when, beneath the sunny beeches of Strasburg, he deplored with Constant the retribution which a similar policy to his own had brought on the Spanish branch of Hapsburg, when he traced the effects of the same selfishness and intolerance he was about to practice in the downfall of Venice—in the servitude of the tetrarchy of States which divided Greece, and from the grave of Rome pointed at the specter of Carthage.

The year 1814–15 was the busiest of Metternich's life. Besides presiding over a congress which, for the magnitude of the questions it discussed, is unrivaled in human annals, he had to construct a new Federal Union, and coerce the thirty-five conflicting interests of Germany, through the agency of an assembly hardly representing one sixth of their number, into its adoption. The two works proceeded with equal step. One part of the morning was spent in sharp altercation with Hardenberg and Nesselrode, or in exchanging diplomatic assurances with Talleyrand; another in receiving deputations from the minor German State who had no deputies at the conclave, and establishing upon a most indisputable basis how much it was

to their interest that they should club together their contingents, in order to place at the disposal of Austria a new army of three hundred thousand men. The oburgations of the liberal portion of the States were loud: their legates filled the antechamber of the Minister, and clamored for guarantees, which he had to show were either useless or impracticable. Yet the task went swimmingly forward. The day after the Treaties of Vienna received their final signatures, the new Germanic Confederation was announced as part of the public law of Europe.

Metternich, in providing Germany with a new constitution, no less than at the congress, perverted a golden opportunity of achieving lasting benefits for a great section of his race into the purposes of Hapsburg aggrandizement; though many collateral advantages arose from his work, which he had the tact to put forward as the principal motives which impelled him to execute it. The resuscitation of the old German Empire, which Bonaparte had destroyed at Presburg, could have served no useful purpose. It gave Austria an empty title, but no real security, while it left Germany a prey to intestine divisions, which led great monarchs to involve her States in their quarrels, and turn her fields into an arena for the trial of the strength of their respective armaments. The lesser States, incapable of resisting the assaults of the greater, afforded only a bait to tempt their cupidity. Hence Germany, before the Confederation, may be said to have been the battle-field of Europe; the coveted prize which either provoked its wars, or gave them a more fatal direction. Her territory formed a sort of debatable land, into which Gustavus Adolphus rushed to defend religious freedom, Frederick to anticipate the dreaded partition of Austria, and revolutionary France to convulse and overturn the world. It is not too much to say that, had Germany been united by a strong federal union, the wars with the French Empire would have been diminished of much of their virulence, and that the Thirty Years' War, and the Sicilian wars could never have been fought. For the belligerent States would not only have been restricted from attacking each other, but they would have thrown on their frontiers a colossal force, which, instead of being used for aggressive purposes, would have rolled the tide of war far

from their territories, and operated to secure the peace of Europe. We in our own age have seen the effects of this military league; when, in 1831, Germany, wedged between France and the rest of Europe, prevented the great Powers which flanked her territories from attacking each other; and when, hardly four months ago, an Emperor, gluttled with victory, was induced to sheathe his sword on the plains of Solferino, through fear of provoking the hostility of a people who could send three hundred thousand men to defend their interests in the field. It has been frequently alleged, in extenuation of the Treaties of Vienna, that they preserved the peace of Europe for forty-five years. But this is an egregious error. These treaties, in reality, have led Europe to the verge of numerous outbreaks; and if the flame has only smoldered in the crater, or been arrested after a sudden spurt of violence, the result is owing to the Germanic Confederation.

But little credit is due to Metternich for turning the disruption which had previously been the great stimulant to European wars into a powerful organization for their repression. Had he not been in the way, Germany would have been environed by a military barrier as strong as he erected, while the internal relation of the States would have secured independent action, and the problem of German unity been solved upon the basis of national representation, equal rights, homogeneous laws, and free institutions. The ground was already cleared, and the evils of the old state of things pointed so forcibly to their remedy, that the States would have been blind, indeed, had they not turned the occasion to account. But Metternich framed the provisions of the compact so artfully, as to place the interests of the States at the command of the two great military monarchies, and convert the resources they supplied for their external defense into a means of extinguishing the germ of constitutional ideas within the circle of the Union. There was no executive, because there were no abiding laws for an executive to enforce. The Germans demanded what indeed had been repeatedly promised them for shedding their blood so profusely in the Napoleonic wars, a national government to regulate a federative compact, including a free commercial code, a common system of finance, a uniform body of legal juris-

dition, and a national army, which would not only throw a military guerdon round their frontier, but protect the development of those free constitutions which the leading states had pledged themselves to inaugurate. They certainly got the army, but it was for a far different purpose to that on which they had fondly reckoned. That army served to guarantee the safety of the retrograde courts from the violence of their subjects in breaking their liberal pledges. It also enabled Metternich with the machinery which the articles of the Diet put into his hands, to restrict the press, and suppress those ardent longings for constitutional reform which each political outbreak in surrounding countries never failed to communicate to the sympathetic nature of the Germans. In 1826, when the Greek war of independence gave the first impulse to liberal tendencies in reorganizing Europe; in 1831, when the overturning of a dynasty in Paris menaced Europe with another war of revolutionary propaganda; and again in 1835, when the Quadruple Alliance enkindled in the subjects of all liberal States a deep passion for representative institutions, Austria, in conjunction with Prussia, strained the articles of the Diet to meet the exigencies of the occasion, and prevent the spread of the ferment in Germany. Refractory journals were suppressed; foreign sheets of a liberal character prohibited, and the universities placed under galling restrictions. Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria protested: but the representatives of the liberal States were overpowered by the votes which Austria and her great military neighbor could always summon to their assistance. It was at length discovered that, instead of a national confederation, Austria had palmed upon them a military league, which deprived them of the very advantages they had expected a national confederation to supply.

Metternich was not content with having a federal army at his disposal to crush the liberties of Germany; he wished to place Italy, for a similar purpose, under the same contribution. The Italian courts were invited to form a league with Austria, as possessor of Lombardo-Venetia, at their head, and raise a force to protect their mutual interests. In this sense the French Emperor, in suggesting an Italian confederation, may be said only to repeat a phrase uttered by the great adversary

of his House forty years before him. But, influenced by political jealousy, neither Victor Emmanuel I. nor Charles Felix would listen to the propositions of Metternich; and the other states were too weak and insignificant to raise a force of any account. But if a military league failed, Austria could march quite as easily to her object by another route. She constructed and enlarged fortresses by which a small garrison of troops could overawe surrounding populations, and entered into secret stipulations with the Italian princes to occupy their territories when any outbreak, actual or suspected, menaced the policy of absolutism in the Peninsula. Thus, the famous quadrangle, the fortifications of the Adige, the citadels of Ancona and Venice, the fortresses of Piacenza and Modena, show in what spirit Austria was inclined to uphold her influence in Italy, and meet the progressive requirements of a people. Her position in Lombardo-Venetia, which Mr. Layard has not inaptly compared to that of an enemy encamped in a hostile country, would doubtless have necessitated these preparations, but the possession of Lombardo-Venetia was a bauble in comparison with the objects Metternich proposed by these measures to accomplish. His objects were nothing less than the conversion of all the courts in the Peninsula into so many satrapies of Vienna, and the direction of the ecclesiastical interests of the whole of Catholic Europe; and these objects he not only achieved, but enjoyed up to a few months of his fall. From 1815 to 1846 there was not a prince in Italy who did not feel that if Metternich withheld his hand, his throne would obey the laws of equilibrium as quickly as any other object whose supports were withdrawn; and during the same period the reactionary policy of the Vatican was protected by the Austria Chancellor against the protests of the united diplomacy of Europe.

Had the Italian courts joined the league which Metternich proposed, they might have secured some shadow of independence; but being left disunited to form their own terms with Austria, their isolation left them entirely at her disposition. Hence from the onset Metternich treated them far more cavalierly than any of the princes of Germany. Having no force by which they could keep their subjects in subjection but those drawn from Aus-

tria, he imagined the princes of Italy were her peculiar property, and could be deposed or set up according as it suited her convenience. When the young king whom he had placed upon the throne of Naples wished to be informed what course Austria would take in the event of his yielding to the clamors of his people for a constitution, Metternich quietly replied he would send an army to depose him. The trial for which Austria made such artful preparations soon ensued. Naples rose and forced Ferdinand to inaugurate the required reforms. Metternich summoned the representatives of Prussia, France, and Russia to meet him at Laybach, to enforce the principles of the Holy Alliance. From Laybach they adjourned to Troppau, in order to be nearer the scene of action, and invited Ferdinand to attend their council. That monarch could only allege constraint in extenuation of the step he had taken. The congress placed at his disposal an Austrian force, and sent him back to hang up the revolutionary leaders, and tear the constitution to pieces. The example of Naples, and the abdication of Victor Emmanuel, inspired Sardinia to make similar demands. The crown-prince, Carignano, in the absence of Charles Felix, proclaimed the new constitution from his palace-windows. The congress dispatched another Austrian force to Turin, who dealt with the new constitution as expeditiously as their colleagues had done with that at Naples. The crown-prince sought safety in flight to a foreign land. The abettors of the liberal movement were either summarily shot, or met with a lingering death in the dungeons of Mantua or Spielberg. Similar efforts to establish representative institutions, some years afterwards, in Parma, Modena, and the Legations, met with the same repression. Austria having restored the obsolete despotisms, fenced them round with her bayonets, by the military occupation of their territories. The class of men hunted down in these tumults were not mere stump orators. Some were scholars and statesmen who would have done honor to antiquity. Their features are reflected in the critical labors of Foscolo and Panizzi, and in the exquisite pathos of Pellico and Maroncelli.

The insurrection of Spain, which had, according to Metternich, incited the commotions at Naples and Piedmont before

it came to its maturity,* and the rise of the Greeks against the Ottoman, soon excited uneasiness among the European courts, which another congress, in conformity with the principles of the Holy Alliance, met at Verona to dispel. The Cortes, by seizing Ferdinand, hindered him from following the example of his Neapolitan cousin, and furnished a pretext to the allied powers for sending a French army to Madrid. But opposition came from a quarter whence the congress least expected it. England, though in the hands of Tory ministers, was represented at the Foreign Office by a statesman guided by public opinion. Metternich, instead of leaning on the support of a sleek epicure, reeking with the fumes of the preceding night's debauch, found himself confronted by a figure pale with intellectual vigils, who opposed every line of his policy, who loudly condemned the periodic meetings of courts of monarchs to prescribe laws to other nations, and fixed limits to their pretensions in this instance, which he defied them to surpass without encountering the hostility of England. This language was quite new to Metternich. He had seen England most eager to promote kingly confederacies against the revolutionary governments of France. He had seen her load herself with debt to impose upon the French people a government, the last they would have chosen, had they been unfettered in their choice. He therefore averred that, while most anxious to get rid of revolutions which menaced our own safety, we did not in the least object to those which imperiled the existence of our neighbors. But in this impeachment he lost sight of two principles, one of which he might have taken home to himself. The England which Pitt and Canning represented were two different entities. Pitt was the mouth-piece of a class whose fortunes were sunk in the war. Canning flung himself upon the broad interests of the nation. Tierney and Fox doubtless thought, in opposing Pitt in 1798 and in 1800, they were as much the exponents of England as their great antagonist, and would have had a much larger following had Parliament reflected the national sentiment. Canning now was only compelling a Tory Cabinet to adopt the great principles

which the Whig leaders enunciated a quarter of a century before, and in doing so, received the warmest support of their successors. Metternich attributed the inconsistency of a party to a people whom that party misrepresented. Besides, the case comprised something more than the simple putting down of a revolution. It involved the change of a policy resolutely persevered in for a century. England had buried two armies in Flanders, and strewn the Mediterranean with the wreck of five hostile armaments in order to hinder the union of Spanish and French councils. If in the recent contest we had spent one hundred and fifty millions to get Napoleon out of Spain, it was quite as much in pursuit of our old policy of preventing the French court from dictating at Madrid, as from any dread of the menaces of an ambitious usurper. Was England now to expend her energies in bringing about that very alliance of two despotic crowns which she had spent the blood and crippled the resources of four generations to prevent? Metternich should have remembered the defeat of Almanza, and the united glories of Zaragoza. He might have remembered that the policy of England with respect to Spain aimed at the ascendancy of his own House; and that Austria had fought with England, and put forward her best energies to sustain it. But Metternich was too much over-ridden by the anti-constitutional furor to perceive that inconstancy was a taunt the least applicable to England, and the foremost of the numerous reproaches to which he exposed his country.

In the differences between the Greeks and the Porte, and the bearings of the quarrel upon the interests of surrounding States, Metternich displayed a more keensighted judgment than any cotemporary statesman. If he did not attempt to solve the Eastern problem, if he left the fate of European Turkey, with all its complications, to be decided by his successors, he at all events drew the attention of European governments to many elements in the business which they seemed disposed to overlook. The Greeks he treated as *carbonari*, not simply because they were in arms against their rulers, though that probably would have been enough for him; but because he viewed in them the agents of a despotism which was not very congenial to his own. The motive of

* Dispatch to Chateaubriand. (*Congress de Verona*, vol. i. p. 125.)

Russia in the Greek war was as plain to Metternich as that of a cat when it goes into the dairy. But Mr. Canning was a simple-hearted man, and even took monarchs for what they represented themselves to be, when their language coincided with his sentiments. He saw one despotism wishing to ally itself with constitutionalism in order to oppose another despotism which was coquetting with revolution; and he thought the occasion should be turned to the advantage of constitutionalism. He therefore embarked the fortunes of this country in a cruise for Russian interests, and steered the vessel of the state upon rocks from which she was only rescued by a marvelous chapter of political accidents and a Titanic struggle. But the errors of Canning were not peculiar to the minister. While seeking to realize the dreams he cherished at Eton and Christchurch, he was carrying out a policy which answered the demands of the foremost spirits of his time, and satisfied the prejudices of his country.

The current against the Turks had set in so strong in England, as to seem to partake of that animosity which helped Conrad over the walls of Ascalon, and urged Richard to storm the turrets of Acre. From the days when Catherine drove the Turks out of the Ukraine, and chased them across the Euxine, every class of English politicians had regarded the Russian legions in the light of heroic Crusaders. Their armaments against the Turks were so many spontaneous offerings of a gallant nation at the shrine of civilization. Even so advanced a statesman as Burke very comfortably denounced the Turks as barbarians, with whom no terms ought to be kept, and urged that it was our duty to assist in the work of their extermination.* Fox, also, in exchanging compliments with Catherine II., could eulogize her as the chastizer of a race of savages who had proved the pest of Eastern Europe. The struggles of the Greeks, while awakening the remembrance of traditions which reflected shame on their degeneracy, gave these virulent feelings a far more powerful direction. The revolt must be fed with arms and accouterments. The Russians must be stimulated to send an army to the Balkan. Our fleet, united to that of the arch-enemy of the Sultan, must anchor beneath his

seraglio. The time had at length arrived when the Mussulmen were even to be driven across the Tigris, and pursued to their original settlements in Crim-Tartary. The destruction of the Ottoman navy at Navarino, and the capture of Adrianople which followed these measures, were esteemed national blessings. Hobhouse and Mackintosh spoke in the Commons as if they were on the point of proposing a national thanksgiving;* and Holland, in the Lords, thought the time had come for every freeman to rejoice over the grave of Turkish power in Europe. It is to the credit of Metternich that he opened the eyes of our statesmen to the precipice on which they were dancing with such blind security. England by him was taught to regard that little kingdom she had planted round the Athenian Acropolis as the vanguard of a despotism not less savage than the Sultan's, and which threatened to replace the sluggish friendship of his alliance by a vigilant hostility most fatal to her interests. Turkey at once became as much an object of our fostering care as it had been of our relentless hostility. He stopped the march of Diebitch on Constantinople. He induced the cabinet of Wellington to place itself between the Russian general and the Porte, and to assist him in reducing those pretensions which, if ceded in their full extent, would have placed the Ottoman dominions at the feet of their savage adversary. In the case of Mehemet Ali, he rescued the Porte from the clutches of an audacious vassal backed by the support of France. During the Crimean invasion it was the fashion to decry Austria for her supineness in the war. But it was forgotten that the contest owed its commencement to her admonitions; that the Russians had crossed the Pruth in 1828, with the encouraging smiles of British statesmen; and that, had it not been for the counsels of the statesman who was the prop of her House, Russia, instead of encountering the hostility, would have been carried in the arms of England to the gates of Constantinople.

The events which led to the second downfall of the Bourbon dynasty were not unappreciated by Metternich, though the consequences of their success took a direction which he failed to anticipate. It is singular that the success of the

* Hansard, 1794.

* Hansard, February, 14, 1828.

French court in their Spanish politics should in two succeeding reigns have committed the government to a despotic policy which stimulated a popular reaction, and led them to evince that overweening confidence and recklessness in their measures which overturned the throne. Metternich, who went to the French capital in 1825, to recruit his wife's health, was himself a witness of the violent acrimony with which the measures of the Villèle Ministry was assailed by the press, and the power which the press exercised over the minds of the people. That power, in Metternich's eyes, seemed to dwarf the authority of the minister, and made him exclaim, were he not Prime Minister of Austria, he would be a journalist at Paris. The restrictive measures which followed upon his return to Vienna he approved, but intimated to the government his fears that they were proceeding too quickly. Were Polignac more alarmed, he avowed to the French envoy he would be less alarmed. With his habitual prescience, he flung reinforcements into Italy, made the tackle of his government tight, and prepared for the worst. When the blow fell, he received Louis Philippe's ambassador with good grace; the discovery of Charles X.'s complicity with Russia's scheme of Turkish spoliation having somewhat mollified his antipathy to a throne erected upon barricades. Metternich might reasonably abate some little of his hatred for liberal government, in presence of a despotism which he had raised from the dust, conspiring with another despotism in order to eat up their mutual ally and protector. He, nevertheless, ventured to offer Louis Philippe some advice about the necessity of returning to a conservative policy, little dreaming, when that monarch came to act upon it, that he would not only secure his own fall, but drag down his adviser along with him.

There was, however, a revolution which, as it was bloodless, and not accompanied by the roar of cannon and glistening bayonets, almost escaped his attention. Yet that revolution, in its consequences, proved far more momentous to the world and more fatal to his system than the vaunted insurrection at Paris. Political power in England had passed from the hands of a clique into the hands of the nation. The Whigs, after an eternity of wandering, had returned to

Downing street. The foreign relations of the country, as well as its internal politics, were to undergo complete revision. No mercy was to be shown to despots. There was to be a regular crusade in favor of constitutional governments. And, in truth, the condition of Europe presented ample field for speculation. Central Italy had risen against its rulers; Poland was skirmishing with Russia; Belgium was in deadly strife with Holland; Portugal was endeavoring to cast out Don Miguel; and Spain was in the throes of a convulsion produced by family feud and a change in the order of succession. It was evident Metternich would have to fight a tough battle in defense of every outpost of his policy. We divided Belgium from Holland; we lifted Donna Maria to the throne of Portugal; we tore out the sixth clause in the Treaty of Utrecht to keep Don Carlos from the throne of Spain; we got even Russia and France to unite with us in pressing reforms on the Papal Government at the accession of Gregory. On every one of these points, except the last, Metternich was irretrievably beaten. He brought all his tactics into play, at one time employing open force, at another having recourse to artful disguise and secret machination. He upheld the old abuses in Italy openly at the bayonet's point. He supplied Miguel and Carlos with money, with ammunition, with Austrian engineers. He even endeavored, with that concord so characteristic of despotism, to slip an Austrian archduke, under liberal colors, on the throne of Poland, to the disparagement of Russia; but the Whigs, who probably knew what such promises were worth, or deeming the proposition—what it most likely was—a feint to detach England from her temporary understanding with Nicholas, and throw an apple of discord into the Congress then sitting in London, rejected the overture with the mercantile announcement that their hands were too full to attend to the business. Poland—we write the phrase in tears—was abandoned. But the Whigs of the Reform era had achieved great results. They had inverted the whole Tory line of our foreign policy; they had accomplished the work which Tierney and Fox had foreshadowed, and which Canning had begun; they had enthroned constitutional politics in Europe; they had laid the foundations of that system of which to-day we behold such grand re-

sults in the achievement and consolidation of the freedom of that nation to which Europe is indebted for its first lessons in refinement. They, moreover, to secure the expansion of their work and perpetuate its fruits, invited the contracting Powers to enter into mutual guarantees, and placed it under the shelter of the Quadruple Alliance. Metternich, who was surprised to find a party, whom he was taught by their opponents to regard as the tools of a bureaucracy, giving away kingdoms, subverting dynasties, and reparcelling out Europe, upon principles so utterly inconsistent with his notions of propriety, had recourse to his usual specific, and called a congress. He invited the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia to meet him at Muntzgrazten, with a view to concert measures to place some check on the dangerous spread of constitutional ideas in Europe. But the assemblage which met in the little Bohemian town was only a shadow of those over which Metternich had presided with such prestige at Verona and Vienna; and the veteran diplomatist must have had some glimpse of the desperate straits to which absolutism was reduced, when he found its security rested upon his collusion with an emperor whom he distrusted, and a monarch whom he despised.

The separation of Holland from the Netherlands, which threw down the northern rampart against France, and the restoration of the female line to the crown of Spain, have been severely impugned by Tory reactionists as destructive to the true interests of England, and entirely subversive of those great objects which our ancestors lavished their blood and treasure to attain in the great War of the Succession. The accession of the present Emperor to the throne of France has surrounded the invectives of this party with a specious solidity, and enabled their historian, with increased plausibility, to turn the dissemination of constitutional doctrines into national calamities by which the Whigs have achieved the ruin of foreign countries, and undermined the security of their own. But these gentlemen reason as Tories always have reasoned: as Charles I. reasoned before he invaded the Lower House to seize the five members; as James II. reasoned when he imprisoned the seven bishops for refusing to read the declaration of indulgence. They reason as if princes still continued

to be every thing, and their people nothing: they reason as if there were no other controlling agent in Europe than the decrees of monarchs, and as if those decrees were still regarded as the fiat of Heaven by trembling nations waiting with the dumb pusillanimity of sheep to be pinned up and fleeced, or led out to the slaughter, as it suited their convenience. They also proceed upon the assumption that the human mind has stood still for the last hundred and fifty years; that the foreign policy which was necessary in the days of Queen Anne has lost not a particle of its necessity in the days of Victoria. But the fact is, dynastic unions, which exercised so much influence a century ago, have ceased to be the preponderating motive in the alliance of states. That motive is now supplied by the complexional character of national institutions. When constitutional government was little known on the Continent, when it was in its infancy in England, it was, indeed, a very great matter for the Spanish despotism to amalgamate itself with the French despotism to crush that constitution. But when one or both of these countries possessed a free government, then the alliance or fusion of the courts would have remained powerless for mischief in the face of two people either united by free laws, or separated by antagonist institutions. Prussia is a far more powerful nation than Spain. Its religion and the character of its people are more in unison with the religion and the character of the people of England than those of Spain are with the French. It is also quite within the limits of probability, owing to the clause in the Bill of Succession, which practically limits the marriage contracts of the House of Brunswick to Germany, that at some not very distant period the possessors of the Prussian and English crowns may find themselves in the closest possible affinity to each other. Yet who ever heard, on that account, of a whisper that there was the least danger of the two nations conspiring to interfere with the well-being of their neighbors, or to destroy the peace or the liberties of Europe? With what ridicule Russia or France would have covered themselves if they had interfered at the late nuptials of the Princess Royal with one who may already be considered the Crown Prince of Prussia, and insisted upon the insertion of a clause in the marriage articles to provide

against so absurd a contingency. Is it for one moment to be supposed, had the Prince Regent, who now guides affairs at Berlin, been the consort of the Queen of these realms, and had he drawn the sword of Prussia in defense of Austrian claims in Italy, that he would have dragged us into the contest, unless to prevent him from committing so revolting an injustice? The supposition of such a conjuncture is not more improbable than that a drunken termagant should, at the beck of a foreign consort, ally a free people with the worst policy of French despotism, and in collapsed but regenerated Spain, mold a thunderbolt, to be launched against the shores of its liberators. The alliance was tried by Louis Philippe: but in turning it to the account of only a moderate conservative policy, his crown snapped in twain. In comparing the political aspects of the present century with those of the centuries preceding it, we are not without hope for humanity. There has been great struggle, but there also has been great progress. It is true that two gentlemen in Hessian boots may yet meet in a little hut, and, during five minutes' conversation, dispose of the strife of nations; but the growth of free states, as we have lately witnessed in Italy, has crumpled up their decisions as so much waste paper. No longer the intrigues of courts, or a family alliance, or the caprices of princes, can regulate the movements of European policy. The coöperation of states rests upon the broad basis of the character of their people, their community of social feeling, and identity of political interests. The selfish compacts of courts, as means either of despotic attack or defense, must be henceforward as the relics of an obsolete age placed by the side of that mailed cuirass and ponderous battle-ax which comprised the principal weapons of those generations who regarded such alliances as the great arbiters of their destinies. To expose ourselves to the influence of a contiguous despotism in order to provide against the dangers springing from such compacts, would be as foolish an anachronism as to incur the attacks of a powerful body of artillery while we fortified our ramparts against the battering-ram and the ballista.

But the features of the Whig Spanish policy is not as the Tories, whose indictment we have considered, would represent it. The Grey Cabinet did not surrender

a policy which had furnished any adequate security for the uncertain advantages of a new government; but they abandoned a policy which had proved utterly worthless, in order to prevent two despotisms from incumbering the people of the Peninsula, and menacing our interests in the Mediterranean. No one pretends that the treaty of Utrecht ever prevented that union of the French and Spanish interests which it was mainly designed to achieve. From the day that treaty was ratified, throughout the whole of the last century, the two courts had conspired to render it a dead letter. In diplomatic conferences the two crowns had only one voice: their ambassadors at St. James's were each other's mouthpiece: their armies marched together in the field: their fleets encountered ours side by side in the Mediterranean. They blockaded the English fleet under Danby, at Portsmouth. Wherever the English sailor saw the Toulon corvette or the Brest frigate, there was the inevitable Spanish four-decker, with its fearful array of port-holes, threatening at a whiff to sweep him off his own element. Had the two crowns been united by a marital tie, some jealous pique, or discrepancy of humor, might, at moments, have suspended this marvelous unanimity. But, as matters stood, it proceeded upon principle so inflexible as to induce the belief that the two Governments had sworn to peril their existence to maintain it. This, doubtless, was the case. The Whigs, therefore, in tearing up the treaty of Utrecht, gave up nothing but a blundering piece of diplomacy, by which the Tories had frustrated the results of the Marlborough wars, and which had in reality produced the very object it was intended to defeat. They also secured our interests at Lisbon. For it is not to be supposed that, had Don Carlos mounted the throne of Spain, our Portuguese relations would have continued on their former friendly footing. The option of the Whigs lay on one side between a worthless guarantee and two despotisms bristling with hostility to English interests; and on the other, two constitutional governments, which, while strengthening the foreign alliances of England, would serve as an outpost to liberty along the southern coast of the Mediterranean. We not only think the Whigs were wise in making the election they did, but that, had they proceeded in the path their adversaries

pointed out, they ought to have been indicted for high treason. For, in the supposition that the opposite course had been followed, what would have been the case now? Instead of three despotisms dominating over Europe, there would have been five. Two of them would have possessed the naval arsenals of the Mediterranean, and another would have guarded the outlet. Would not the brains of those gentlemen who affect to cry out against the policy which has averted this disaster, drop down into their stomachs at that fall in the funds which must have been entailed by the prospect of the seizure of Gibraltar, and of our exclusion from the seaboard of Turkey and Egypt? Party interests have their legitimate sphere in the subjection of doubtful questions to the ordeal of ephemeral conflicts; but they ought never to be allowed to assail the triumph of those great principles which form the outworks of the constitution. No discordant voice ought to be heard when the glory of the country is not only enhanced, but placed on securer foundations. But least of all should a historian attempt to cover with opprobrium a policy which future generations will regard as constituting the pride and honor of England, and place his invective on enduring tablets, that he may blast the glory it was his duty to preserve.

The severance of Belgium and Holland is included in the general case as constituting, since the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, a monopoly of blunders which ought to overwhelm the Whigs with confusion. But we are so obtuse as to be unable to appreciate this part of the argument. Is it supposed that two countries which were perpetually at strife can be less strong by applying their undivided energies to a generous rivalry in the arts of peace, than by wasting their energies in petty conflicts? Is it supposed that a nation quarreling with itself is a stronger rampart to set up against a united empire than two nations rejoicing in their own integrity, and resolved to strain every fiber to secure their independence? As the most tempting bait that could be offered to the cupidity of a powerful neighbor would be the constant strife of two people on its borders, we should have deemed the most effectual means of extending French dominion to the banks of the Scheldt would have consisted in per-

petuating the very rampart which the Whigs are accused of flinging down. Had the Belgians been indifferent to their independence, the clamor against the Whig policy would not have been entirely devoid of meaning. But in 1790 she had wrung her liberties by force of arms from Austria, and erected herself into a separate State under the name of the Seven United Provinces. If Austria subsequently reconquered these saucy tributaries, on the very first occasion they deserted her scepter, to fling themselves into the arms of her enemies. In 1792, and again in 1794, the population of the Belgic cities, singing the *Ga ira*, went forth to join the ranks of Dourmouiez and Pichegru, that they might have an opportunity of paying the Austrians for the recent extinction of their freedom. Metternich's father, writing to Lord Cornwallis, calls this fraternization the widest desolation of the time. How absurd to expect that the Belgians, who would not coalesce with the Austrians, to whom they were united by ties of social sentiment and religion, would cherish greater sympathy for a race whose manners and religion they ridiculed. If the Austrians, to whom they were united by traditional feelings and historic associations, could not keep them from the French, to expect the Dutch to do so, a people whom they hated and despised, was little short of madness. The Whigs, therefore, in consulting the natural instincts of this people, gave them a constitution to be proud of, and franchises to fight for, instead of that rotten union which would have invited the attacks of an inconstant ally, and led them to fraternize with the first belted Gaul who appeared on their frontiers. Nor should we have heard a word of censure on the subject, were it not that the erection of a Belgian throne founded upon a successful street-fight, gave umbrage to the party who have ever maintained that the people are the last persons to be consulted either with respect to the character of their rulers, or the nature of their constitutions. It was sufficient to provoke the warmest indignation of these gentlemen that the inauguration of Belgian independence held out a prize to successful revolution, and completely quashed, in a most important instance, the mandate of those lofty personages with whom alone, according to them, remains the right of deciding how this globe is to be parceled

out and governed. The clamor we have been considering is nothing else but the old Tory maxim of divine right tricked out in the specious garb of anti-Gallic prejudice, to secure the sympathies of Englishmen. But in this case the argument is as bad as the principle it defends. It is the argument that a discordant union of incongruous elements furnishes a greater bulwark against foreign invasion, than an alliance founded on the mutual guarantee of respective rights. Even if these gentlemen have no respect for the charters by which they enjoy their own liberties, it might at least have been supposed that the essential principles of that Christianity for which they profess so much reverence, would have led them to interpose between the feuds of two conflicting people, and taught them, since they could not agree to husband their strength by separate action, that when the moment came in which their common liberties were imperiled, they might unite their forces and strike for their independence.

But the trumpet of Tory politics, with regard to foreign constitutionalism, has come of late, by the fusion of parties, and the growing sympathies of the people for the liberation of oppressed nationalities, to deliver a very uncertain sound. While we are gibbeting the carcass of this rotten system, and preparing its tomb, the spirit transmigrates and suddenly assumes another appearance. It appears now that the danger which the Whigs have to fear is not from the reckless assaults of their adversaries, so much as from that masked disguise of concurrence by which they seek to injure their measures under the cloak of patronizing them. In truth, the Tories have been brought to regard this subject, as they have come to regard every thing else, with praise or blame according as it suits their convenience. While their historian is writing rhapsodies in Lanarkshire against the pursuit of a foreign constitutional policy, their parliamentary leaders on public forums are expressing their sympathy with that foreign constitutional policy. In writing within-doors their favor is bountifully dispensed to Austria; when speaking on the platform, their warmest feelings are with Italy. It is the same course which Mr. Disraeli, who is the archetype of this sort of conduct, followed, when he published an anonymous satire on foreign constitutional

liberty,* at the same time that he placarded the walls of Marylebone with a glowing panegyric on that constitutional liberty which he solicited the suffrages of that borough to represent. The country has recently been gravely assured by a party which has systematically reviled the foreign policy of its opponents during the last thirty years, that with respect to that foreign policy there can be no difference between them; and that, however much they may diverge on minor questions, yet where the foreign interests of the nation are concerned, they can only entertain one opinion. The recent fusion of parties has tended very much to screen the absurdity of these statements by placing them to some extent under the shelter of the Whigs themselves. When the Earl of Aberdeen, as head of a coalition Cabinet, gravely assured the Lords that the question of Liberalism and Conservatism involved a distinction without a difference — that all the acrimonious wrangling between him and the present Premier with respect to the foreign relations of England was a worthless logomachy, a Whig underling thought he would do his party great service by establishing the thesis, and issued a ponderous volume to prove that the Tory efforts in favor of foreign despotisms, and the Whig efforts in favor of foreign liberty, were only mutual parts of one consistent and harmonious policy.† The Whigs are in the position of a beleaguered body, who, while their best troops were defending their outposts, introduced disguised enemies into their camp to effect their overthrow. Nay, the folly of some of the party has gone so far as to force their antagonists into their own clothes, until the bewildered nation, when appealed to, hardly knows how to choose its friends from its enemies. During the late elections, the country was entreated not to intrust the work of reform to a party who, whatever might be their present professions, had spent their lives in checking its advance. We must confess our fears lay in another direction, and that we dreaded their continuance in power: be-

* *England and France* is the title of the work, which was published by Murray about the period alluded to. A certain Baron de Haber, who had been Don Miguel's banker, supplied the facts. But there can be no question about the parentage.

† *Thirty Years of Foreign Policy*. By the Author of *Disraeli*; a *Political Biography*.

cause we knew of their secret sympathies with Austrian preponderance in Italy; because we knew that golden harvest, the seeds of which the Whigs had watered and planted, and which already stands ripe, inviting the sickle of the reaper, would, if intrusted to them, be trampled down; because we knew that the shackles imposed by the Italian courts would again have been riveted on their subjects, in order to slacken the ardor for legislative improvements at home; because we knew that the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Tiber would have been perpetuated to afford some covert for the ecclesiastical abuses on the banks of the Thames; because we knew that the sparks of that vitality, which, between the Alps and the Adriatic, is kindling into a new national life, would have been murderously stifled, and that the spirit of Italian liberty, like the ghost of Palinurus, would have again shrieked round the rocks of Miseno!

Had the identity of the Tory with the Whig system of foreign politics been established in the same manner as a similar attempt to prove the convergency of their home politics, by piecing together the acts of different epochs, some kind of a case might have been made out: but even this would have been by no means strong. In 1703, the Whigs supported Marlborough to humble Louis XIV. In 1810, the Tories supported Wellington to humble Napoleon. In the succession wars, the Tories clamored against the system of foreign subsidies and reckless coalitions. The Whigs, during the revolutionary wars, had recourse to similar invective. But here the analogy ends. In every other instance, previous to the resuscitation of the old Tory principles under Bute, both parties seem to have adopted those views with regard to English foreign relations which were most calculated to damage their adversaries, but with widely different results. The Tories forced the Whigs under Walpole into the Spanish war, about the *Assiento* contracts and the right of search, in which we reaped nothing but dishonor; while they quarreled with Chatham for sending Wolfe to the heights of Quebec, to cover the nation with glory. But there is this great clue to the seeming discrepancy of the general case, that while the Tories had recourse to Whig principles to attack liberty, the Whigs took occasional shelter in Tory principles to preserve it. Before the ac-

cession of George III., the means of both parties were often the same, but the motives invariably opposite. But since Bute refused to anticipate the dreaded junction of Spain with France, at the request of Chatham, both the motives and the means have been invariably opposite. The same hatred of despotism which induced the Whigs in 1805 to strengthen the prerogative and rush into coalitions, to preserve the country from the tyranny of the Stuarts, induced the Whigs in 1800 to oppose a similar course of action to preserve France from the tyranny of the Bourbons. The same hostility to freedom which led the Tories to extend the Orders of Council at the expense of the American colonies, induced them to restrict those orders when the Georges wished to obtain German securities against the Pretender. In one case it was the means of despotism to secure liberty. In the other, the means of liberty to secure despotism. But in the interim, whether we consider the attempt to enslave the Western States of America, or the establishment of the liberties of the Southern; the restoration of a Bourbon to the throne of France, or the hunting of a Bourbon from that of Spain; the support of a tyrant on the throne of Portugal, or the pulling of the same tyrant down; in every respect the two policies have been as distinct as light from darkness.

Indeed, it would appear, as the Conservatives have appropriated the doctrines of their adversaries on home questions, the Whigs have been more zealous in promoting liberal institutions abroad, with a view of retaining the sympathies of the Radical party at home. Hence, it would not be too much to say that, where their principles are concerned, even in points of detail, the Opposition of the two lines of policy have become so sharply defined, that the affirmation of one leads to the contradiction of the other. The Whigs fitted our ships at Portsmouth to assail Don Miguel. The Tories threatened to seize those who hired ships for the same purpose as prisoners of war. The Whigs allowed Louis Philippe to carry off Don Miguel's fleet to Brest. The Tories interposed at Oporto to protect his slightest fishing-smack. The Whigs persisted in treating Miguel as a usurper. The Tories urged his recognition as lawful king.*

* Aberdeen, Speech on the Affairs of Portugal, March, 1834. Hansard.

The Whigs aid the equipment of a British legion to defend the Spanish Constitution against Don Carlos. The Tories denounce that British legion as a force of brigandary hirelings, and characterize the abrogation of the sixth clause of the treaty of Utrecht as an atrocious violation of the public law of Europe. The Whigs, by adroit procrastination in the Sonderbund war, hindered the absolute Powers from compelling the fifteen Radical States to place the interests of the Confederation at the disposal of seven Conservative States. The Tories threw in their lot with those reactionary States, and stigmatized the Whig delay as an infraction of the first duty of diplomacy. On each of these points Metternich hailed the Tories as his friends, while he encountered in the Whigs his most determined adversaries. When the policy of this country coincided with that of Austria, England was in the hands of the Tories: when it differed from that policy, it was in the hands of the Whigs. Even in the matter of commercial restriction, the Whigs either abrogated or diminished the duties on French silk and fruits, bringing the apples of Provence within reach of the poorest inhabitant of Spitalfields. The Tories imposed those duties, even laying an embargo on foreign pears and cherries, as if the orchards of Kent and Middlesex were the gardens of the Hesperides. When in geometry straight lines which diverge in opposite directions can be made to coincide or produced till they meet, then we may not despair of a similar feat being performed in political philosophy. But there is something more in this business than speculative rights or material prosperity. Great lives have been sacrificed, and great reputations assailed. When Canning revolutionized South-America; when he planted the banner of England on the heights of Lisbon; when he stood between dead Spain and living Portugal, and bade the plague of despotism be staid — his Tory colleagues turned their friendship into hatred, and hunted him to his grave. And it is still in our recollection how, when the now thriving plant of foreign freedom was in its blade, when storms seemed to menace its growth, the present Premier, being identified with every fiber of the system, was assailed with all the arrows of invective which the party who had killed his predecessor could, during four long nights' debate, discharge at his

breast. Those who place Aberdeen or Malmesbury in the same category as Palmerston, must mate Castlereagh with Canning, Fox with Perceval, Bute with Chatham, Bolingbroke with Walpole, and Shippen with Carteret. They must place the policy of Metternich by the side of the policy of Cavour. They must in parliamentary debates invert all the relations of language: for concord they must take strife; for affirmation, denial; for panegyric, vituperation. They must draw out an indictment of murder against a party for killing a statesman for venturing to execute their own behests; they must behold the same party endeavor to hurl his successor down the Tarpeian of public indignation for acts which, according to their showing, merited a triumphal chariot and a civic crown!

But Italy is the field in which the two policies stand out in glaring contrast. If we would know the distinction between Whig and Tory principles, we must not take our seat under the gallery at Westminster, but mingle with the clever Tuscans and the facetious Modenese, who, however much, just now, we may be perplexed at home about such matters, are not without a lively perception of the difference. If we would discount the value of those professions of zeal in behalf of constitutional freedom in Italy which the Tories have lately been so much in the habit of using, we must contrast the Blue-book on Italy issued in 1849, with the Blue-book issued in 1850, and trace the difference between a genuine article and its base counterfeit. We must take the Manchester politician, who has become so enamoured of Lord Malmesbury's recent efforts as to prove false to the first partner of his principles, and ask him, as Hamlet invited his fickle mother, to gaze upon this medallion, then on that. In the first place, the Tories gave Austria Lombardy, without so much as a paper stipulation for its liberty. They allowed Metternich, in 1819, to stifle in blood constitutional freedom at Naples and Piedmont, without so much as a paper protest. All that Castlereagh averred at Laybach was that England was prevented by her laws from assisting in the business; but this asseveration was made in such a manner as showed that he and his colleagues wished the work good speed. The Tories allowed Metternich to spread that network of treaties over the Peninsula which linked

each state to the ear of his master's despotism. They looked on with supine indifference as Austria transferred her troops from Rome to Naples, or from Piedmont to Parma, according as the suspicions of the Prince, or the actual rising of the people, required their benign interference. They beheld Austria extinguish the Modenese constitution in 1846, with the same nonchalant feelings as if she had been appointed to do so by the same marvelous destiny which sometimes conducts them back to Downing street. There was no protest, because the entire thing was completely in accordance with those genuine Tory principles which enforce upon the people unconditional submission to their prince, as the ruler whom God has placed over them. To protest against a friendly Power being called in to aid princes to effect that submission, would, according to Tory principles, have been tantamount to protesting against the sun because that luminary rises at six during the vernal equinox and not at seven, or because he glows with more ardor when he passes through Libra than when he passes through Aries.

Even in Earl Malmesbury's case, when the sympathies of the nation were fully roused in favor of Italian nationality, the disguise of neutral Liberalism which the Minister assumed, to keep in with the national sentiment, was so poorly worn, as to be unable to conceal the skin of the Austrian which peeped out every moment under it. Sardinia was lectured for holding out encouragement to the Italian patriots. France was implored to lower her demands, and bring them as much within range of Austria's acceptance as possible, though every one of those demands was perfectly rational, and ought to have been extorted from Austria at the sword's point thirty years ago. The great object of the Minister was peace at any price—an ignominious peace, to be purchased by the lasting bondage of Italy, peace, with no other disturbance of *statu quo* than was simply sufficient to take the family of petty tyrannies off their rotten footing, and place them on a more enduring basis. A great crisis is sure to be mistaken by a little minister. As well expect the eye of an insect to take in the grand outline of Mount Blanc, as a narrow mind to expand itself to the conception of a colossal object. The crisis before Lord Malmesbury was the regeneration

of twenty-six millions of people from three centuries of thralldom. He viewed it as a petty quarrel between two gouty statesmen; and he ran alternately to each with screaming entreaties to preserve peace, which he ought to have known was no longer possible, and, even if possible, by no means desirable, with the maintenance of that *statu quo* upon which he so much insisted. Had his counsels been followed, and Austria and France patched up their quarrel on some wretched ground of expediency, Italy would not have stirred from its shroud, but have been once more quietly inurned, until some moral earthquake again exposed its ghastly appearance; and its specter left with that of Poland to haunt the conscience of the free nations of Europe. Yet for this policy, which ought only to excite our indignation, we have been invited to throw up our hats and express our huzzas! Lord Malmesbury possesses a coronet, and is in the enjoyment of broad demesnes, owing to the diplomatic services of his father. With his administration of these we have no wish to interfere. But that he should be deemed worthy on this account to dispose of the least coin which we contribute to the revenue, or direct in any way the foreign interests of this country, is even a grosser insult to the intellect than that iniquitous system of tyranny which he and his colleagues have in Italy so long, by their connivance, contributed to uphold.

The Whig espousal of liberal politics on the other side of the Alps dates from their accession to office in 1831. When the Legations rose in that year they pressed reforms on the Pope, to which Metternich contrived the Pope should pay no attention. They also interfered, about the same period, to obtain for Parma that slight shade of liberalism by which the duchy was distinguished from surrounding states. But it was not till 1847 that opportunities occurred which brought the whole weight of their influence into the Peninsula. During their first period of office, the attention of the Whigs was too much engrossed by the struggles in Spain, in Portugal, and the Netherlands, to employ itself about a country fourteen hundred miles away, with much success. But Metternich having been beaten off these portions of the Continent, the time had at length come to achieve his final overthrow in

Italy. We can not say that Lord Minto was a wise agent. His selection was a gross instance of the old vice of the Whigs, who have been too much in the habit of regarding the state as a farm, to be exploited for their own and their kinsmen's benefit. But it sufficiently shows the *animus* of the party, that one of their first acts, on their return to power, was to accredit a Minister to the Italian courts with a view to support their governments against Austrian machinations, in carrying out those reforms of which Pius IX. had set so memorable an example. Metternich, alarmed at being assailed on ground which he deemed to be peculiarly his own, threw more than usual vigor into those thrusts which he was invariably obliged to aim against the present Premier on his return to the Foreign Office. Lord Palmerston dispatched a fleet to the Adriatic, and a convoy to the Mediterranean. Metternich threw forces into Ferrara, and instructed Count Buol to read the King of Sardinia a letter he had sent to the Grand Duke of Florence, stating he could not permit him to establish a civic guard in his dominions; but that, if he persisted, he would occupy his territory with Austrian troops; and that it was his intention to occupy all the Italian States in a similar manner who had recourse to a liberal policy.* Lord Palmerston expressed his determination to Metternich to hinder the Italian States from being overrun by Austrian arms, or deterred by Austrian threats from entering on the path of legislative improvements. He particularly pointed out the independence of the Roman States—which Mr. Disraeli, in his last address to the Commons, charged the House not to meddle with—as an essential element in the case; and averred that the crowns of Great Britain and Sardinia having been long bound together by the ties of intimate alliance, Great Britain could not repudiate claims founded upon such grounds.† Metternich replied, through Diebrichstein, that the powers he sought to exercise in Italy had been permitted by the silent acquiescence of Great Britain for nearly half a century, and were founded upon rights guaranteed to Austria by each of the protected states. His master

had no pretensions to be an Italian power, but he had dominions beyond the Alps, which he knew how to defend, and that he intended to keep them. In the course of the dispute, Metternich asked Lord Palmerston* what were his intentions in case Sardinia invaded Lombardy. The English Minister replied, he could not deal with speculative questions. But Metternich affirmed it was his duty to provide against emergencies, and "not leave the future to the incalculable chance of universal disturbance." It is almost ludicrous to see him expostulating with the rising spirit of the time, and seeking at each step to sweep back the waves of that ungovernable tide which after having driven him out of every creek, at last advanced up to his own desk, and whelmed him in the general ruin.

The loss of Metternich's power in Italy, and the fall of his ascendancy in the field of European politics, was accompanied with a rapid diminution of his influence nearer home. Metternich, in the administration of the internal affairs of Austria, had displayed the same profound sagacity he evinced in the wider regions of diplomacy. Though the Austrian Empire comprises races as alien in blood, religion, and manners, as the most conflicting nations in Europe, all its heterogeneous populations, by the wily Chancellor, were molded into one compact unity, and bound in ties of fealty to Vienna. This feat appears to have been accomplished by developing the national predilections of each, and playing them off one against the other. The Croats were set against the Bohemians; the Wallachians against the Italians; the Germans against the Slavonians; and the Poles against each other. Metternich presided over a happy family; and when he wanted a little dissension, he had no difficulty in producing the exact amount of discord required for his purpose. Joseph II. had tried to erase all national distinctions, and bring the different tribes in subjection to the German element, that he might create an Austrian people; but the attempt involved that sovereign in sore troubles, and

* Abercrombie to Viscount Palmerston. Turin, August 19, 1847.

† Lord Palmerston to Viscount Ponsonby. London, September 11, 1847.

* Metternich to Diebrichstein, August 2, 1847. "We place an important question of the day on the grounds of the simplest of all political bases. We desire to know whether the principal guardians of political peace share our views." That question was effectively answered by the cannon of Solferino.

brought the empire to the brink of ruin. Metternich was so convinced of the wisdom of the contrary policy, that he had no scruple, when a province proved restive, to create a war of classes, and allow the pent-up effervescence to waste itself in internal tumult. In 1848, Galicia was strongly inoculated with revolutionary ideas. The secret societies in Cracow were supposed, by their agents, to have brought the country to the verge of revolt. Metternich suddenly revoked the edict which substituted payment in money for corvée labor; and just in the nick of time aroused the old feuds between the peasantry and the nobility. By this means the French *Jacquerie* was repeated in Galicia. The knives intended for the Austrian soldiery were turned by the people against their own landlords; and when the massacre was nearly completed, Austria interposed to chastise them for the folly she had stimulated them to execute.

But if the ignorant Slavonians could be turned into the blind instruments of their own thralldom, a different spirit soon showed itself in the German people. The spread of constitutional ideas in Europe had created a ferment in the heart of Germany, which only waited a spark to discharge itself in an electric explosion. The network of railways which overspread the country had led to a quick interchange of sentiment between remote provinces, and broke down those exclusive barriers by which Austria had isolated their interests. Education, too, had spread; and though the schoolmaster was in the custody of the policeman, still the facts in his lessons contrived to disentangle themselves from the prejudices with which they were associated; and a strange yearning was felt for social objects beyond the pale of the actual condition of society. The Prussian *Zollverein*, by leaguering twenty-two German States in close compact, for the possession of mutual commercial rights and privileges, showed what advantages might be derived from a national confederation of the German people. The development of the industrial sources of Germany, and the augmentation of its riches, to which that *Zollverein* led, enhanced the political claims of the people, and enabled them to infuse more strength into the struggle for those institutions which had been so often promised, but so long withheld. The military organizations, to which the wars

of Napoleon led, had trained the population to arms. Thousands of the best recruits who had fought at Leipzig, were still in the enjoyment of strong manhood, and ready, at any favorable juncture, to throw their disciplined energies into a contest for the possession of the liberty which had induced them to face death in the battle-field. It was evident that the mind of the Germans and of the un-Slavonic races of the empire was growing beyond the limits assigned to it by the repressive machinery of the state; and that unless the powers of the government were reinforced by additional strength and vigilance, the strain, when it came, would prove fatal. But, instead of increased activity, somnolence and torpor crept into every department of the administration. The silence the people manifested in their growing strength was mistaken for languor. The government thought it might also commit itself to the repose of dead routine, little imagining the barrel of gunpowder on which it had strewed its couch. The downfall of Louis Philippe, to which the inauguration of constitutional reforms in Italy had contributed, acted like an active salt on the nerves of the Vienna population. In a moment they became conscious of their power, and they used it. They saw before them a government founded on the most oppressive restrictions of the Middle Ages, while the best portions of Europe were rejoicing in the consciousness of unfettered freedom. The light which had burst upon Paris and the Italian capitals made the darkness at Vienna still more foul from the brilliancy to which it acted as a foil. The people lost not a moment in dispersing that darkness, that they might enjoy the same sunshine as their neighbors. The secret police fled like phantoms. The press was freed from the censorship: religious liberty established. The populace streaming into the antechambers of the palace, extorted from abashed royalty the promise of representative institutions. Metternich, after a formal surrender of his functions at the call of an enraged multitude, took refuge in flight.* The whole system he had so laboriously built up collapsed like a turret of cards before the breath of a child. His mansion was pillaged: his chateau gutted and sacked. The old man screened him-

* March 8, 1848.

self by numerous disguises from the violence of the populace, till he reached the shores of Holland; whence he embarked to seek the shelter afforded by the government of those Whigs whom he had so frequently traduced as the fomenters of revolution.

After some stay in London Metternich returned to Holland, where his family had taken up their quarters. The Austrian victories in Italy and Transylvania, and the blundering inaptitude for self-government which the extreme radical party evinced both in the Frankfort Assembly and in the capitals of the several States, soon enabled the two leading monarchs of Germany to recover from their surprise, and bring matters back to their old footing. Metternich, after three years of absence, was reinstated in his former possessions, though he took no ostensible part in the government. He, nevertheless, often appeared at Court, and enjoyed the closet favors of the Emperor quite as much as Walpole commanded the ear of George II. after his expulsion from the Treasury. Nor does he appear in the shade of retirement to have lost any of that Attic wit whose sprightly sallies formed the principal charm of his brilliant *réunions*. But in his remark upon the *coup d'état* of the second of December, that "you could do any thing with French bayonets except sit upon them," we detect the germ of another disappointment, that must have pressed heavily upon his closing days, if it did not hasten his death. Metternich was doubtless, with the rest of the world, very much surprised to find the Strasburg hero accomplish so well the marvelous feat he had deemed an impossibility. He must have been still more surprised to find the first-fruits of that dazzling achievement turned to the destruction of the power in Italy he had so sedulously labored to establish. Metternich thought he had rid the world of the Napoleonic dynasty; but here, as he was sitting down to honor's feast, a scion of that House started up to sweep away the labors of his life, and conduct him to the tomb. He might have exclaimed, somewhat after the fashion of the Scotch hero, who had so summarily provided for Banquo's issue:

"The time has been,
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there's an end. But now they rise]

*With fifty thousand bayonets at their back,
To push us from our stools."*

He did not long survive the first reverse of Austria in Italy; the last sun he looked at shone on the bloody field of Magenta. He died on the eleventh of June, impressed with the vanity of the fruitless labors of a long life, amid the jubilee of a nation which he had sought to oppress, and the triumphs of a name he had endeavored to extinguish.

The private character of Metternich stands out in bold contrast to his public career. In his domestic relations he seems to have punctually discharged all those duties which enter into our notions of social integrity. His home was the sanctuary of every conventional propriety. When the labors of diplomatic deceit were suspended, at least he could retire into the bosom of his family, and taste there of the fountain of sincerity clear and undefiled. Metternich married thrice, and on each occasion was exceedingly felicitous in his choice. His first wife was the Princess de Kaunitz, whom he married in 1795. She died in 1819, leaving a son, who followed her three years afterwards, and two daughters, now living. In 1825 he married Mary, Baroness von Leykam, whom the Emperor, at his request, created Countess of Beilstein. She was esteemed the handsomest woman in Vienna; but the birth of her first child, Richard, of whom we now hear so much as Austria's Plenipotentiary in the affair of the Duchies, took her out of the world two years after the union. In 1831 he married Melanie, Countess of Ferraris, who proved a great solace to his closing years. Metternich averred that in his last marriage he was not unjust to the memory of his former wives; but rather reflected the highest encomium upon them, as it showed he had enjoyed so much happiness in their society as to be eager to enter into the marriage state again.

The happiness Metternich experienced from the ingenuous probity of his private life might have taught him to infuse a little of the same uprightness into his public dealings. But his political principles led him to believe that no government could exist without being deceptive to its people; and that as they were to their people, so must they be to each other. Hence, while his private statements were remark-

able for scrupulous accuracy, the faculty of downright lying pervades to a monstrous extent his public documents. His fidelity to his own wives has been vouched for; and we have no doubt, as far as real passion went, it was stainless. But Metternich, when he could serve some public purpose, had not the smallest scruple in marring the felicity of the wives of others. His interference with the marital relations of Napoleon was almost equaled by his fostering the amorous delinquencies of Alexander. He flung an Austrian countess into the way of the Czar at the Congress of Vienna, that the suggestions which would have been unpalatable coming from the Austrian envoy might be received from the lips of virgin beauty with prompt acquiescence. To decoy the Russian monarch from his own capital across sterile wastes to Troppau and Laybach, in 1819, Metternich promised him the society of the same charmer who had solaced his evenings five years before in Vienna, and transported the fair one to Italy for that purpose. Nay, even himself, during his Parisian embassy in 1806, when he was the type of masculine beauty, could turn the adoration which some of the frail sex paid at his shrine into a means of getting at secrets useful to his government, committed to their keeping by over-confiding husbands. It is a singular system which upholds honor in private life, but relegates it from matters of public interest. We have always thought if integrity was needed in the citizen, it was still more imperatively required in the statesman; and that the honesty of private transactions was only a splinter of those broad and massive principles of equity to be applied in regulating the affairs of nations. But Metternich evidently thought that man's duties in relation to God and his fellow-creatures ended as soon as he stepped out of his private circle, and that when he entered on his public business his nature might partake of that fraudulent deceit so much appreciated at the Old Bailey. Man, in his individual capacity, must be fastidiously honest, but as soon as he enters into the councils of kingdoms, he must consider himself one of a society of scoundrels!

The *savans* of Paris with whom Metternich came in contact during his visit to that capital in 1825, speak in high terms of his deep acquaintance with European literature, and the discriminating powers of his judgment in letters and the arts.

Similar eulogy has been conferred by the English artists whom he occasionally invited to share his hospitality.* Metternich, however, has left no traces of such studies, unless it be in the superior style of his dispatches, which must be regarded as models of this sort of composition. There is a dashing vigor and a sparkling freshness about them. Like the waves emanating from a fountain boiling over with its own strength, his thoughts came forth rattling, clear, and strong, resolved to drive every thing along the current of their purpose. If we may believe Sir Thomas Lawrence, Metternich had a poet's eye for nature, and could indulge in reflections upon rich scenery, which would have done credit to Wordsworth. When in Rome, he took the English painter to witness the sunsets off Monte Mario, and to collate their mutual criticisms before the glittering shrines of St. Peter's. They also drove to Tivoli, where Metternich passed some hours gazing on the foaming splendor of the lower falls of its cascade, within view of the Sybil's temple. "Here," exclaimed the statesman, "the stream flows on always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not—with no feelings of rivalry for power. Here is no envy, no exertion for effect. It is content with its own grandeur." When dressed for an ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lawrence he would change his dress, proceed to his favorite daughter's room, persuade Marie to put on her cloak and accompany them to see the Colosseum by moonlight. Marie would, however, on such occasions, express her predilection for smiling faces instead of pleasant scenery. "What boots fine cascades and rich scenery, papa, if the people about you are miserable? I would prefer the Netherlands to Italy; for though that is a flat, hedge-and ditch country, at least the people are happy." Marie spoke from guileless simplicity of her heart, and she spoke wisdom. Even the father might have stooped to imbibe new principles of state policy from the prattle of his child.

Metternich, though a civilian, derived his principal decorations from battle-fields. He was created a prince on the eve of Leipzig. He received the title of Duke of Portella from that encounter which de-

* Mrs. Trollope's *Travels in Germany and Italy*.

cided Murat's fate in the south of Italy; and he was raised to a grandee of Spain for assisting Ferdinand to put down the Spanish Cortes. During his second visit to England, after the Treaty of Paris in 1814, Oxford, as the metropolis of Tory prejudice and ignorance, not unfitly conferred upon him the degree of D.C.L. But the lustre of the stars which he wore was completely forgotten in the grace of that deportment and the winning affability which constituted Metternich the Circe of despotism. His decorations did not enhance the dignity of the man, but the dignity of the man imparted lustre to the decorations. That unruffled front and sprightly demeanor which always accompanies the finished diplomatist, never forsook Metternich. Whether he plucked a rose from the bosom of a proud beauty, or was tearing a crown from some anointed head in Italy, or dooming some unfortunate patriot to the grim dungeons of Spielberg, his countenance always wore the same smiling appearance. Even in the resignation of his functions before that

famished mob which broke into the antechambers of the palace on that bleak March morning of 1848, there was a calm Cæsarean dignity, which awed the audacious ringleaders into silence. The majesty of the form was indeed worthy of the splendid gifts it enshrined. We can not but regret that so lofty a spirit should have appeared in the political world as an angel of darkness and not as an angel of light. But it is only just the people should remember that Metternich's mind was warped out of a right course by their mad excesses. Let them remember that they conspired to raise the spirit which flagellated their ranks and blighted their destinies. The career of Metternich will then inspire a double lesson. For statesmen can not reflect upon its vicissitudes without feeling they can derive no lasting security from impaling the minds of their people; and that the liberty they suppress will only gain renewed strength from defeat, and rise at last in its might to triumph over their grave.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING HURRY AND LEISURE.

Oh! what a blessing it is to have time to breathe, and think, and look around one! I mean, of course, that all this is a blessing to the man who has been over-driven: who has been living for many days in a breathless hurry, pushing and driving on, trying to get through his work, yet never seeing the end of it, not knowing to what task he ought to turn first, so many are pressing upon him altogether. Some folk, I am informed, like to live in a fever of excitement, and in a ceaseless crowd of occupations; but such folk form the minority of the race. Most human beings will agree in the assertion that it is a horrible feeling to be in a hurry. It wastes the tissues of the body;

it fevers the fine mechanism of the brain; it renders it impossible for one to enjoy the scenes of nature. Trees, fields, sunsets, rivers, breezes, and the like, must all be enjoyed at leisure, if enjoyed at all. There is not the slightest use in a man's paying a hurried visit to the country. He may as well go there blindfold, as go in a hurry. He will never see the country. He will have a perception, no doubt, of hedgerows and grass, of green lanes and silent cottages, perhaps of great hills and rocks, of various items which go towards making the country; but the country itself he will never see. That feverish atmosphere which he carries with him will distort and transform even individual

objects; but it will utterly exclude the view of the whole. A circling London fog could not do so more completely. For quiet is the great characteristic and the great charm of country scenes; and you can not see or feel quiet when you are not quiet yourself. A man flying through this peaceful valley in an express-train at the rate of fifty miles an hour, might just as reasonably fancy that to us, its inhabitants, the trees and hedges seem always dancing, rushing, and circling about, as they seem to him in looking from the window of the flying carriage; as imagine that, when he comes for a day or two's visit, he sees these landscapes as they are in themselves, and as they look to their ordinary inhabitants. The quick pulse of London keeps with him; he can not, for a long time, feel sensibly an influence so little startling, as faintly flavored, as that of our simple country life. We have all beheld some country scenes, pleasing but not very striking, while driving hastily to catch a train for which we feared we should be too late; and afterwards, when we came to know them well, how different they looked!

I have been in a hurry. I have been tremendously busy. I have got through an amazing amount of work in the last few weeks, as I ascertain by looking over the recent pages of my diary. You can never be sure whether you have been working hard or not, except by consulting your diary. Sometimes you have an oppressed and worn-out feeling of having been over-driven, and of having done a vast deal during many days past; when lo! you turn to the uncompromising record, you test the accuracy of your feeling by that unerring and unimpeachable standard; and you find that, after all, you have accomplished very little. The discovery is mortifying, but it does you good; and besides other results, it enables you to see how very idle and useless people, who keep no diary, may easily bring themselves to believe that they are among the hardest-wrought of mortals. They know they feel weary; they know they have been in a bustle and worry; they think they have been in it much longer than is the fact. For it is curious how readily we believe that any strongly felt state of mind or outward condition—strongly felt at the present moment—has been lasting for a very long time. You have been in very low spirits: you fancy

now that you have been so for a great portion of your life, or at any rate for weeks past: you turn to your diary—why, eight and forty hours ago you were as merry as a cricket during the pleasant drive with Smith, or the cheerful evening that you spent with Snarling. I can well imagine that when some heavy misfortune befalls a man, he soon begins to feel as if it had befallen him a long, long time ago: he can hardly remember days which were not darkened by it: it seems to have been the condition of his being almost since his birth. And so, if you have been toiling very hard for three days—your pen in your hand almost from morning to night perhaps—rely upon it that at the end of those days, save for the uncompromising diary that keeps you right, you would have in your mind a general impression that you had been laboring desperately for a very long period—for many days, for several weeks, for a month or two. After heavy rain has fallen for four or five days, all persons who do not keep diaries invariably think that it has rained for a fortnight. If keen frost lasts in winter for a fortnight, all persons without diaries have a vague belief that there has been frost for a month or six weeks. You resolve to read Alison's valuable *History of the French Revolution*, (I take for granted you are a young person:) you go at it every evening for a week. At the end of that period you have a vague, uneasy impression, that you have been soaked in a sea of platitudes, or weighed down by an incubus of words, for about a hundred years. There is indeed one signal exception to the law of mind which has been noticed: the law, to wit, that if your present state is one that is strongly felt, you naturally fancy that it has lasted much longer than it has actually done. Month by month you receive with gratitude a certain periodical whose name it is unnecessary further to particularize. You sit down to read it, having first cut its leaves. You fall into an ecstasy of interest in what you read. And when you return to a state of perception of the outward world, you fancy you have been reading for about ten minutes. You consult your watch: you have been reading for three hours! Need that monthly magazine's name be mentioned?

Every human being, then, who is desirous of knowing for certain whether he is doing much work or little, ought to pre-

serve a record of what he does. And such a record, I believe, will in most cases serve to humble him who keeps it, and to spur on to more and harder work. It will seldom flatter vanity, or encourage a tendency to rest on the oars, as though enough had been done. You must have labored very hard and very constantly indeed, if it looks much in black and white. And how much work may be expressed by a very few words in the diary! Think of Elihu Burritt's "forged fourteen hours, then Hebrew Bible three hours." Think of Sir Walter's short memorial of his eight pages before breakfast — and what large and closely-written pages they were! And how much stretch of such minds as they have got — how many quick and laborious processes of the mental machinery — are briefly embalmed in the diaries of humbler and smaller men, in such entries as "after breakfast, walk in garden with children for ten minutes; then Article on ten pp.; working hard from ten till one p.m.; then left off with bad headache, and very weary?" And don't fancy, reader, that the ten pages thus accomplished are ten pages of the magazine: they are ten pages of manuscript, probably making about three of print. The truth is, you can't represent work by any record of it. As yet, there is no way known of photographing the mind's exertion, and thus preserving an accurate memorial of it. You might as well expect to find in such a general phrase as a *stormy sea* the delineation of the countless shapes and transformations of the waves throughout several hours in several miles of ocean, as think to see in Sir Walter Scott's *eight pages before breakfast* an adequate representation of the hard, varied, wearing-out work that went to turn them off. And so it is, that the diary which records the work of a very hard-wrought man, may very likely appear to careless, unsympathizing readers, to express not such a very laborious life after all. Who has not felt this, in reading the biography of that amiable, able, indefatigable, and over-wrought man, Dr. Kitto? He worked himself to death by labor at his desk: but only the reader who has learned by personal experience to feel for him, is likely to see how he did it.

But besides such reasons as these, there are strong arguments why every man should keep a diary. I can not imagine how many reflective men do not. How

narrow and small a thing their actual life must be! They live merely in the present; and the present is only a shifting point, a constantly progressing mathematical line, which parts the future from the past. If a man keeps no diary, the path crumbles away behind him as his feet leave it; and days gone by are little more than a blank, broken by a few distorted shadows. His life is all confined within the limits of to-day. Who does not know how imperfect a thing memory is? It not merely forgets; it misleads. Things in memory do not merely fade away, preserving as they fade their own lineaments so long as they can be seen: they change their aspect, they change their place, they turn to something quite different from the fact. In the picture of the past, which memory unaided by any written record sets before us, the perspective is entirely wrong. How capriciously some events seem quite recent, which the diary shows are really far away; and how unaccountably many things look far away, which in truth are not left many weeks behind us! A man might almost as well not have lived at all as entirely forget that he has lived, and entirely forget what he did on those departed days. But I think that almost every person would feel a great interest in looking back, day by day, upon what he did and thought upon that day twelvemonths, that day three or five years. The trouble of writing the diary is very small. A few lines, a few words, written at the time, suffice, when you look at them, to bring all (what Yankees call) the *surroundings* of that season before you. Many little things come up again, which you know quite well you never would have thought of again but for your glance at those words, and still which you feel you would be sorry to have forgotten. There must be a richness about the life of a person who keeps a diary, unknown to other men. And a million more little links and ties must bind him to the members of his family circle, and to all among whom he lives. Life, to him looking back, is not a bare line, stringing together his personal identity; it is surrounded, intertwined, entangled, with thousands and thousands of slight incidents, which give it beauty, kindness, reality. Some folk's life is like an oak walking-stick, straight and varnished; useful, but hard and bare. Other men's life (and such may yours and mine, kindly

reader, ever be) is like that oak when it was not a stick but a branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped, and with lots of little twigs growing out of it, upon the summer tree. And yet more precious than the power of the diary to call up again a host of little circumstances and facts, is its power to bring back the indescribable but keenly-felt atmosphere of those departed days. The old time comes over you. It is not merely a collection, an aggregate of facts, that comes back; it is something far more excellent than *that*: it is the soul of days long ago; it is the dear *Auld lang syne* itself! The perfume of hawthorn-hedges faded is there; the breath of breezes that fanned our gray hair when it made sunny curls, often smoothed down by hands that are gone; the sunshine on the grass where these old fingers made daisy-chains; and snatches of music, compared with which any thing you hear at the Opera is extremely poor. Therefore keep your diary, my friend. Begin at ten years old, if you have not yet attained that age. It will be a curious link between the altered seasons of your life; there will be something very touching about even the changes which will pass upon your handwriting. You will look back at it occasionally, and shed several tears of which you have not the least reason to be ashamed. No doubt when you look back, you will find many very silly things in it; well, you did not think them silly at the time; and possibly you may be humbler, wiser, and more sympathetic, for the fact that your diary will convince you, (if you are a sensible person now,) that probably you yourself, a few years or a great many years since, were the greatest fool you ever knew. Possibly at some future time you may look back with similar feelings on your present self: so you will see that it is very fit that meanwhile you should avoid self-confidence and cultivate humility; that you should not be bumptious in any way; and that you should bear, with great patience and kindness, the follies of the young. Therefore, my reader, write up your diary daily. You may do so at either of two times: First, After breakfast, whenever you sit down to your work, and before you begin your work; Second. After you have done your indoors work, which ought not to be later than two P.M., and before you go out to your external duties. Some good men, as Dr. Arnold, have in addition to this

brought up their history to the present period before retiring for the night. This is a good plan; it preserves the record of the day as it appears to us in two different moods: the record is therefore more likely to be a true one, uncolored by any temporary mental state. Write down briefly what you have been doing. Never mind that the events are very little. Of course they must be; but you remember what Pope said of little things. State what work you did. Record the progress of matters in the garden. Mention where you took your walk, or ride, or drive. State any thing particular concerning the horses, cows, dogs, and pigs. Preserve some memorial of the progress of the children. Relate the occasions on which you made a kite or a water-wheel for any of them; also the stories you told them, and the hymns you heard them repeat. You may preserve some mention of their more remarkable and old-fashioned sayings. *Forsitan et olim hæc meminisse juvabit*: all these things may bring back more plainly a little life when it has ceased; and set before you a rosy little face and a curly little head when they have moldered into clay. Or if you go, as you would rather have it, before them, why, when one of your boys is Archbishop of Canterbury and the other Lord Chancellor, they may turn over the faded leaves, and be the better for reading those early records, and not impossibly think some kindly thoughts of their Governor who is far away. Record when the first snowdrop came, and the earliest primrose. Of course you will mention the books you read, and those (if any) which you write. Preserve some memorial, in short, of every thing that interests you and yours; and look back each day, after you have written the few lines of your little chronicle, to see what you were about that day the preceding year. No one who in this simple spirit keeps a diary, can possibly be a bad, unfeeling, or cruel man. No scapegrace or blackguard could keep a diary such as that which has been described. I am not forgetting that various blackguards, and extremely dirty ones, *have* kept diaries, but they have been diaries to match their own character. Even in reading Byron's diary, you can see that he was not so much a very bad fellow, as a very silly fellow, who thought it a grand thing to be esteemed very bad. When, by the way, will the

day come when young men will cease to regard it as the perfection of youthful humanity to be a reckless, swaggering fellow, who never knows how much money he has or spends, who darkly hints that he has done many wicked things which he never did, who makes it a boast that he never reads any thing, and thus who affects to be even a more ignorant numskull than he actually is? When will young men cease to be ashamed of doing right, and to boast of doing wrong, (which they never did?) "Thank God," said poor Milksop to me the other day, "although I have done a great many bad things, I never did," etc., etc., etc. The silly fellow fancied that I should think a vast deal of one who had gone through so much, and sown such a large crop of wild oats. I looked at him with much pity. Ah! thought I to myself, there are fellows who actually do the things you absurdly pretend to have done; but if you had been one of those I should not have shaken hands with you five minutes since. With great difficulty did I refrain from patting his empty head, and saying, "O poor Milksop! you are a tremendous fool."

It is indeed to be admitted that by keeping a diary you are providing what is quite sure in days to come to be an occasional cause of sadness. Probably it will never conduce to cheerfulness to look back over those leaves. Well, you will be much the better for being sad occasionally. There are other things in this life than to put things in a ludicrous light, and laugh at them. That, too, is excellent in its time and place: but even Douglas Jerrold sickened of the forced fun of *Punch*, and thought this world had better ends than jesting. Don't let your diary fall behind; write it up day by day: or you will shrink from going back to it and continuing it, as Sir Walter Scott tells us he did. You will feel a double unhappiness in thinking you are neglecting something you ought to do, and in knowing that to repair your omission demands an exertion attended with especial pain and sorrow. Avoid at all events that discomfort of diary-keeping, by scrupulous regularity: there are others which you can not avoid, if you keep diary at all, and occasionally look back upon it. It must tend to make thoughtful people sad, to be reminded of things concerning which we feel that we can not think of them; that

they have gone wrong, and can not now be set right; that the evil is irremediable, and must just remain, and fret and worry whenever thought of; and life go on under that condition. It is like making up one's mind to live on under some incurable disease, not to be alleviated, not to be remedied, only if possible to be forgotten. Ordinary people have all some of these things: tangles in their life and affairs that can not be unraveled and must be left alone: sorrowful things which they think can not be helped. I think it highly inexpedient to give way to such a feeling; it ought to be resisted as far as it possibly can. The very worst thing that you can do with a skeleton is to lock the closet-door upon it, and try to think no more of it. No: open the door: let in air and light: bring the skeleton out, and sort it manfully up: perhaps it may prove to be only the skeleton of a cat, or even no skeleton at all. There is many a house, and many a family, in which there is a skeleton, which is made the distressing nightmare it is, mainly by trying to ignore it. There is some fretting disagreement, some painful estrangement, made a thousand times worse by ill-judged endeavors to go on just as if it were not there. If you wish to get rid of it, you must recognize its existence, and treat it with frankness, and seek manfully to set it right. It is wonderful how few evils are remediless, if you fairly face them, and honestly try to remove them. Therefore, I say it earnestly, don't lock your skeleton-chamber door. If the skeleton *be* there, I defy you to forget that it is. And even if it could bring you present quiet, it is no healthful draught, the water of Lethe. Drugged rest is unrefreshful, and has painful dreams. And further; don't let your diary turn to a small skeleton, as it is sure to do if it has fallen much into arrear. There will be a peculiar soreness in thinking that it is in arrear; yet you will shrink painfully from the idea of taking to it again and bringing it up. Better to begin a fresh volume. There is one thing to be especially avoided. Do not on any account, upon some evening when you are pensive, down-hearted, and alone, go to the old volumes, and turn over the yellow pages with their faded ink. Never recur to volumes telling the story of years long ago, except at very cheerful times in very hopeful moods: unless, indeed, you

desire to feel, as did Sir Walter, the connection between the clauses of the scriptural statement, that *Ahithophel set his house in order and hanged himself*. In that setting in order, what old, buried associations rise up again: what sudden pangs shoot through the heart, what a weight comes down upon it, as we open drawers long locked, and come upon the relics of our early selves, and schemes and hopes! Well, your old diary, of even five or ten years since, (especially if you have as yet hardly reached middle age,) is like a repertory in which the essence of all sad things is preserved. Bad as is the drawer or the shelf which holds the letters sent you from home when you were a schoolboy; sharp as is the sight of that lock of hair of your brother, whose grave is baked by the suns of Hindostan; roiling (not to say more) as is the view of that faded ribbon or those withered flowers which you still keep, though Jessie has long since married Mr. Beest, who has ten thousand a year: they are not so bad, so sharp, so roiling, as is the old diary, wherein the spirit of many disappointments, toils, partings, and cares, is distilled and preserved. So don't look too frequently into your old old diaries, or they will make you glum. Don't let them be your usual reading. It is a poor use of the past, to let its remembrances unfit you for the duties of the present.

I have been in a hurry, I have said; but I am not so now. Probably the intelligent reader of the preceding pages may surmise as much. I am enjoying three days of delightful leisure. I did nothing yesterday: I am doing nothing to-day: I shall do nothing to-morrow. This is June: let me feel that it is so. When in a hurry, you do not realize that a month, more especially a summer month, has come, till it is gone. June: let it be repeated: the *leafy month of June*, to use the strong expression of Mr. Coleridge. Let me hear you immediately quote the verse, my young lady reader, in which that expression is to be found. Of course you can repeat it. It is now very warm, and beautifully bright. I am sitting on a velvety lawn, a hundred yards from the door of a considerable country house, not my personal property. Under the shadow of a large sycamore is this iron chair; and this little table, on which the paper looks quite green from the reflection of the leaves. There is a very little breeze.

Just a foot from my hand, a twig with very large leaves is moving slowly and gently to and fro. There, the great serrated leaf has brushed the pen. The sunshine is sleeping (the word is not an affected one, but simply expresses the phenomenon) upon the bright green grass, and upon the dense masses of foliage which are a little way off on every side. Away on the left, there is a well-grown horse-chestnut tree, blazing with blossoms. Why, by the way, does Mr. Albert Smith mention that when a lot of little Chinesees had a passage of English dictated to them, they all wrote it out with perfect accuracy except one of them, who spelt chestnut wrong by introducing the central t? Does not Mr. Smith know that such is the right way to spell the word, and that *chesnut* without the t is wrong? In the little recesses where the turf makes bays of verdure going into the thicket, the grass is nearly as white with daisies as if it were covered with snow, or had several table-cloths spread out upon it to dry. Blue and green, I am given to understand, form an incongruous combination in female dress; but how beautiful the little patches of sapphire sky, seen through the green leaves! Keats was quite right; any one who is really fond of nature must be very far gone indeed, when he or she, like poor Isabella with her pot of basil, "forgets the blue above the trees." I am specially noticing a whole host of little appearances and relations among the natural objects within view, which no man in a hurry would ever observe; yet which are certainly meant to be observed, and worth observing. I don't mean to say that a beautiful thing in nature is lost because no human being sees it: I have not so vain an idea of the importance of our race. I do not think that that blue sky, with its beautiful fleecy clouds, was spread out there just as a scene at a theater is spread out, simply to be looked at by us; and that the intention of its Maker is balked if it be not. Still, among a host of other uses, which we do not know, it can not be questioned that one end of the scenes of nature, and of the capacity of noting and enjoying them which is implanted in our being, is, that they should be noted and enjoyed by human minds and hearts. It is now 11.30 A.M., and I have nothing to do that need take me far from this spot till dinner, which will be just seven hours hereafter. It requires

an uninterrupted view of at least four or five hours ahead, to give the true sense of leisure. If you know you have some particular engagement in two hours, or even three or four, the feeling you have is not that of leisure. On the contrary, you feel that you must push on vigorously with whatever you may be about; there is no time to sit down and muse. Two hours are a very short time. It is to be admitted that much less than half of that period is very long, when you are listening to a sermon; and the man who wishes his life to appear as long as possible can never more effectually compass his end than by going very frequently to hear preachers of that numerous class whose discourses are always sensible and in good taste, and also sickeningly dull and tiresome. Half an hour under the instruction of such good men has oftentimes appeared like about four hours. But for quiet folk, living in the country, and who have never held the office of attorney-general or secretary of state, two hours form quite too short a vista to permit of sitting down to begin any serious work, such as writing a sermon or an article. Two hours will not afford elbow-room. One is cramped in it. Give me a clear prospect of five or six; so shall I begin an essay for *Fraser*. It is quite evident that Hazlitt was a man of the town, accustomed to live in a hurry, and to fancy short blinks of unoccupation to be leisure—even as a man long dwelling in American woods might think a little open glade quite an extensive clearing. He begins his essay on *Living to One's-self*, by saying that being in the country he has a fine opportunity of writing on that long-contemplated subject, and of writing at leisure, because he has *three hours good before him*, not to mention a partridge getting ready for his supper. Ah! not enough! Very well for the fast-going, high-pressure London mind; but quite insufficient for the deliberate, slow-running country one, that has to overcome a great *inertia*. How many good ideas, or at least ideas which he thinks good, will occur to the rustic writer; and be cast aside when he reflects that he has but two hours to sit at his task, and that therefore he has not a moment to spare for collateral matters, but must keep to the even thread of his story or his argument! A man who has four miles to walk within an hour, has little time to

stop and look at the view on either hand; and no time at all for scrambling over the hedge to gather some wild flowers. But now I rejoice in the feeling of an unlimited horizon before me, in the regard of time. Various new books are lying on the grass; and on the top of the heap, a certain number of that trenchant and brilliant periodical, the *Saturday Review*. This is delightful! It is jolly! And let us always be glad, if through training or idiosyncrasy we have come to this, my reader, that whenever you and I enjoy this tranquil feeling of content, there mingles with it a deep sense of gratitude. I should be very sorry to-day, if I did not know Whom to thank for all this. I like the simple, natural piety, which has given to various seats, at the top of various steep hills in Scotland, the homely name of *Rest and be thankful*! I trust I am now doing both these things. O ye men who have never been overworked and overdriven, never kept for weeks on a constant strain and in a feverish hurry, you don't know what you miss! Sweet and delicious as cool water is to the man parched with thirst, is leisure to the man just extricated from breathless hurry! And nauseous as is that same water to the man whose thirst has been completely quenched, is leisure to the man whose life is nothing but leisure.

Let me pick up that number of the *Saturday Review*, and turn to the article which is entitled *Smith's Drag*.* That article treats of a certain essay which the present writer contributed to the June number of this Magazine; and sets out the desultory fashion in which that essay wanders about. I have read the article with great amusement and pleasure. In the main it is perfectly just. Does not the avowal say something for the writer's good-humor? Not frequently does the reviewed acknowledge that he was quite rightly pitched into. Let me, however, say to the very clever and smart author of *Smith's Drag*, that he is to some extent mistaken in his theory as to my system of essay-writing. It is not entirely true that I begin my essays with irrelevant descriptions of scenery, horses, and the like, merely because I know nothing about my subject, and care nothing about it, and have nothing to say about it; and so am glad to get over a page or two of my pro-

* June fourth, 1859, pp. 677-8.

duction without *bonâ fide* going at my subject. Such a consideration, no doubt, is not without its weight; and besides this, holding at every way of discussing all things whatsoever is good except the tiresome, I think that even Smith's Drag serves a useful end if it pulls one a little way through a heavy discussion; as the short inclined plane set Mr. Henson's aerial machine off with a good start, without which it could not fly. But there is more than this in the case. The writer holds by a grand principle. The writer's great reason for saying something of the scenery amid which he is writing, is, that he believes that it materially affects the thought produced, and ought to be taken in connection with it. You would not give a just idea of a country house by giving us an architect's elevation of its *façade*, and showing nothing of the hills by which it is backed, and the trees and shrubbery by which it is surrounded. So, too, with thought. We think with time and space; and unless you are a very great man, writing a book like Butler's *Analogy*, the outward scenes amid which you write will color all your abstract thought. Most people hate abstract thought. Give it in a setting of scene and circumstances, and then ordinary folk will accept it. Set a number of essays in a story, however slight; and hundreds will read them who would never have looked twice at the bare essays. Human interest and a sense of reality are thus communicated. When any one says to me, "I think thus and thus of some abstract topic," I like to say to him: "Tell me where you thought it, how you thought it, what you were looking at when you thought it, and to whom you talked about it." I deny that in essays what is wanted is results. Give me processes. Show me how the results are arrived at. In some cases, doubtless, this is inexpedient. You would not enjoy your dinner if you inquired too minutely into the previous history of its component elements, before it appeared upon your table. You might not care for one of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's pleasantries, if you traced too curiously the steps by which it was licked into shape. Not so with the essay. And by exhibiting the making of his essay, as well as the essay itself when made, the essayist is enabled to preserve and exhibit many thoughts, which he could turn to no account did he

exhibit only his conclusions. It is a grand idea to represent two or three friends as discussing a subject. For who that has ever written upon abstract subjects, or conversed upon them, but knows that very often what seem capital ideas occur to him, which he has not had time to write down or to utter before he sees an answer to them, before he discovers that they are unsound. Now to the essayist writing straight-forward these thoughts are lost; he can not exhibit them. It will not do to write them, and then add that now he sees they are wrong. Here, then, is the great use—one great use—of the Ellesmere and the Dunsford, who shall hold friendly council with the essayist. They, understood to be talking off-hand, can state all these interesting and striking, though unsound views; and then the more deliberate Milverton can show that they are wrong. And the three friends combined do but represent the phases of thought and feeling in a single individual: for who does not know that every reflective man is, at the very fewest, "three gentlemen at once?" Let me say for myself, that it seems to me that no small part of the inexpressible charm which there is about the *Friends in Council* and the *Companions of My Solitude*, arises from the use of the two expedients; of exhibiting processes as well as results, of showing how views are formed as well as the views themselves; and also of setting the whole abstract part of the work in a framework of scenes and circumstances. All this makes one feel a life-like reality in the entire picture presented, and enables one to open the leaves with a home-like and friendly sympathy. Do not fancy, my brilliant reviewer, that I pretend to write like that thoughtful and graceful author, so rich in wisdom, in wit, in pathos, in kindly feeling. All I say is that I have learned from him the grand principle, that abstract thought, for ordinary readers, must gain reality and interest from a setting of time and place.

There is the green branch of the tree, waving about. The breeze is a little stronger, but still the air is perfectly warm. Let me be leisurely; I feel a little hurried with writing that last paragraph; I wrote it too quickly. To write a paragraph too quickly, putting in too much pressure of steam, will materially accelerate the pulse. That is an end greatly to be avoided.

Who shall write hastily of leisure! Fancy Izaak Walton going out fishing, and constantly looking at his watch every five minutes, for fear of not catching the express train in half an hour! It would be indeed a grievous inconsistency. The old gentleman might better have staid at home.

It is all very well to be occasionally, for two or three days, or even for a fortnight, in a hurry. Every earnest man, with work to do, will find that occasionally there comes a pressure of it; there comes a crowd of things which must be done quickly if they are done at all; and the condition thus induced is hurry. I am aware of course, that there is a distinction between haste and hurry—hurry adding to rapidity the element of painful confusion; but in the case of ordinary people, haste generally implies hurry. And it will never do to become involved in a mode of life which implies a constant breathless pushing on. It must be a horrible thing to go through life in a hurry. It is highly expedient for all, it is absolutely necessary for most men, that they should have occasional leisure. Many enjoyments—perhaps all the tranquil and enduring enjoyments of life—can not be felt except in leisure. And the best products of the human mind and heart can be brought forth only in leisure. Little does he know of the calm, unexciting, unwearying, lasting satisfaction of life, who has never known what it is to place the leisurely hand in the idle pocket, and to saunter to and fro. Mind, I utterly despise the idler—the loafer, as Yankees term him, who never does any thing—whose idle hands are always in his idle pockets, and who is always sauntering to and fro. Leisure, be it remembered, is the intermission of labor; it is the blink of idleness in the life of a hard-working man. It is only in the case of such a man that leisure is dignified, commendable, or enjoyable. But to him it is all these, and more. Let us not be ever driving on. The machinery, physical and mental, will not stand it. It is fit that one should occasionally sit down on a grassy bank, and look listlessly, for a long time, at the daisies around, and watch the patches of bright-blue sky through green leaves overhead. It is right to rest on a large stone by the margin of a river; to rest there on a summer day for a long time, and to watch the lapse of the water as it passes away, and to listen to its silvery ripple

over the pebbles. Who but a blockhead will think you idle? Of course blockheads may; but you and I, my reader, do not care a rush for the opinion of blockheads. It is fit that a man should have time to chase his little children about the green, to make a kite and occasionally fly it, to rig a ship and occasionally sail it, for the happiness of those little folk. There is nothing unbecoming in making your Newfoundland dog go into the water to bring out sticks, nor in teaching a lesser dog to stand on his hinder legs. No doubt Goldsmith was combining leisure with work when Reynolds one day visited him; but it was leisure that aided the work. The painter entered the poet's room unnoticed. The poet was seated at his desk, with his pen in his hand, and with his paper before him; but he had turned away from *The Traveler*, and with uplifted hand was looking towards a corner of the room, where a little dog sat with difficulty on his haunches, with imploring eyes. Reynolds looked over the poet's shoulder, and read a couplet whose ink was still wet:

"By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child."

Surely, my friend, you will never again read that couplet, so simply and felicitously expressed, without remembering the circumstances in which it was written. Who should know better than Goldsmith what simple pleasures "satisfy the child"?

It is fit that a busy man should occasionally be able to stand for a quarter of an hour by the drag of his friend Smith; and walk round the horses, and smooth down their fore-legs, and pull their ears, and drink in their general aspect, and enjoy the rich color of their bay coats gleaming in the sunshine; and minutely and critically inspect the drag, its painting, its cushions, its fur-ropes, its steps, its spokes, its silver caps, its lamps, its entire expression. These are enjoyments that last, and that can not be had save in leisure. They are calm and innocent; they do not at all quicken the pulse, or fever the brain; it is a good sign of a man if he feels them as enjoyments: it shows that he has not indurated his moral palate by appliances highly spiced with the cayenne of excitement, all of which border on vice, and most of which imply it.

Let it be remembered, in the praise of leisure, that only in leisure will the human

mind yield many of its best products. Calm views, sound thoughts, healthful feelings, do not originate in a hurry or a fever. I do not forget the wild geniuses who wrote some of the finest English tragedies—men like Christopher Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, Dekker, and Otway. No doubt *they* lived in a whirl of wild excitement, yet they turned off many fine and immortal thoughts. But their thought was essentially morbid, and their feeling hectic; all their views of life and things were unsound. And the beauty with which their writings are flushed all over, is like the beauty that dwells in the brow too transparent, the cheek too rosy, and the eye too bright, of a fair girl dying of decline. It is entirely a hot-house thing, and away from the bracing atmosphere of reality and truth. Its sweetness palls, its beauty frightens; its fierce passion and its wild despair are the things in which it is at home. I do not believe the stories which are told about Jeffery scribbling off his articles while dressing for a ball, or after returning from one at four in the morning; the fact is, nothing good for much was ever produced in that jaunty, hasty fashion, which is suggested by such a phrase as *scribbled off*. Good ideas flash in a moment on the mind; but they are very crude then; and they must be mellowed and matured by time and in leisure. It is pure nonsense to say that the *Poetry of the Anti-jacobin* was produced by a lot of young men sitting over their wine, very much excited, and talking very loud, and two or three at a time. Some happy impromptu hits may have been elicited by that mental friction; but, rely upon it, the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, and the song whose chorus is *Niversity of Gottingen*, were composed when their author was entirely alone, and had plenty of time for thinking. Brougham is an exception to all rules: he certainly did write his *Discourse of Natural Theology* while rent asunder by all the multifarious engagements of a Lord Chancellor; but, after all, a great deal that Brougham has done exhibits merely the smartness of a sort of intellectual legerdemain; and that celebrated *Discourse*, so far as I remember it, is remarkably poor stuff. I am now talking not of great geniuses, but of ordinary men of education, when I maintain that to the laborer whose work is mental, and especially to the man whose work it is to write, leisure is a pure ne-

cessary of intellectual existence. There must be long seasons of quiescence between the occasional efforts of production. An electric eel can not be always giving off shocks. The shock is powerful, but short, and then long time is needful to rally for another. A field, however good its soil, will not grow wheat year after year. Such a crop exhausts the soil; it is a strain to produce it; and after it the field must lie fallow for a while—it must have leisure, in short. So is it with the mind. Who does not know that various literary electric eels, by repeating their shocks too frequently, have come at last to give off an electric result which is but the faintest and washiest echo of the thrilling and startling ones of earlier days? *Festus* was a strong and unmistakable stock; *The Angel World* was much weaker; *The Mystic* was extremely weak; and *The Age* was twaddle. Why did the author let himself down in such a fashion? The writer of *Festus* was a grand, mysterious image in many youthful minds; dark, wonderful, not quite comprehensible. The writer of *The Age* is a smart but silly little fellow, whom we could readily slap upon the back and tell him he had rather made a fool of himself.

THACKERAY AND DICKENS.

And who does not feel how weak the successive shocks of Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens are growing? The former, especially, strikes out nothing new. Any thing good in his recent productions is just the old thing, with the colors a good deal washed out, and with salt which has lost its savor. Poor stuff comes of constantly cutting and cropping. The potatoes of the mind grow small; the intellectual wheat comes to have no ears; the moral turnips are infected with the finger and toe disease. The mind is a reservoir which can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of little tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction. But in writing a book, or even an article, it empties as through a twelve-inch pipe. It is to me quite wonderful that most of the sermons one hears are so good as they are, considering the unintermittent stream in which most preachers are compelled to produce them. I have sometimes thought, in listening to the discourse of a really thoughtful and able clergyman—If you,

my friend, had to write a sermon once a month instead of once a week, how very admirable it would be!

Some stupid people are afraid of confessing that they ever have leisure. They wish to palm off upon the human race the delusion that they, the stupid people, are always hard at work. They are afraid of being thought idle unless they maintain this fiction. I have known clergymen who would not on any account take any recreation in their own parishes, lest they should be deemed lazy. They would not fish, they would not ride, they would not garden, they would never been seen leaning upon a gate, and far less carving their name upon a tree. What absurd folly! They might just as well have pretended that they did without sleep, or without food, as without leisure. You can not always drive the machine at its full speed. I know, indeed, that the machine may be so driven for two or three years at the beginning of a man's professional life; and that it is possible for a man to go on for such a period with hardly any appreciable leisure at all. But it knocks up the machine: it wears it out: and after an attack or two of nervous fever, we learn, what we should have known from the beginning, that a far larger amount of tangible work will be accomplished by regular exertion of moderate degree and continuance, than by going ahead in the feverish and unrestful fashion in which really earnest men are so ready to begin their task. It seems, indeed, to be the rule rather than the exception, that clergymen should break down in strength and spirits in about three years after entering the church. Some die: but happily a larger number get well again, and for the remainder of their days work at a more reasonable rate. As for the sermons written in that feverish stage of life, what crude and extravagant things they are: stirring and striking, perhaps, but hectic and forced, and entirely devoid of the repose, reality, and daylight feeling, of actual life and fact. Yet how many good, injudicious people, are ever ready to expect of the new curate or rector an amount of work which man can not do; and to express their disappointment if that work is not done! It is so very easy to map out a task which you are not to do yourself: and you feel so little wearied by the toils of other men! As for you, my young

friend, beginning your parochial life, don't be ill-pleased with the kindly-meant advice of one who speaks from the experience of a good many years, and who has himself known all that you feel, and foolishly done all that you are now disposed to do. Consider for how many hours of the day you can labor, without injury to body or mind: labor faithfully for those hours, and for no more. Never mind about what may be said by Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling. They will find fault at any rate; and you will mind less about their fault-finding, if you have an unimpaired digestion, and unaffected lungs, and an unenlarged heart. Don't pretend that you are always working: it would be a sin against God and Nature if you were. Say frankly, There is a certain amount of work that *I can* do; and *that I will* do: but I *must* have my hours of leisure. I must have them for the sake of my parishioners as well as for my own; for leisure is an essential part of that mental discipline which will enable my mind to grow and turn off sound instruction for their benefit. Leisure is a necessary part of true life; and if I am to live at all, I must have it. Surely it is a thousand times better candidly and manfully to take up *that ground*, than to take recreation on the sly, as though you were ashamed of being found out in it, and to disguise your leisure as though it were a sin. I heartily despise the clergyman who reads *Adam Bede* secretly in his study, and when any one comes in, pops the volume into his waste-paper basket. An innocent thing is wrong to you if you think it wrong, remember. I am sorry for the man who is quite ashamed if any one finds him chasing his little children about the green before his house, or standing looking at a bank of primroses or a bed of violets, or a high wall covered with ivy. Don't give in to that feeling for one second. You are doing right in doing all that; and no one but an ignorant, stupid, malicious, little-minded, vulgar, contemptible blockhead will think you are doing wrong. On a sunny day, you are not idle if you sit down and look for an hour at the ivied wall, or at an apple-tree in blossom, or at the river gliding by. You are not idle if you walk about your garden, noticing the progress and enjoying the beauty and fragrance of each individual rose-tree on such a charming June day as this. You are not idle if you sit down

upon a garden-seat, and take your little boy upon your knee, and talk with him about the many little matters which give interest to his little life. You are doing something which may help to establish a bond between you closer than that of blood; and the estranging interests of after years may need it all. And you do not know, even as regards the work (if of composition) at which you are busy, what good ideas and impulses may come of the quiet time of looking at the ivy, or the blossoms, or the stream, or your child's sunny curls. Such things often start thoughts which might seem a hundred miles away from them. That they do so, is a fact to which the experience of numbers of busy and thoughtful men can testify. Various thick skulls may think the statement mystical and incomprehensible: for the sake of such let me confirm it by high authority. Is it not curious, by the way, that in talking to some men and women, if you state a view a little beyond their mark, you will find them doubting and disbelieving it so long as they regard it as resting upon your own authority; but if you can quote any thing that sounds like it from any printed book, or even newspaper, no matter how little worthy the author of the article or book may be, you will find the view received with respect, if not with credence? The mere fact of its having been printed, gives any opinion whatsoever much weight with some folk. And your opinion is esteemed as if of greater value, if you can only show that any human being agreed with you in entertaining it. So, my friend, if Mr. Snarling thinks it a delusion that you may gain some thoughts and feelings of value, in the passive contemplation of nature, inform him that the following lines were written by one Wordsworth, a stamp-distributor in Cumberland, regarded by many competent judges as a very wise man:

"Why, William, on that old gray stone,
Thus for the length of half a day,
Why, William, sit you thus alone,
And dream your time away?"

"One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it can not choose but see;
We can not bid the ear be still:
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
Against or with our will.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers,
Which of themselves our minds impress:
That we can feed this mind of ours,
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum,
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

"Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
Conversing as I may,
I sit upon this old gray stone,
And dream my time away!"

Such an opinion is sound and just. Not that I believe that instead of sending a lad to Eton and Oxford, it would be expedient to make him sit down on a gray stone, by the side of any lake or river, and wait till wisdom came to him through the gentle teaching of nature. The instruction to be thus obtained must be supplementary to a good education, college and professional, obtained in the usual way; and it must be sought in intervals of leisure, intercalated in a busy and energetic life. But thus intervening, and coming to supplement other training, I believe it will serve ends of the most valuable kind, and elicit from the mind the very best material which is there to be elicited. Some people say they work best under pressure: De Quincey, in a recent volume, declares that the conviction that he *must* produce a certain amount of writing in a limited time has often seemed to open new cells in his brain, rich in excellent thought; and I have known preachers (very poor ones) declare that their best sermons were written after dinner on Saturday. As for the sermons, the best were bad; as for De Quincey, he is a wonderful man. Let us have elbow room, say I, when we have to write any thing! Let there be plenty of time, as well as plenty of space. Who could write if cramped up in that chamber of torture, called *Little Ease*, in which a man could neither sit, stand, nor lie, but in a constrained fashion? And just as bad is it to be cramped up into three days, when to stretch one's self demands at least six. Do you think Wordsworth could have written against time? Or that *In Memoriam* was penned in a hurry?

Said Miss Limejuice, I saw Mr. Swetter, the new rector, to-day. Ah! she added, with a malicious smile, I fear he is growing idle already, though he has not been in the parish six months. I saw

him, at a quarter before two precisely, standing at his gate with his hands in his pockets. I observed that he looked for three minutes over the gate into the clover-field he has got. And then Smith drove up in his drag, and stopped and got out; and he and the rector entered into conversation, evidently about the horses, for I saw Mr. Swetter walk round them several times, and rub down their fore-legs. Now I think he should have been busy writing his sermon, or visiting his sick. Such, let me assure the incredulous reader, are the words which I have myself heard Miss Limejuice, and her mother, old Mrs. Snarling Limejuice, utter more than once or twice. Knowing the rector well, and knowing how he portions out his day, let me explain to those candid individuals the state of facts. At ten o'clock precisely, having previously gone to the stable and walked round the garden, Mr. Swetter sat down at his desk in his study and worked hard till one. At two, he is to ride up the parish to see various sick persons among the cottagers. But from one to two he has laid his work aside, and tried to banish all thought of his work. During that period he has been running about the green with his little boy, and even rolling upon the grass; and he has likewise strung together a number of daisies on a thread, which you might have seen round little Charlie's neck if you had looked sharply. He has been unbending his miff, you see, and enjoying leisure after his work. It is entirely true that he did look into the clover-field and enjoy the fragrance of it, which you probably regard as a piece of sinful self-indulgence. And his friend coming up, it is likewise certain that he examined his horses, (a new pair,) with much interest and minuteness. Let me add, that only contemptible humbugs will think the less of him for all this. The days are past in which the ideal clergyman was an emaciated hermit, who hardly knew a cow from a horse, and was quite incapable of sympathizing with his humbler parishioners in their little country cares. And some little knowledge as to horses and cows, not to mention potatoes and turnips, is a most valuable attainment to the country parson. If his parishioners find that he is entirely ignorant of those matters which they understand best, they will not unnaturally draw the conclusion that he knows nothing. While if they

find that he is fairly acquainted with those things which they themselves understand, they will conclude that he knows every thing. Helplessness and ignorance appear contemptible to simple folk, though the helplessness should appear in the lack of power to manage a horse, and the ignorance in a man's not knowing the way in which potatoes are planted. To you, Miss Limejuice, let me further say a word as to your parish clergyman. Mr. Swetter, you probably do not know, was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge. He chose his present mode of life, not merely because he felt a special leaning to the sacred profession, though he did feel that strongly; but also because he saw that in the Church, and in the care of a quiet rural parish, he might hope to combine the faithful discharge of his duty with the enjoyment of leisure for thought; he might be of use in his generation without being engaged to that degree that, like some great barristers, he should grow a stranger to his children. He concluded that it is one great happiness of a country parson's life, that he may work hard without working feverishly; he may do his duty, yet not bring on an early paralytic stroke. Swetter might, if he had liked, have gone in for the Great Seal; the man who was second to him will probably get it; but he did not choose. Do you not remember how Baron Alderson, who might well have aspired at being a Chief Justice or a Lord Chancellor, fairly decided that the prize was not worth the cost, and was content to turn aside from the worry of the bar into the comparative leisure of a puisne judgeship? It was not worth his while, he rightly considered, to run the risk of working himself to death, or to live for years in a breathless hurry. No doubt the man who thus judges must be content to see others seize the great prizes of human affairs. Hot and trembling hands, for the most part, grasp these. And how many work breathlessly, and give up the tranquil enjoyment of life, yet never grasp them after all!

There is no period at which the feeling of leisure is a more delightful one, than during breakfast and after breakfast on a beautiful summer morning in the country. It is a slavish and painful thing to know that instantly you rise from the breakfast-table you must take to your work. And in that case your mind will be fretting

and worrying away all the time that the hurried meal lasts. But it is delightful to be able to breakfast leisurely; to read over your letters twice; to skim the *Times*, just to see if there is any thing particular in it, (the serious reading of it being deferred till later in the day;) and then to go out and saunter about the garden, taking an interest in whatever operations may be going on there; to walk down to the little bridge and sit on the parapet, and look over at the water foaming through below; to give your dogs a swim; to sketch out the rudimentary outline of a kite, to be completed in the evening; to stick up, amid shrieks of excitement and delight, a new colored picture in the nursery; to go out to the stable and look about there; and to do all this with the sense that there is no neglect, that you can easily overtake your day's work notwithstanding. For this end the country human being should breakfast early; not later than nine o'clock. Breakfast will be over by half past nine; and the half hour till ten is as much as it is safe to give to leisure, without running the risk of dissipating the mind too much for steady application to work. After ten one does not feel comfortable in idling about, on a common working-day. You feel that you ought to be at your task; and he who would enjoy a country leisure must beware of fretting the fine mechanism of his moral perceptions by doing any thing which he thinks even in the least degree wrong.

And here, after thinking of the preliminary half-hour of leisure before you sit down to your work, let me advise that when you fairly go at your work, if of composition, you should go at it leisurely. I do not mean that you should work with half a will, with a wandering attention, with a mind running away upon something else. What I mean is, that you should beware of flying at your task, and keeping at it, with such a stretch, that every fiber in your body and your mind is on the strain, is tense and tightened up; so that when you stop, after your two or three hours at it, you feel quite shattered and exhausted. A great many men, especially those of a nervous and sanguine temperament, write at too high a pressure. They have a hundred and twenty pounds on the square inch. Every nerve is like the string of Robin Hood's bow. All this does no good. It does

not appreciably affect the quality of the article manufactured, nor does it much accelerate the rate of production. But it wears a man out awfully. It sues him like an orange. It leaves him a discharged Leyden jar, a torpedo entirely used up. You have got to walk ten miles. You do it at the rate of four miles an hour. You accomplish the distance in two hours and a half; and you come in, not extremely done up. But another day, with the same walk before you, you put on extra steam, and walk at four and a half miles an hour, perhaps at five. (*Mem*: people who say they walk six miles an hour are talking nonsense. It can not be done, unless by a trained pedestrian.) You are on a painful stretch all the journey: you save, after all, a very few minutes; and you get to your journey's end entirely knocked up. Like an over-driven horse, you are off your feed; and you can do nothing useful all the evening. I am well aware that the good advice contained in this paragraph will not have the least effect on those who read it. *Fungar inani munere*. I know how little all this goes for with an individual now not far away. And, indeed, no one can say that because two men have produced the same result in work accomplished, therefore they have gone through the same amount of exertion. Nor am I now thinking of the vast differences between men in point of intellectual power. I am content to suppose that they shall be, intellectually, precisely on a level: yet one shall go at his work with a painful, heavy strain; and another shall get through his lightly, airily, as if it were pastime. One shall leave off fresh and buoyant; the other, jaded, languid, aching all over. And in this respect, it is probable that if your natural constitution is not such as to enable you to work hard, yet leisurely, there is no use in advising you to take things easily. Ah! my poor friend, you can not! But at least you may restrict yourself from going at any task on end, and keeping yourself ever on the fret until it is fairly finished. Set yourself a fitting task for each day; and on no account exceed it. There are men who have a morbid eagerness to get through any work on which they are engaged. They would almost wish to go right on through all the toils of life and be done with them; and then, like Alexander, "sit down and rest." The prospect of any thing yet to do, appears to

render the enjoyment of present repose impossible. There can be no more unhealthy state of mind. The day will never come when we shall have got through our work: and well for us that it never will. Why disturb the quiet of to-night, by thinking of the toils of to-morrow? There is deep wisdom, and accurate knowledge of human nature, in the advice, given by the soundest and kindest of all advisers, and applicable in a hundred cases, to "Take no thought for the morrow."

It appears to me, that in these days of hurried life, a great and valuable end is served by a class of things which all men of late have taken to abusing—to wit, the extensive class of dull, heavy, uninteresting, good, sensible, pious sermons. They afford many educated men almost their only intervals of waking leisure. You are in a cool, quiet, solemn place: the sermon is going forward: you have a general impression that you are listening to many good advices and important doctrines, and the entire result upon your mind is beneficial; and at the same time there is nothing in the least striking or startling to destroy the sense of leisure, or to painfully arouse the attention and quicken the pulse. Neither is there a syllable that can jar on the most fastidious taste. All points and corners of thought are rounded off. The entire composition is in the highest degree gentlemanly, scholarly, correct; but you feel that it is quite impossible to attend to it. And you do not attend to it; but at the same time, you do not quite turn your attention to any thing else. Now, you remember how a dying father, once upon a time, besought his prodigal son to spend an hour daily in solitary thought: and what a beneficial result followed. The dull sermon may serve an end as desirable. In church you are alone, in the sense of being isolated from all companions, or from the possibility of holding communication with any body: and the wearisome sermon, if utterly useless otherwise, is useful in giving a man time to think, in circumstances which will generally dispose him to think seriously. There is a restful feeling, too, for which you are the better. It is a fine thing to feel that church is a place where, if even for two hours only, you are quite free from worldly business and cares. You know that all these are waiting for you outside: but at

least you are free from their actual endurance here. I am persuaded, and I am happy to entertain the persuasion, that men are often much the better for being present during the preaching of sermons to which they pay very little attention. Only some such belief as this could make one think, without much sorrow, of the thousands of discourses which are preached every Sunday over Britain, and of the class of ears and memories to which they are given. You see that country congregation coming out of that ivy-covered church in that beautiful church-yard. Look at their faces, the plowman, the dairy-maids, the drain-diggers, the stable-boys: what could *they* do towards taking in the gist of that well-reasoned, scholarly, elegant piece of composition which has occupied the last half-hour? Why, they could not understand a sentence of it. Yet it has done them good. The general effect is wholesome. They have got a little push, they have felt themselves floating on a gentle current, going in the right direction. Only enthusiastic young divines expect the mass of their congregation to do all they exhort them to do. You must advise a man to do a thing a hundred times, probably, before you can get him to do it once. You know that a breeze, blowing at thirty-five miles an hour, does very well if it carries a large ship along in its own direction at the rate of eight. And even so, the practice of your hearers, though truly influenced by what you say to them, lags tremendously behind the rate of your preaching. Be content, my friend, if you can maintain a movement, sure though slow, in the right way. And don't get angry with your rural flock on Sundays, if you often see on their blank faces, while you are preaching, the evidence that they are not taking in a word you say. And don't be entirely discouraged. You may be doing them good for all that. And if you do good at all, you know better than to grumble, though you may not be doing it in the fashion that you would like best. I have known men, accustomed to sit quiet, pensive, half-attentive, under the sermons of an easy-going but orthodox preacher, who felt quite indignant when they went to a church where their attention was kept on the stretch all the time the sermon lasted, whether they would or no. They felt that this intrusive interest about the discourse, compelling them to

attend, was of the nature of an assault, and of an unjustifiable infraction of the liberty of the subject. Their feeling was: "What earthly right has that man to make us listen to his sermon, without getting our consent? We go to church to rest: and lo! he compels us to listen!"

I do not forget, musing in the shade this beautiful summer day, that there may be cases in which leisure is very much to be avoided. To some men, constant occupation is a thing that stands between them and utter wretchedness. You remember the poor man, whose story is so touchingly told by Borrow in *The Romany Rye*, who lost his wife, his children, all his friends, by a rapid succession of strokes; and who declared that he would have gone mad if he had not resolutely set himself to the study of the Chinese language. Only constant labor of mind could "keep the misery out of his head." And years afterwards, if he paused from toil for even a few hours, the misery returned. The poor fisherman in *The Antiquary* was wrong in his philosophy, when Mr. Oldbuck found him, with trembling hands, trying to repair his battered boat the day after his son was buried. "It's weel wi' you gentles," he said, "that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a freend; but the like o' us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer!" We love the kindly sympathy that made Sir Walter write the words: but bitter as may be the effort with which the poor man takes to his heartless task again, surely he will all the sooner get over his sorrow. And it is with gentles, who can "sit in the house" as long as they like, that the great grief longest lingers. There is a wonderful efficacy in enforced work to tide one over every sort of trial. I saw not long since a number of pictures, admirably sketched, which had been sent to his family in England by an emigrant son in Canada, and which represented scenes in daily life there among the remote settlers. And I was very much struck with the sad expression which the faces of the emigrants always wore, whenever they were represented in repose or inaction. I felt sure that those pensive faces set forth a sorrowful fact. Lying on a great bluff, looking down upon a lovely river; or seated at the tent-door on a Sunday, when his task was laid apart; however

the back-woodsman was depicted, if not in energetic action, there was always a very sad look upon the rough face. And it was a peculiar sadness—not like that which human beings would feel amid the scenes and friends of their youth: a look pensive, distant, full of remembrance, devoid of hope. You glanced at it, and you thought of Lord Eglintoun's truthful lines:

"From the lone shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a world of seas:
But still the blood is strong, the heart is
Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods
are grand—
But we are exiles from our fathers' land!"

And you felt that much leisure will not suit *there*. Therefore, you stout back-woodsman, go at the huge forest-tree; rain upon it the blows of your axe, as you can stand; watch the fragments as they fly; and jump briskly out of the way as the reeling giant falls: for all this brisk exertion will stand between you and remembrances that would unman you. There is nothing very philosophical in the plan, to "dance sad thoughts away," which I remember as the chorus of some Canadian song. I doubt whether that peculiar specific will do much good. But you may *work* sad thoughts away; you may crowd morbid feelings out of your mind by stout daylight toils; and remember that sad remembrances, too long indulged, tend strongly to the maudlin. Even Werter was little better than a fool; and a contemptible fool was Mr. Augustus Moddle.

How many of man's best works take for granted that the majority of cultivated persons, capable of enjoying them shall have leisure in which to do so. The architect, the artist, the landscape-gardener, the poet, spend their pains in producing that which can never touch the hurried man. I really feel that I act unkindly by the man who did that elaborate picking-out in the painting of a railway carriage, if I rush upon the platform at the last moment, pitch in my luggage, sit down and take to the *Times*, without ever having noticed whether the color of the carriage is brown or blue. There seems a dumb pleading eloquence about even the accurate diagonal arrangement of the

little woolen tufts in the morocco cushions, and the interlaced network above one's head, where umbrellas go, as though they said: "We are made thus neatly to be looked at, but we can not make you look at us unless you choose; and half the people who come into the carriage are so hurried that they never notice us." And when I have seen a fine church-spire, rich in graceful ornament, rising up by the side of a city street, where hurried crowds are always passing by, not one in a thousand ever casting a glance at the beautiful object, I have thought, Now surely you are not doing what your designer intended! When he spent so much of time, and thought, and pains in planning and executing all those beauties of detail, surely he intended them to be looked at; and not merely looked at in their general effect, but followed and traced into their lesser graces. But he wrongly fancied that men would have time for that; he forgot that, except on the solitary artistic visitor, all he has done would be lost, through the nineteenth century's want of leisure. And you architect of Melrose, when you designed that exquisite tracery, and decorated so perfectly that flying buttress, were you content to do so for the pleasure of knowing you did your work thoroughly and well; or did you count on its producing on the minds of men in after ages an impression which a prevailing hurry has prevented from being produced, save perhaps in one case in a thousand? And you, old monk, who spent half your life in writing and illuminating that magnificent missal; was your work its own reward in the pleasure its execution gave you; or did

you actually fancy that mortal man would have time or patience—leisure, in short—to examine in detail all that you have done, and that interested you so much, and kept you eagerly engaged for so many hours together, in days the world has left four hundred years behind? I declare it touches me to look at that laborious appeal to men with countless hours to spare: men, in short, hardly now to be found in Britain. No doubt, all this is the old story: for how great a part of the higher and finer human work is done in the hope that it will produce an effect which it never will produce, and attract the interest of those who will never notice it! Still, the ancient missal-writer pleased himself with the thought of the admiration of skilled observers in days to come; and so the fancy served its purpose.

Thus, at intervals through that bright summer day, did the writer muse at leisure in the shade; and note down the thoughts (such as they are) which you have here at length in this essay. The sun was still warm and cheerful when he quitted the lawn; but some how, looking back upon that day, the colors of the scene are paler than the fact, and the sunbeams feel comparatively chill. For memory can not bring back things freshly as they lived, but only their faded images. Faces in the distant past look wan; voices sound thin and distant; the landscape round is uncertain and shadowy. Do you not feel some how, when you look back on ages forty centuries ago, as if people then spoke in whispers and lived in twilight?

REMEDY FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS.—A Saxon forester, named Gastell, now of the venerable age of eighty-two, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the *Leipzig Journal* the means which he has used for fifty years, and wherewith he affirms he has rescued many human beings and cattle from the fearful death of hydrophobia. Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water, wash the wound clean therewith, and then dry it; then pour upon the wound a few drops of hydrochloric acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which means the latter is neutralized.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The British Association for the Promotion of Science holds its anniversary meetings this year at Aberdeen. The first meeting will be opened by the Prince Consort, as President of the Society, on the fourteenth of September; and his Royal Highness has we understand, expressed his intention to be present during the business of the first two days. Arrangements have been made for holding an exhibition of ancient relics, representative of historical facts and geological remains connected with the north of Scotland; and several concerts are to be given at the new Music hall, which is to be opened on this occasion.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

I DREAMED that I found myself suddenly in a place which impressed me with an instantaneous sense of strangeness; it was like nothing I had ever seen. I then became aware that my own state of feeling was like nothing I had ever felt. It was a sensation of inexpressible physical relief; all ailment to which I had been familiarized was gone—gone all weariness, heaviness, inertness of muscle, of nerve, of spirit. Time and its effects palpably—abruptly—lifted from me as a load may be lifted from the shoulders of a tired and sinking man. I was conscious of an elasticity and lightness of frame, to which that of a vigorous schoolboy bounding into the play-ground can be but inadequately compared. My first idea was that I was made young again; my second idea, which flashed on me as conviction, made me aware that I was dead. I said to myself: "I am dead, and amongst the dead." With that consciousness came no awe, no fear, only the sensation of unutterable strangeness, and a sentiment of intense curiosity. The place in which I stood was the far end of an immense hall or chamber—so immense that it baffles all attempt to convey a notion of the space. Its walls were proportionably lofty, it was without roof; above it a dull blue sky, without cloud, without sun, moon, or stars. Along this hall human beings, dressed as we dress in life, were hurrying in various groups or detachments. But so vast was the place, that though I was aware there were millions of such beings within the walls, they appeared like tiny rivulets running on through a mighty plain. I hastened towards one of these detachments, accosted a man, and said: "Tell me, is it true that I am dead?" "You are dead, of course," said the man impatiently, without stopping. "And you, too?" I asked. "All here are dead! We *are* The Dead."

I caught the man by the arm, which I

felt inquisitively. I wondered to find it so material, contrary to all my preconceived notions.

"But you are no spirit?" I said; "this arm is flesh and blood. Can you explain?"

"Nothing is ever explained here," interrupted the man, shaking me off. He hurried on after the rest, and disappeared within what may be called a doorway; but there was no door. There were many openings as for doors in the hall—none of them had doors. This also excited my curiosity. Why no doors? I walked lightly across the floor, pleased at the briskness of my own step, and again I accosted a fellow-inmate of this strange place.

"I beg pardon," said I courteously, "but why is this hall left unfinished; why no doors where these lofty openings are left?"

"Find out for yourself; no explanations are given here."

"Stop one moment, I am a stranger just arrived. Many dear friends have come here before me. Tell me, I pray, how I am to find them?"

"Find them! This is Infinity. Those who move on never return to the same place; those who come after never catch up those who have gone before."

"What! shall I never see even my own mother?"

"Never. This is Eternity; once lost, forever lost."

"But my own mother! What has become of her? whither has she gone?"

"How do I know!"

"But I *shall* overtake her," I exclaimed angrily.

"And if you do?" said the man dryly, "you would not know each other—you do not wear the same bodies as you did in life. Perhaps you and I were intimate friends once. You do not know me now, nor I you. No knowledge of each other amongst The Dead."

The man hurried on through the open-

ing. I was so amazed at what he said that I awoke.

"This is the most extraordinary dream," I said to myself, when awake. "How I wish that I could continue it!" In a few minutes I was asleep again, and there I was—exactly in the same place in that hall where the man had left me, near the opening. I followed a string of passengers through that opening into a narrow corridor—the same height of wall, the same dull blue sky overhead.

"How light it is," I said to a man in the throng, "and yet there is no sun, and no moon, and no stars. Is it always as light here, and is this day or is it night?"

"Neither day nor night. No day, no night, to the dead. Time here is dead too!"

I tried in vain to keep this man in conversation. I tried in vain to make friends with others; all answered curtly and impatiently, shaking me off and hurrying on. What now began most to perplex me, was the utter absence of all social intercourse. No one seemed to talk to another; no two persons walked arm-in-arm. I said to myself: "In any city on earth one stranger may accost another, and get some information what he is to do—where he is to find a lodging. Society seems dissolved here—every one for himself. It is well at least that I feel so strong and so young."

I passed my hands over my limbs. Yes, I *was* flesh and blood. Suddenly I began to feel hungry. This amazed me. Again I accosted one of the throng. "Can it be true that one feels hunger here? do the Dead know hunger?"

"Hunger! of course; you have a body, have you not?"

"And how can one get food?"

"Find out for yourself."

"Stop, must one pay for it?"

"Pay; of course, of course; you can not rob The Dead." The man was gone.

I hurried on with the hurrying throng, and began to feel in my pockets. In my right trowsers-pocket I found a sovereign and twelve shillings in silver, exactly the sum that I had in my pocket when I went to bed the night of that dream. Again I began to wonder: "How did I bring this money with me, why no more? Can I get no more money? Is this all that is to provide for me throughout eternity?" Several of the crowd now stopped before a recess in the corridor; in this recess

persons were serving out coffee, which I observed those who took paid for. I longed for the coffee, but I was seized with a prudent thrift. I thought: "I must not fritter away any part of so small a sum, until I know at least how to get more." I resisted the coffee-shops, and continued to rove on—always in a building, always in a labyrinth of halls, and chambers, and passages. I observed that none of them seemed formed for residence, none of them were furnished, except here and there was a thin comfortless bench against the tall undecorated wall. But always, always a building—always, always as within a single immeasurable house. I was seized with an intense longing to get out. "If I could but find my way into the fields," said I to myself, "if I could but wander into the country, I have been always so fond of nature."

Again I accosted a man. "How can I get out of this building?"

"You can't get out of it, you are dead."

"Yes, I know I am dead; but I still long to see Nature."

"There is no Nature here. Nature is finite—this is infinity."

"But is infinity circumscribed to this building? no escape from these walls? Explain."

"Explain!" interrupted the man with great anger, as if I had uttered something wicked; "nothing is ever explained here. Wretch, leave me." And the man broke away.

I continued to stride on through the building, always trying to escape out of it. Miles and miles, and leagues and leagues, I went on—always between those lofty walls, under that unchangeable sky. And I could never get a peep into what lay beyond; for to those walls there were no windows.

I said to myself: "If I were alive I should have dropped with fatigue; but I feel no fatigue—not the least tired. Still, if I am to remain here, I should like to have a quiet lodging to myself. Where can I rest?"

So again I stopped a man—I say a man; for hitherto I had seen only men, no women—men much as one sees every day in Oxford street or Cheapside. I stopped a man, say I? The expression is incorrect: no man ever stopped at my bidding, but walked on while I spoke, and only walked faster when he escaped.

And never again did I come up to the same man. Well, then, I *accosted* a man: "What are the rules of this place? Can one have a home as on earth? can I have a lodging to myself somewhere?"

"Of course you can."

"Where shall I go for one? how am I to contrive —?"

"Find out for yourself; no one helps another here."

"But stay. I have only got about me one pound twelve. Is there difference of fortune in this place? are there wealth and poverty? do some people come with more riches than others?"

"To be sure."

"And is it as good a thing to be rich here as it is on earth?"

"Better. Poverty here is dreadful; or here none lend, and none give."

"I left a great deal of money behind me; can't I get at it now?"

"Certainly not; you should have brought more."

"Alas! I did not know I was coming here. But I am quick and hard-working: I could make money easily enough in the earth I came from. Can money be made here?"

"Yes?"

"How—how?"

"Find out for yourself."

The man escaped me.

I woke a second time, revolving all I had seen in my dream, and much struck by the prosaic and practical character of the whole. "So very odd," I said, "that money should be of use amongst the dead. I will write down this dream to-morrow morning; and I began to impress all its details on my memory. While so employed I fell asleep again, and again found myself exactly in the same spot on which I had last stood in this singular dream. I felt my pockets—only one pound twelve still. "What a fool was I not to take advantage of my waking and bring more money with me!" I said with a sigh.

I now came into a desolate banquet-hall: in the midst was an immense table, and several thousand persons were sitting down to a feast. I observed ornaments of plate on the table, and great profusion of wine. I approached; the table was full; there was no room for me. And, indeed, though still hungry, I had no desire to join the banqueters. I felt as if I were not of them; no social sentiment bound me to them. But now, for the first

time, I perceived women—women at the table. That sight gave me pleasure. I began to count them. At first I only distinguished one or two; gradually the number grew—so many that I ceased to count. "Well," I said, "now I shall see something like gallantry and gayety and affection amongst The Dead." I was soon undeceived; people ate and drank as on earth, but without mirth or talk—each helping himself. The men had no care for the women, the women had no care for the men. A dreary consciousness that love existed not amongst The Dead came over me, and I left the banquet-hall. I now came into another corridor, at the end of which, to my great joy, I descried what seemed a more open space. I caught a glimpse of green trees. A great throng was hurrying towards this space. I pressed forward in advance of the throng, and entered first; but I was disappointed: the space was still within the building, the walls round it; only it resembled what the French call a *Place d'armes*. The trees, planted in a formal row on either side, as they are in a *Place d'armes*, were small, stunted, and the foliage clipped. Looking more narrowly, I perceived that they were not real trees, but of some painted metal; and I thought of the words: "There is no nature here." While I was thus gazing on the trees, the lower end of this court had become filled with the crowd; and suddenly, from an opening opposite to that by which I and the crowd had entered, I heard a regular tramp as of the quick march of soldiers, and presently a defile of armed men came into the *Place*—so quickly that I had only time to draw on one side to escape being trodden down. They hastened to the upper part of the *Place*, and formed themselves at the word of command. Then, for the first time, I felt fear; for these soldiers did not seem to me so human as all I had hitherto seen. There was something preterhuman and ghastly in their aspect and their movements. They were armed with muskets. In another moment, to my inconceivable surprise and horror, they fired upon the crowd at the far end, and then charged with the bayonet. They came so close by me, that I felt one of the soldiers graze me. But I did not recede; on the contrary, I put myself somewhat in the way of the charge. For my predominant sentiment throughout all this dream was curiosity, and I

wished to know if I could be capable of bodily wound or bodily pain. But the soldiers spared me, and charged only on the crowd below. In an instant the ground was covered with victims—bruised, wounded, groaning, shrieking. This exploit performed, the soldiers departed down the passage they had entered, as rapidly as they had marched in.

It seemed to me that I felt no pity for the crowd and no resentment against the soldiers. I only felt an exceeding surprise. However, I approached the sufferers and said: "But are you sensible of wounds, being already dead?" A man, mangled and lacerated, answered impatiently: "Yes, yes—of course."

"But still, being dead, you can not be killed, and that is some comfort."

I got no answer to this remark. The sufferers gathered themselves up, no one helping the other; and, limping and groaning, dispersed. I then addressed a man who was one of the few who were unhurt. He was taller, of better mien, and with a less busy and anxious expression of countenance than those I had hitherto questioned. He gave me the idea of a person of rank.

"Sir," said I, insinuating into my manner all the polite respect I could convey to it, "the appearance of soldiers here has startled me; for where there are soldiers there must be law and government. Hitherto I have seen no trace of either. Is there, then, a government to this place? Where can one see it? Where does it reside? What are the laws? How can one avoid displeasing them?"

"Find out," answered the man, in the same form of words which had so often chilled my questions, but in a milder voice.

"At all events, then, there is a law of brute force that prevails here as on the earth," I said in extreme wonder.

"Yes; but on earth it is understood. Here nothing is explained."

"Can I know even why that crowd was punished; whence the soldiers came; whither they have now gone?"

"Search—this is infinity. You have leisure enough before you; you are in eternity."

The man was gone. I passed very timorously and very wistfully along the passage from which the soldiers had emerged.

The object of my curiosity now was, to

get at the seat of that Law of Force which was so contrary to all my preconceived opinions. I felt a most awful consciousness of uncertainty. One might then, like that crowd, at any time be punished; one did not know wherefore. How act so as to avoid offense? While thus musing the atmosphere seemed darker, and I found that I was in a very squalid part of the building; it resembled, indeed, the old lanes and courts of St. Giles's, (only still within the mansion,) and infinitely more wretched.

"So then," I said, "I do see poverty here at last," and I felt with proud satisfaction my one pound twelve. A miserable-looking lad now was beside me. He was resting on a heap of broken rubbish. Looking at him I observed that he was deformed, but not like any deformity I had seen in the living. I can not describe how the deformity differed, except that he showed me his hands, and they were not like human hands, but were distorted into shapeless knots and lumps. And I said: "No wonder you are poor, for you can not work with those hands. Man's physical distinction from the brutes is chiefly in the formation of his hand. Your hand is not the hand of man."

And the lad laughed, and that was the first laugh I had heard amongst the dead.

"But are you not very unhappy?" said I in amaze.

"Unhappy! No! I am dead."

"Did you bring your infirmities with you, or did you contract them here?"

"Here!"

I was appalled.

"How? by what misfortune or what sin?"

The lad laughed again, and jumping off his block of rubbish, sidled away, mocking at me as he went with a vulgar gesture.

"Catch me at explaining," said he, and was lost.

Now a sort of despair, but an intellectual despair, seized me. I say intellectual, for with all my amaze and all my sense of solitude in that crowd, I never felt sad nor unhappy; on the contrary, I kept constantly saying to myself: "After all, it is a great thing to have done with life. And to feel so well and so young!" But my intellect oppressed me; it was in my way; my curiosity was so intense, my perplexities so unsolved, even by conjecture.

I got out of the squalid part of the building; and in a small lobby I encountered a solitary being like myself. I joined him.

I said: "You and I seem both alone in this vast space. Can we not explore it in company?"

"Certainly not; my way is not your way, nor yours mine. No two have the same paths through infinity."

"But," said I angrily, "I always understood on the earth, that when we left it we should come into a region of spirits. Where are the angels to guide us? I see them not. I have seen poverty and suffering, and brute force. But of blessed spirits above mankind, I have beheld none. And if this be infinity, such spirits must be here."

"Find them out for yourself then, as I must find them out for myself. This is my way, that is yours."

"One word more; since I can not discover those who have gone before me, whom I loved, I will wait for some one whom I have left on earth, and he will be my companion, for he will be as strange to this place as I am, and will want a friend, as I want some one. Tell me where I can watch and see the dead come here from life."

"Yes, that I can tell you. There are plenty of places in which you will see the dead drop down—there is such a place close by. You see that passage; take it, and go straight on."

I did as the man told me. I came to an open space always between blind walls, but the outer wall seemed far loftier, soaring up, and soaring up, till the dull blue sky that rested on it appeared immeasurably remote.

And down at my feet from this wall dropped a man. "You are one of the

dead," said I, approaching anxiously, "just left the world of the living?"

He seemed bewildered for a moment; at last he answered, rubbing his eyes, and in a kind of dreamy voice: "Yes, I am dead."

"Let us look at each other," said I; "perhaps we were friends in life."

We did look at each other without recognition. But, indeed, as I had been told, not amongst the myriads I had met, had I recognized one being I had ever known on earth.

"Well," said I, "this is the strangest place! There is no getting on in it alone; no one will put you into the way of things. Let you and I be friends now, whatever we were before. Take my arm; we can not fail to be more comfortable if we keep together."

The man, who seemed half-asleep, took my arm, and we went on together. I was very much pleased and exceedingly proud to have found at last a companion. I told him of all I had witnessed and experienced, of all my doubts and perplexities. He listened with very little interest or attention, still I was glad that I had got him safe by the arm.

"But the first thing," said I, "is to find a lodging to ourselves; and are you not hungry? I am. By the by, what money have you brought with you?"

Thereon my man looked at me suspiciously, and extricating himself from my arm, broke off; and though I hastened to follow him, he was lost in the infinity, and I felt that I was once more amidst infinity—dead and alone.

So I awoke, and I wrote down this dream just as it happened; and attempting no explanation, for no explanation was given to me.

At a meeting in Paris, the other day, of the shareholders of the proposed Italian railway by the Simplon, it was stated that upon the completion of the proposed tunnel under the Simplon, the Alps, that formerly took twelve hours to pass, will be passed over in half an hour. In that short time the traveler will pass from the valley of the Rhone to the valley d'Ossola, and the Lake of Geneva will be only four hours from the Lago Maggiore.

M. CHARLES BLANC, brother of Louis Blanc, has just issued the first part of a magnificent work, edited by him, entitled, *L'Œuvre complet de Rembrandt*. It contains some forty engravings, in the highest style of art, of the *chief d'œuvres* of the great Flemish painter, besides a biographical and critical commentary, and a complete catalogue of all his works.

From the Eclectic Review.

PROTESTANTISM IN AUSTRIA.*

AMONG "the miraculous chances" by which, according to M. Michiels, the Austrian Empire has so frequently been preserved in seasons of extreme danger, posterity will in all probability include the celebrated treaty of Villafranca. While politicians are debating at Zurich the precise terms of this confused pacification, and the *Official Gazette* of Vienna opens to the subjects of the monarchy prospects of much-needed reforms, it may not be amiss to study the internal history of the late disasters, and to trace in them the operation of causes long at work. Scarcely more than three centuries have elapsed since Charles V. swayed the destinies of Europe. Absolute masters of Spain, of the Netherlands, the Austrian domains, and we may almost add of Italy, as well as Emperors of Germany, no dynasty since the time of the Cæsars had wielded so vast a sway as the Hapsburgs. The title of "Majesty," which Charles V. was the first of European monarchs to assume, but faintly indicated the extent of a power which neither the hereditary enemy of Christendom, nor the gallant armies of France, could resist. The sun never set on the dominions of him whom the poor monk of Wittenberg—alone, save with God and his Bible—confronted at Worms. Yet has he proved that stone cut without hands, which has gradually broken to pieces the colossal empire that succeeded and represented ancient Rome. The Netherlands have thrown off the yoke of Charles' son; Spain, no longer under Hapsburg rule, has sunk apparently no more to rise; Italy is emancipated; the supremacy of Germany has passed into the hands of Protestant Prussia, and the Austrian monarchy itself is shaken to its very foundation. Twice within the last ten years has the imminent ruin of the

Hapsburg family been staid—in 1848, by *foreign aid* in the interest of Absolutism; in 1859, by *foreign weakness*, in that of the Papacy. The causes of all these disasters were the same, and so long as they continue, the destruction of that Empire may be delayed, but can not be averted. Truly, Charles V. and his vast realm died in a monastery.

That countries which contain so many elements of prosperity should present such evidence of weakness and decay, may well excite astonishment. The provinces which compose the Austrian monarchy are as large and fertile as any in Europe; the vast plains of Hungary, Galicia, and Bohemia yield an almost unlimited supply of grain, and fruits of every variety; the mountains are replete with ores; broad and navigable rivers afford unrivaled means of internal, and an ample seaboard of external intercourse and commerce; the populations are brave, loyal, intelligent, and well disposed. Yet with all these resources, defeat has followed defeat—the finances are utterly ruined, the army dispirited, whilst a large force is continually required to keep mutinous provinces in unwilling subjection. We repeat these well-known facts in no spirit of rancorous hostility to the house of Austria, such as M. Michiels discovers on every page of his book. On the contrary, strange though it may appear to some, we believe them to have been mostly kind and humane rulers, whose oppression and misgovernment were rather the consequence of a system, than the result of natural cruelty, or unbounded selfishness. We are disposed to go further, and in great measure to accept the apology of *F. von Hurter*, the latest advocate of Hapsburg rule and Jesuit intrigue, and to admit that even Ferdinand II., who originated the Thirty Years' War, and almost exterminated Protestantism in Austria, was sincere in his efforts for what he deemed the welfare of his people, that the tears which he shed over his victims were caused by unfeigned

* *A Secret History of the Austrian Government, and of its Systematic Persecutions of Protestants. Compiled from Official Documents. By ALFRED MICHELIS. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.*

grief, and that the masses which he ordered for the heretics whom he executed, are a correct indication of his real feelings towards them. All the more hateful, then, appears to us the system of which this policy of despotism and bloodshed has been the exponent, and to which not only the miseries of countless thousands, but the present state of the Empire must be traced. Not from religious partisanship or sectarian hatred, but as the result of calm and impartial historical studies, we record it as our conviction that priestcraft, Jesuitry, Ultramontaniam, or by whatever other name you may designate unlimited devotion to the authority and objects of Rome, and not any hereditary taint of madness in the Hapsburg family, (such as M. Michiels suggests,) has brought that race and their rule to the brink of destruction.

But neither this explanation, nor the admission of occasional excesses on the part of Protestants, and of that vile sectarianism with which they are justly chargeable, must blind us to the fact that in making itself the instrument in the hand of Rome, the house of Austria has probably been guilty of greater crimes than any other dynasty. Among the blood-stained pages of ecclesiastical history, the darkest is that which records the relation between Protestantism and the Hapsburgs. The persecutions in our own country, the sufferings of the Huguenots, even the fires of the Inquisition in Spain, were not so atrocious as the systematic hostility, the unrelenting cruelty, and the constant intrigues to which the adherents of the Reformation have been exposed, so far as the influence of Austria has extended. For centuries the real seat of the Papacy has been by the banks of the Danube, not on those of the Tiber; and unless the promised measures of relief shall inaugurate a perfect change, only the *form* not the *fact* of persecution can be said to have ceased. In this respect, M. Michiels rightly identifies Hapsburg with Jesuit rule. We wish we could equally have agreed with him on other points. *A Secret History of the Austrian Government, compiled from Official Documents*, would indeed prove a work of no common interest. Unfortunately, it has yet to be written; the book presently under review, can not in any sense be regarded as such. The documents from which its information is derived have long been known and accessi-

ble. To call a superficial gleaning from the works of *Caraffa*, *Hormeyr*, *Fessler*, or *Hurter*, "a secret history," is certainly a strange misnomer. Of original or hitherto unpublished documents, we have not discovered a trace, nor learned a single fact which has not frequently and much more accurately been told. But we have observed a number of mistakes, many most important omissions, and an obvious personal aim, which greatly detracts even from the limited value of the book. The story of the earlier persecutions in Bohemia, which is found in most works on the subject, is pretty fully given; the history of Protestantism in Hungary* is most imperfectly treated, and the record of later events, from 1789 to 1859, is summarily dismissed for the present with the remark, that "historical works can not be improvised, and considerable time is required to read and study documents." We could have wished that the same caution had been observed with regard to the earlier periods of history. In that case the characters of Ferdinand I., Maximilian II., and Rodolph II., might have been more correctly drawn; instead of irrelevant chapters about the rules of the Jesuits, the private habits of Prince Kaunitz, and the relations between France and Austria, more important information would have been furnished, and in general the continual straining after theatrical effect, given place to the sobriety of a proper historical style. A history like this requires not, in order to give it effect, the aid of exclamations, or of abrupt moralizing. Lastly, though making every allowance for an author who dates his Preface from "Paris, May fifteenth, 1859," we dislike, in such a composition, the continual "*delenda Carthago*" strain adopted against the Hapsburg family; and we are far from believing that the moral influence of France in Germany has been so beneficial as M. Michiels represents. With all these drawbacks, as this is the only work in our language which gives information popularly accessible on the subject,† we advise

* We take this opportunity of recommending the *History of the Protestant Church in Hungary*, translated by the Rev. Dr. Craig, (London: Nisbet and Co., 1854;) a somewhat dry, but full and trustworthy work, which M. Michiels unfortunately seems not to have known.

† *The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*, (2 vols., London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1845,) gives full details of the religious his-

our readers to consult its pages. In the limited space assigned to ourselves, we can do little more than trace the outlines of this history, and indicate the present state and the just demands of Protestants in Austria.

At the period of the Reformation, the *hereditary* domains of the German branch of the house of Hapsburg were comparatively small. The crown of Bohemia, to which the electoral dignity in Germany attached, and that of Hungary, were *elective*. So far as the latter country is concerned, that fact is unquestioned; and—whether you call it choice or ratification—even the most ardent advocates of the “right divine” can not deny, that whatever claims family treaties may have given the Hapsburg family, the Diet of Bohemia always took the initiative in the appointment of a sovereign. In point of fact, these Parliaments, including the Estates of Austria, wielded a very great power. Laws had to be sanctioned, and supplies were granted by them; on their own domains the nobles exercised an almost uncontrolled authority, and only the subjects of the crown lands, or the inhabitants of towns, could be said to be directly under the rule of the monarch. These circumstances, the turbulent dispositions of the lords, and the continual danger to which especially Hungary and Austria were exposed from the Turks—with whom malcontents readily entered into alliances—rendered absolute despotism impossible. As in other countries so in Austria, the Reformation had long been preparing. The ignorance and vices of the clergy, their rapacity and hypocrisy, greatly contributed to the spread of those secret dissidents from Rome, who, under the vague appellation of Waldenses, were spread over the whole Continent of Europe. About the year 1315, no less than eighty thousand of these sectaries are said to have existed in the Austrian domains; about a century and a half later, the first ministers of the “Bohemian brethren” were ordained by a Waldensian “bishop” in Austria. Nor were voices wanting in the Church of Rome to denounce the ecclesiastical degeneracy of their days, and with more or less distinctness to proclaim a different Evangel from that of the Curia. Among these preachers we men-

tion such names as Turcianus, James, a Bernardine monk, and Theodobald of St. Lawrence in Austria; Conrad of Waldhausen, Milic and Janow, the illustrious precursors of Huss in Bohemia. The history of Huss himself, and of his friend Jerome of Prague, is well known. The reformation at which they aimed was not so much that of dogmas as of life. The Church, as existent in their days, formed so glaring a contrast to the biblical idea of “the company of the Elect,” that they unhesitatingly denounced it as the Babylon and anti-Christ of revelation. The flames to which an assembled council consigned the Bohemian proto-martyrs in 1415 and 1416, were not able to consume their writings or their labors. All Bohemia rose to avenge the treacherous deed of Constance, and neither the forces of the Emperor Sigismund, nor the liberal promises of indulgences to the new Crusaders, proved sufficient to suppress the Hussite movement. At last, the warriors of Zisca and Procop obliged the Church to come to terms, and the celebrated “Compactates” of the council of Basle conceded the use of the cup in the Eucharist to the laity, free preaching, the secularization of the lands of the clergy, and a more satisfactory administration of discipline. From Bohemia the tenets of the Hussites rapidly spread to Moravia, Austria, and Hungary. But already the opponents of Rome at Prague were divided. The more lax party, which was satisfied with the letter of the Compactates, bore the name of Calixtines, (from the Chalice for which they had contended;) the more strict, which indeed was not wholly free from fanatical extravagances, that of Taborites. In the contest between these two parties, the Taborites were ultimately routed and exterminated. But their place was soon taken by the “Bohemian brethren.” A more interesting record scarcely exists than that of the unaffected simplicity, the deep piety, the fervent love, and the unceasing persecutions of the “Brethren.” Had we no other evidence, even the measures which Ferdinand I. took against these unoffending Christians would suffice to prove that this monarch was not the tolerant and liberal ruler whom M. Michiels introduces to his readers.* Thus

tory of that country especially during the reign of Ferdinand II.

* See a sketch of the history of the “Brethren,” in an essay entitled, *Bohemian Reformers and German Politicians*, in the *Free Church Essays*. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1858.

prepared, the tenets of the Reformation found ready access in the Austrian dominions. After some wavering, the Emperor Charles V. and his brother Ferdinand I. decided against the Reformation, and those cruel measures were inaugurated by which bigotry has ever sought to establish its dominion. In 1522, Paul Speratus preached the doctrines of Luther in Vienna, and soon afterwards Caspar Tauber, and other citizens of Vienna, became its first martyrs. In Bohemia it was found impossible to suppress these tendencies, while in Hungary, which at that time was not under direct Hapsburg sway, the writings of Luther spread very early, and in 1523, Grynaeus and Viezheim, professors at Buda, pastor Cordatus, and Henkal, the chaplain of Queen Mary, openly preached the great doctrines of the Reformation. In vain King Louis and the priests of Hungary hurled "terrible edicts" against the Reformers; already pious monks—Ambrose and George of Silesia, and John Surdaster—had gained numerous converts for the truth, and plied their work under the powerful protection of Count Mark Pemplinger. Unexpected reverses for a time arrested persecution, and obliged Charles V. to accord to the Protestants the treaty of Passau, (August second, 1552,) followed by the peace of Augsburg, (September twenty-fifth, 1555,) which secured indeed the legal recognition of the New Church, but by introducing the characteristic principle "*cujus regio, ejus religio*," gave the secular princes uncontrolled power over the consciences of their subjects. These measures, and, perhaps, a closer acquaintance with the doctrines of the Reformation, disposed Ferdinand I. to greater toleration. On him devolved, after the resignation of Charles V. the crown of Germany, even as long before he had reigned over the hereditary Hapsburg possessions in Germany, over Bohemia, and Hungary.

Ferdinand I. was not uninfluenced by the growing political power of Protestantism, nor by his knowledge of the corruptions of Rome. An official visitation of the Austrian clergy revealed the astounding fact that "in 122 monasteries, along with 436 monks and 160 nuns, no less than 199 concubines, 55 wives, and 443 bastards had been found, while scarcely any of the secular clergy remained unmarried." The efforts of Bishop Faber

to stay the progress of the Reformation in Austria had proved so unavailing, that scarcely one out of thirty still professed to belong to the Old Church; though Protestantism was not legally recognized, almost all the nobility had their private chaplains, and sent their sons to study at Wittenberg or Leipzig; the monks and their ceremonies were the object of public derision; the Bishop of Vienna was about to demit his office in a diocese which no longer owned his jurisdiction, and Ferdinand himself was so deeply impressed with the necessity of reforms, that he instructed his envoys to the Council of Trent, to insist on allowing the cup to the laity, and decent marriage to the clergy. But a new period in the history of the Popish Church commenced with the introduction of the Jesuits. In Vienna, in Prague, in Hungary—in short, wherever the black fraternity gained a footing—their influence soon made itself felt, and the reaction which issued in the Thirty Years' War commenced. Ferdinand I. was succeeded both in Austria and in the empire of Germany, by his son Maximilian II. This truly liberal prince, who had been educated by Protestants, for some time kept Dr. Pfander, a Lutheran preacher, as his private chaplain. These well-known leanings exposed him to persecution at the court of Ferdinand, and in anticipation of personal danger an asylum had even been bespoken for him in Germany. But the hopes of the Protestant party were at his accession doomed to sad disappointment. Whether from natural indecision, from political motives, from disgust at the endless, unmeaning, and most acrimonious disputes among Protestants themselves, or from the influence of his wife, who was such a devotee that the Jesuits would fain have seen her canonized, even before her death—or from all these causes combined—Maximilian remained outwardly attached to the communion of Rome. While extending the utmost toleration to the New Church, and guaranteeing religious liberty to all his subjects, he allowed the sable advisers of the empress free scope both at the court and throughout his dominions. The fruits of this policy appeared under the reign of Rodolph II., his son and successor. That sovereign, whose gloomy seclusion, habitual suspiciousness, and abominable debaucheries, too clearly betrayed the mental disease under which he

labored, had been trained by the Jesuits, and so far as he busied himself with affairs of state, his administration was decidedly hostile to the Protestant Church. Protestant councilors of state and other officials were dismissed, and the worship of the Reformers interdicted in the royal cities. The internal dissensions of the Protestants, in Austria as in Germany, greatly assisted the efforts of the Jesuits, who numbered annually from one hundred to two hundred converts, among them some apostate pastors. But as yet the measures of the priestly party were chiefly preparatory. To excite mutual distrust, jealousies, divisions, and tumults, and then to call in the aid of the state, promised more rapid and general success than the slower process of persuasion or of bribery. The risings of 1589, 1590, and the peasant war of 1594, which lasted for three years, and in consequence of which a "riding commission" settled Popish priests in every district, were only the prelude to those scenes which inaugurated the counter-reformation of Ferdinand II. In Hungary the consequence of this policy proved serious to Rodolph II. When in 1604, he ventured, of his own will, to add to the decrees of the Diet an article which ordered the removal of all sects and heresies, a rebellion broke out which finally led to the dethronement of Rodolph. The Imperial family had long witnessed with apprehension the mad freaks of Rodolph, and by a "family treaty" resolved gradually to deprive him of his dominions. The Hungarian troubles afforded the desired opportunity. Matthias, the brother and heir of the Emperor, espoused the cause of the Protestants—at least outwardly; and at the head of an army furnished by them, obliged his brother to cede, first, the crowns of Hungary and Austria, and, finally, that of Bohemia also. The advantages which the Protestants reaped from this act of treachery were only apparent. Rodolph had, indeed, been obliged to sign the "Letters of Majesty"—the Magna Charta of religious liberty in Bohemia, while Matthias had accorded similar rights to the Protestants in Austria and Hungary; but these concessions were only wrung by the pressure of circumstances. In truth, they remained in Austria in many respects a dead letter, while in Bohemia they gave rise to the Thirty Years' War. The "Letters of Majesty," while profess-

ing to grant most ample liberty of worship to *all* parties, and in *all* places, had not made express mention of the domains of the clergy. An attempt to build churches in these localities was strenuously resisted. Matthias, to whom the Protestants appealed, took the part of the clergy. As remonstrances had proved vain, the Bohemian nobles resolved to redress their wrongs. An armed deputation appeared to remonstrate in the castle of Prague, and by way of summary punishment, the leading Popish advisers were thrown out of the windows. Thirty directors were appointed to carry on the Government, the Jesuits banished, and an army levied. Under these difficult circumstances, when the malcontents of Austria and Hungary showed signs of espousing the cause of the Bohemians, Matthias behaved with his usual irresolution. Promises alternated with threats; he negotiated, and at the same time sent marauding bands into Bohemia, till his death put the helm of the State into the hands of Ferdinand II.

With this pupil of the Jesuits, who nominated the Virgin commander-in-chief of his armies, and took a solemn vow to uproot all heresy, the counter-reformation reached its highest point. At his accession, the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg were at their lowest ebb. The violent measures by which Ferdinand had some years before swept the Protestant Church from Styria and Carinthia, destroyed its last traces, and banished all its adherents, in fulfillment of his declaration, that he would rather have "a wasted than a cursed land," had prepossessed the Protestant world against him. Bohemia was in open revolt against his rule, and a rebel army besieged him in Vienna; the Estates of Austria made no secret of their sympathy in the movement, while the ruler of Transylvania had taken arms to vindicate the liberties of the Hungarians. The good sword of Bethlen and his successors preserved the rights of the Magyars, and the fearful persecutions which, during the Thirty Years' War, desolated all Germany, left Hungary comparatively unharmed, till the peace of Lintz, in 1645, (between Ferdinand III. and Rakotzi,) once more secured the privileges of the Protestant Church. It was otherwise in Bohemia, Austria, and even in Germany. The first care of Ferdinand II. was to procure the Imperial crown. Deserted

by his own subjects, with finances utterly exhausted, and without an army to support his cause, Ferdinand betook himself to Frankfort, where the Electors had met to appoint a successor to Matthias. The Protestant opposition in Germany was headed by the weak Elector Palatine, Frederic V., the husband of our own heroic Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI. But the plans of the Protestant princes—divided, helpless, or debauched—were easily defeated; the protest of the Bohemian Estates remained unheeded, and Ferdinand II. was elected to the throne of the Caesars. On the very day of his coronation tidings arrived that the Diet of Prague had solemnly deposed him, and soon afterwards the Elector Palatine was crowned king of Bohemia. But Ferdinand had already taken his measures. By enormous concessions he bought the armed assistance of Maximilian of Bavaria, his cousin and brother-in-law, and the "Popish League" lent its aid to crush the dangerous rising. Forsaken by the "Protestant Union" of German princes, at the mercy of the endless negotiations of his father-in-law—that "wisest of fools," as Sully not inaptly called him—with an army utterly disorganized, and supplies exhausted, poor Frederic was ill prepared to meet his enemies, among whom even the Protestant Duke of Saxony appeared. The battle on the "White Mountain," near Prague, decided the fate of Bohemia. Frederic fled precipitately, and sought an asylum in Holland. Still the war continued; the Palatine family were deprived of their possessions, which along with the forfeited electoral dignity, became the reward of Maximilian of Bavaria, and the counter-reformation commenced its bloody work in Germany. It is foreign to our purpose to trace the fortunes of that period, or to describe the unparalleled horrors of the Thirty Years' War. The battles of Tilly and Wallenstein, the victories of that glorious hero Gustavus Adolphus, the misery and desolation of Germany, where packs of wolves roamed over what had once been the most fertile districts, and soldiers had to guard burying-places, in order to scare famishing peasants from the unnatural feasts to which they crowded; finally, the peace of Westphalia, by which, in 1648, Ferdinand III. restored, to some extent, the rights violently taken away by his father, and Charles Louis,

the son of the ill-starred "Winter-King" of Bohemia, recovered part of his ancestral dominions—are matter of general history. But in Bohemia and Austria the Jesuits had done their work. Those whom a short truce after the surrender of Prague had deceived, now experienced the vengeance of Ferdinand. In one day the noblest and the best of Bohemia fell under the sword of the executioner; others had their estates confiscated, or were subjected to vexatious and ruinous punishments. The charter of Bohemian liberty was torn, and commissioners, accompanied by dragoons, soon effected "the conversion" of the country. The numerous exiles who found safety in other lands—especially in the neighboring Saxony—have left us some touching memorials of the untold sufferings to which their countrymen were subjected. From that period till the reign of Joseph II. Protestantism in Bohemia may be said to have been all but extinct. Similar measures effected the pacification of Austria Proper; the exercise of Protestantism was interdicted, preachers and schoolmasters were banished, and the revolts excited by these arbitrary proceedings quelled in the blood of the recusants. When in 1652 a commission of ten Jesuits went through the country, their inquiries could only elicit the existence of seventy-two noble families who still professed a timid adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation.

This state of matters continued with little alteration during the reigns of Leopold I., (1657-1705,) and of Joseph I., (1705-1711.) Under the administration of Charles VI. (1711-1740) fresh troubles broke out. In the beautiful district around Salzburg, and in the neighboring mountains, the Reformation had early found access to a hardy, industrious, and uncorrupted race, among whom it continued to spread without for some time attracting attention. The first persecution broke out in 1684, when about sixteen hundred of these humble Christians were obliged to emigrate, being in many cases compelled to leave not only their property but their children behind them. After that period the reigning archbishops ignored the existence of Protestant meetings, the more so as they were held secretly at night and in woods, while there was no open secession from the Church of Rome. But in 1729 Archbishop Count Firmian sent Jesuits among the unus-

pecting mountaineers, and the persecutions soon recommenced. The intercession of the Protestant princes of Germany only prevailed so far that at last the dissidents were allowed to emigrate. Many of these poor people were forced to leave in the middle of winter, and amidst incredible hardships. Between 1731 and 1740 Salzburg lost in this manner nearly thirty thousand, or about one tenth of its most industrious population; a disaster this from which the country has never recovered. For the same cause the sovereign Abbot of Berchtesgaden exiled two thousand of his subjects; while, after considerable delay, about twelve hundred Austrian Protestants, who had hitherto worshipped in secret, were transported to Transylvania. Remonstrances addressed to the Empress Maria Theresa (1740 to 1780) were unavailing. It will readily be believed that, so far as circumstances allowed, the Church in Hungary was subjected to similar treatment. The most severe persecution was that which befell it under the reign of Leopold I., when the Jesuits contrived to throw the blame of a rebellion on the Protestant ministry generally, and thus consigned so large a number of them to exile or the galleys. Even under the sway of Maria Theresa, who was so deeply indebted to her Hungarian subjects, these molestations did not cease. But a brighter day dawned upon Austria when Joseph II. succeeded to the Empire. That prince, who in so many respects was in advance of his age, resolved to abolish the clerical domination which had so long oppressed the country. An edict, published in 1781, gave complete liberty to the Protestants throughout the Empire, allowing them to build churches, to occupy places of trust, and even to make converts. Another series of ordinances put an end to the interferences of the See of Rome, prevented the publication of any papal bull without the imperial consent, restored the independent authority of bishops, abolished a number of superstitions, closed every monastery of which the inmates were not directly engaged in some work of active usefulness, and, finally, ordered the infamous bulls, "*In cœna domini*" and "*Unigenitus*" to be torn out of the "rituals." Reforms so sweeping excited the bitter hostility of the Ultramontane party. But neither threats, entreaties, nor a personal visit from Pope

Pius VI., could turn the Emperor from his purpose. Without entering more fully into the history of an administration which, however glorious, was not without its mistakes, we note that, in consequence of these liberal measures, thousand of secret Protestants in Austria and Bohemia, whose religion had been preserved from father to son, now came forward to claim the protection of the Emperor. Under Leopold II., (1790-1792,) and especially under Francis II., (1792-1835,) a more retrograde policy was again adopted. But so long as the Hungarian Constitution remained intact, it was impossible to oppress the Church in that country. Successive Diets passed increasingly liberal ordinances; and, under the mild sway of the Palatine Joseph and of his excellent duchess, the Protestant Church, which had sunk to the lowest level of rationalism, gradually recovered, and showed signs of a new life. The former restrictions on the importation of Bibles and books from abroad remained a dead letter; the influence of a large Church reawakening extended to the other provinces of the empire, and a better era seemed approaching. But the right of complete self-government according to Protestantism during the year of revolution in 1848 was of brief duration. When the treachery of Görgey put an end to the Hungarian war of liberation, the administration of the country was intrusted to Haynau, and the privileges lately enjoyed gave place to restrictions more grievous than had been experienced for two centuries. The constitution of the country was abolished, Ultramontanism, now regarded as the only secure prop of the throne, prevailed in the councils of the young Emperor, and Jesuit rule was reëstablished. The celebrated Austrian Concordat formed only the keystone of this policy. To place the instruction of youth and the censorship of the press in the hands of the clergy, to allow the unrestricted interference of Rome in the ecclesiastical affairs of the country—in short, to carry out in the fullest sense the retrograde measures so dear to the priesthood, was not only to arrest every progress in the monarchy, but to excite universal dissatisfaction, and to isolate Austria from the rest of Germany. The consequences of these ruinous measures have appeared in the humiliating peace of Villafranca, when the House of

Hapsburg not only lost its rights in Italy, but virtually also its former commanding position in Germany and in Europe.

Meager and somewhat desultory as this brief outline of Protestant history has necessarily been, it would be incomplete without some notice of the state of parties in Austria. The enactments of Joseph II. were in great measure the consequence of the spread of those "liberal ideas" which, issuing from France, produced throughout Europe what we might designate as an ecclesiastical reaction. In truth, deism and French infidelity rapidly spread through all classes, and deeply infected the clerical order.* That abject superstition and gross ignorance should have led to such a recoil, can scarcely surprise the thoughtful observer. While outward rites and processions continued as before, the Popish clergy and the educated classes scarcely disguised their unbelief. The rich abbacies of Austria provided luxurious support to a crowd of men, whose lives both in and out of their monasteries were matter of painful notoriety. At the same time the Protestant Church suffered from evils scarcely less glaring. In Hungary, the ignorance, the apathy, the carelessness, and, too often, the dissoluteness of pastors and people, had long been cause of complaint, when the partial revival to which we have referred led to a happy change. Next to faithful preaching, the first care of the more earnest men in Hungary now was to improve the religious literature of the country, and, by intercourse with other Protestant churches, to introduce a higher tone. In the various universities of Germany many and valuable bursaries, specially destined for Hungarian students, have long existed. It was the policy of an absolutist and Jesuit government to prohibit attendance in these seats of learning; partly in order to prevent the spread of more liberal ideas, and partly to perpetuate the low condition of the Protestant Church. For this purpose a theological school was founded at Vienna, which may be described as the stronghold of the effete and driveling rationalism of a Paulus of Heidelberg. From this institution or from the numerous smaller academies in Hungary, are the pastors in Austria drawn; no foreigner may be em-

ployed or is allowed even temporarily to occupy a pulpit. Government nominates the Consistory (or Supreme Ecclesiastical Tribunal) of Vienna, over which a *papist* presides; even the theological class-books are prescribed; any thing like evangelical Christianity is discountenanced and persecuted; religious meetings are interdicted except at canonical hours and by government-authorized individuals; intercourse with foreign churches is cut off; the Scottish missionaries in Hungary, whose influence had proved so beneficial, have been banished; the Synods of Hungary can no longer meet freely to order their own affairs; the censorship of the press restrains any thing that might prove offensive to Rome or prejudicial to her interests; Protestants are again thrust into corners, and exposed to those endless vexations and chicaneries which the Jesuits so well know to employ. Such, then, is the present condition of the Protestant Church in Austria. Unfortunately, these evils have too long remained hidden; that noble Institution, "the Gustavus Adolphus Verein"—to which perhaps on a future occasion we may call the attention of our readers—has indeed extended help to the Protestant Diaspora in Austria; but this aid has been necessarily limited. In our own country the sufferings of our co-religionists under Jesuit rule, and their urgent wants, have been but little known. But matters can not continue in their present state. The late measures of the papal party have excited deep discontent even among Roman Catholics, and Austria is, we believe, in great measure prepared to throw off that yoke of an ignorant and bigoted priesthood, which has proved so galling. If the restrictions which now hamper the Protestant Church were removed, we believe it would rapidly extend and attain an unparalleled degree of prosperity. Viewed in this light, the late Italian war will, we trust, prove an occasion of real good to the monarchy. If Francis Joseph and his advisers could but learn the lessons of history—if they would stop short in that course of suicidal policy which, by handing over the country to the Ultramontane party, has brought it to the brink of destruction—if they inaugurated a series of progressive and generous reforms—if, above all, they allowed the unfettered development of mind and heart—the Austrian monarchy would not only recover from its late disasters, but, by and by,

* Of this we could, if necessary, furnish proof from personal knowledge.

occupy that place in the European family of nations to which we believe it is fairly entitled. But in this case temporary expedients will not suffice. What we demand, in the name of the three millions of Austrian Protestants, is—the complete removal of the present *incubus* of government con-

trol, equal rights to all subjects, the power of free development, and that healthful communication with universal Protestantism which especially a weak and long down-trodden Church so urgently requires.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

AN ADVENTURE OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. (TEMP. HENRY VIII.)

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

THE rose clouds hovered round the sun,
High up amid the soft June blue,
The poppies brimmed with last night's rain,
The clover glistened with the dew,
As slowly to the tournament
A knight in black paced o'er the field,
His vizor down, his pennon blank,
No herald blazon on his shield.

He passed the crowd of country folk,
Red-hot and hurrying to the ring;
He greeted sages, wintry old,
And maidens blushing like the spring.
The blackbirds piped from hedge and tree,
He answered with a lusty song;
When hearts are young, and eyes are bright,
The dullest way seems never long.

Their crimson housings swept the field,
Their shields were blazing golden suns,
The russet breastplates, silver lined,
Were riveted; and both at once
The trumpets let the champions go:
They met with such a thunder-shock,
As when Atlantic tempests break
Upon the headland's emerald rock.

The red went down; the knight in black
Reined up and seized another lance;
Again the sounding heralds blew,
And woke the rabble from their trance.

A gilded champion hurried forth,
And drove against the conqueror;
Black scarcely moved—the fool was struck
As tempests hurry down the fir.

If you looked round the eddying lists,
You saw a bruise on every shield,
Blood streaming from a dozen helms,
The broken lances strewed the field.
The knight in black, alone untouched,
Sat like a statue on his steed;
You would have thought his steel was silk,
His lance no heavier than a reed.

A Titian sky ruled o'er the scene
With sapphire heart, and piles of white
Swelled mountain high; a golden cream
Tinged half of them, a grayier light
Imbued the rest. A sea of flags
Moved round the ring as the Unknown
Rode conqueror, and took the crown,
Laying it at the judge's throne.

The jealous knights arose in arms,
Bruised, torn, and blooded, shook their spears,
And swore no masker should receive
The prize. All shout, but no one cheers.
He stood up, and his vizor raised,
Then cried: "Ye haters of the law,
I AM YOUR EMPEROR! Beware!"
They looked, and trembled as they saw.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION:*

LUTHER—CALVIN—LATIMER—KNOX.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH has given us here a masterly delineation of four of the chief leaders, or heroes of the Reformation—Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Knox. In our judgment, he has reproduced each one of these characters with historical fidelity, and accompanied his portraiture with reflections of a highly intelligent and liberal description—liberal, generous, and indulgent, but such as never compromise his own genuine convictions, such as never sacrifice truth to courtesy. Professor Tulloch very fairly represents the sincere and enlightened Protestantism of the nineteenth century. We have only one difficulty in reviewing his book: we find so few opportunities for dissent; we can not pick a quarrel with our author; we must content ourselves with observations of a collateral or explanatory character; we may here and there extend or qualify some of his remarks.

We wish that to the four names he has selected our author had added a fifth—that of Cranmer. We should be sorry to lose the spirited sketch of Latimer; but if any one man can be said to represent the Reformation in England, it is Cranmer; and if the number four was to be preserved, and each of the four was to represent his own nation, the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to have occupied the place of the sturdy preacher at St. Paul's cross. Moreover, our reforming Archbishop has been lately treated, by more than one writer, with undue severity; and we think he would have received a fair measure of justice at the hands of Principal Tulloch: not that he would have been a favorite with the Principal—we rather suspect not—but we should have counted on a generous and consider-

ate estimate of the man. A reforming Archbishop who lived much in courts, and who had to advance his cause by influence with monarchs, and not by passionate appeals to the public, can not be expected to display the straightforward simple heroism of a John Knox, who is seen standing at the head of a quite republican movement. Perhaps he may still, at some future time, fall into the hands of our impartial yet generous critic.

Of the four great names, which, in the mean while, stand here before us, Luther naturally takes the first place. Of no man, perhaps, who ever lived upon this earth, have so many and such contradictory things been written; no man ever had such applauding friends and such vilifying foes; and we may safely prophesy that, as long as Christendom endures, his name and fame will be the theme of angry controversy. Not only is it impossible that the Catholic and the Protestant should agree in their estimate of this man and the work he accomplished; but even to Protestants he presents so many phases of character—he and his writings may be seen under so many different lights—that any steady uniform judgment is almost unattainable. We have most of us felt how difficult it is to preserve at all times that high regard for the great German reformer which we could willingly cherish, and which we have probably received from our earliest reading and from standard historical authorities. There is one course only to be pursued, by which we may hope to keep a steadfast judgment—it is the course which our author pursues, and which, indeed, is generally pursued, only not with sufficient consistency. We must not at once compare him with contemporary scholars or philosophers, nor must we merely turn over his writings to estimate the man; we must treat him *historically*. We must begin with the monk—with the peasant

* *Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox.* By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's.

monk in Germany; and we must not afterwards forget that this was our starting-point. We have a pious, poor, superstitious monk—the son of a German peasant, and a man of genius withal—and we have to watch the development of such a one at an era when learning was penetrating into the monastery.

It is the development in this monk of a form of Christian piety that we have to watch—a form of what is often called mystical piety developed in defiance of the Church, extended amongst the people, and combated for in the scholastic learning of the times. It is not our intention to go over the well-known biography of Luther, but from the day when he vows that “God willing, he will beat a hole in Tetzels drum,” to those last fretful years of his life when he predicts the end of all things—sees the whole world on the very eve of destruction—nature herself in final dissolution—because he, Martin Luther, with the epistles of St. Paul in his hand, has not been received by universal Christendom—we trace throughout the continuous development of one form of Christian piety. This constituted the strength of the Reformation. Our German monk, a man of fervent genius, far outsteps the religion of such priests and confessors as surrounded him. He is not satisfied with any attainable standard of moral rectitude. His spirit seeks a union with the Spirit of God, and he yearns after a purity of heart which will justify such aspiration. It is a form of piety which appears in every epoch amongst solitary thinkers, with whom religious meditation has become a passion. In this instance it steps beyond the cloister to do battle with the Church. Ranke, the historian of the Reformation, states it well—“‘Oh! my sins, my sins, my sins!’ writes our monk to Staupitz, who was not a little astonished when he received the confession of so sorrowful a penitent, and found that he had no sinful acts to acknowledge. His anguish was the struggle of the creature after the purity of the Creator, to whom it feels itself profoundly and intimately allied, yet from whom it is severed by an immeasurable gulf—a feeling which Luther nourished by incessant solitary brooding, and which had taken the more complete possession of him because no penance had power to appease it, no doctrine truly touched it, no confessor would hear of it.”

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When, therefore, it is popularly said that the right of private judgment was the principle established by the Reformation, this statement is only correct if we are speaking of a great result of the whole movement. It is plainly erroneous if we are speaking of the principle which animated Luther and other of the early Reformers. That which animated *them* was a most dogmatic assertion of their own great doctrine of religion. In making this assertion they gave, whether they intended it or not, a conspicuous example of the freedom of private judgment. But left to themselves, they would very willingly have limited this freedom to those who would have used it in exactly the same manner as they did. Principal Tulloch very ably points this out.

“It remains for us to inquire concerning the main thought that moved Luther and animated him in all his work. It requires but little penetration to discover that he was possessed by such a thought—that a profound principle, a single inspiring spiritual idea, ran through the whole of the great movement, and more than any thing else gave direction and strength and triumph to it. . . . It was characteristically a spiritual revolt—an awakening of the individual conscience in the light of the old Gospel, for centuries imprisoned and obscured in the dim chambers of men's traditions, but now at length breaking forth with renewed radiance. This was the life and essence of Luther's own personal struggle, and this it was which formed the spring of all his labors, and gave them such a pervading and mighty energy. The principle of *moral individualism*—of the free responsible relation of every soul to God—this it is which stamps the movement of Luther with its characteristic impress, and more than any other thing enables us to understand its power and success. It is nothing else than what we call, in theological language, *justification by faith alone*, but we prefer to apprehend it in this more general and ethical form of expression.

But this *Individualism* in religion, as the Principal has designated it—this personal union (as we should prefer to describe it) with the Divine Being as he exists in the second person of the Trinity, could not be taught as the sole essential, the *sum and substance* of Christianity, without involving in itself a rebellion against the Catholic Church. The right of private judgment, or the duty to think for ourselves, was necessarily mingled up with this doctrine of justification by faith alone. The man must dare to think in opposition to the Church who can hope to

be saved independently of the Church. And again, whilst he believes that his salvation is partly due to the sacraments of the Church, or to his membership of the visible Church as it exists on earth, he can never extricate himself entirely from the dominion or authority of the hierarchy. Thus this individual piety, which set aside every species of human or earthly mediation, necessarily led to a rebellion against all human or priestly authority in the matter of religious doctrine. But, continues our author:

"It was very far from Luther's intentions, even after he had entered on his contest with Rome, to assert what has been called the *right of private judgment* in matters of religion. Even in the end he did not fully understand or admit the validity of this principle; and yet so far there was no other resting-ground for him. He was driven to claim for himself freedom of opinion in the light of Scripture as the only position on which, with any consistency, he could stand. Accordingly, when pressed to retract his views at Worms, when it was clearly made manifest that authority, Catholic and Imperial, was against him, he boldly took his ground here in magnanimous and always memorable words. For himself he said: 'Unless I be convinced by Scripture or by reason, I can and will retract nothing; for to act against my conscience is neither safe nor honest. Here I stand.' . . .

"It is too well known, however, that neither he nor any of his fellow-reformers recognized the full meaning and bearing of this position. They knew what their own necessities demanded, but that was all. They raised the ensign of a free Bible in the face of Rome, but they speedily refused to allow others to fight under this banner as well as themselves. What Luther claimed for himself against Catholic authority, he refused to Carlstadt and refused to Zwingle, in favor of their more liberal doctrinal views. He failed to see that their position was exactly his own, with a difference of result, which indeed was all the difference in the world to him."

Most true: Luther issued from his monastery with all the spirit of a martyr for his faith; he was prepared to die, if necessary, for his faith. Right of freedom of inquiry was not his cause. He defied the Emperor and the Pope, not in the name of humanity or the rights of man, but in the name of the ever-living God. He looked direct to God for his support. He was ready to be a martyr for his faith—not for the abstract cause of freedom of thought: that species of martyrdom has yet to appear amongst us, if it ever will.

"Scripture as a witness," thus Principal Tulloch eloquently concludes his chapter upon Luther, "disappeared behind the Augsburg Confession as a standard; and so it happened more or less with all the reformers. They were consistent in displacing the Church of Rome from its position of assumed authority over the conscience, but they were equally consistent all of them in raising a dogmatic authority in its stead. In favor of their own views, they asserted the right of private judgment to interpret and decide the meaning of Scripture, but they had nevertheless no idea of a really free interpretation of Scripture. Their orthodoxy every where appealed to Scripture, but it rested in reality upon an Augustinian commentary of Scripture. They displaced the medieval schoolmen, but only to elevate Augustine; and having done this, they had no conception of any limits attaching to this new tribunal of heresy. Freedom of opinion, in the modern sense, was utterly unknown to them. There was not merely an absolute truth in Scripture, but they had settled by the help of Augustine what this truth was; and any variations from this standard were not to be tolerated. The idea of a free faith holding to very different dogmatic views, and yet equally Christian—the idea of spiritual life and goodness apart from theoretical orthodoxy—had not dawned in the sixteenth century, nor long afterwards. Heresy was not a mere divergence of intellectual apprehension, but a moral obliquity—a statutory offense—to be punished by the magistrate, to be expiated by death. It is the strangest and most saddening of all spectacles to contemplate the slow and painful process by which the human mind has emancipated itself from the dark delusion that intellectual error is a subject of moral offense and punishment."

But while our author thus repudiates the idea that the progressive intellect of man, which God has created for forward and incessant action, should be checked and limited by Augsburg Confessions, or any articles or formulas of faith into which Christianity was re-cast at the time of the Reformation, he never fails to do justice to the leaders of that movement and the great work they accomplished. We should willingly follow him in his delineations of the personal character of Luther, but that other portions of his book present the attraction of greater novelty. He does full justice to the geniality and warmth of Luther's nature, to his boldness and magnanimity, to his fervid genius; and, on the other hand, he does not spare the dogmatism that defaced his later years, or the superstition that accompanied him through life. But we turn from the German reformer to one whose personal history and character, if less inter-

esting, are less generally known—to the second on the list, Calvin.

Calvin is in many respects a contrast to Luther. Of cold temper, subtle and systematic in his theology, his office was to give order and precision and completeness to the doctrines of the new church. If Luther may be represented as the sturdy reaper entering first into the field with his scythe or reaping-hook, Calvin may be said to follow after, binding the scattered corn into symmetrical sheaves, which he leaves standing there in due order in the open field. Calvin must also have possessed great administrative talent; he was a man of action as well as of thought; he governed a city, gave laws to a republic. He was the Pericles of Geneva; or let us say that he was the Lycurgus of the Puritans.

One thing is noticeable in Calvin's education: we find him, in his youth, alternately occupied with theology and jurisprudence. He enters first into the Church, then transfers himself to the study of the law, apparently at the desire of his father, who, himself a notary, thought probably that the legal profession would lead his very able son to higher advancement in life. This twofold study of theology and jurisprudence was training him for the part he played of legislator and clerical orator of the republican city of Geneva. His religious convictions, however, finally determined him to devote his mind to theology, and these convictions led him also gradually to take his stand with the reformers.

"Slowly but surely he passed over to the Protestant ranks, in a manner entirely contrasted with that of Luther, even as his mind and character were so wholly different. We trace no struggling steps of dogmatic conviction—no profound spiritual agitations—no crisis, as in the case of the German reformer. We only learn that, from being an apparently satisfied and devoted adherent of Popery, he adopted, with a quiet but steady and zealous faithfulness, the new opinions. He himself, indeed, in his preface, when commenting on the Psalms, speaks of his conversion being a sudden one; and to his own reflection afterwards it may have seemed that the clear light began to dawn upon him all at once; but the facts of his life seem rather to show it in the light in which we have represented it, as a gradual and consistent growth under the influences which surrounded him, first at Orleans and then at Bourges."

We apprehend that these great changes

of opinion may generally be described as both sudden and gradual; that is, there was a gradual preparation for the change, a shaking here and there of old opinions, an introduction here and there of new thoughts and sentiments, and yet there was also one epoch, one day or hour, when the new point of view was once for all adopted, and the man suddenly became a champion of the very doctrine he had been contending against, perhaps persecuting. He had been zealously arguing, zealously persecuting, up to the last moment; many misgivings had occurred to him; many admonitions or suspicions that there lay a great truth in the very creed he was denouncing, had been silenced or rudely thrust aside; but his thoughts were nevertheless arranging themselves after some new order, and he suddenly became aware that *this* was the doctrine, or the system, that he must henceforth teach and live by. Calvin proceeded to Paris, (1533,) which at that time, under the teaching of Lefevre and Farel, had become a center of the reformed faith. It was not long before he made such manifestations of his opinions as obliged him to quit that city, and he shortly afterwards settled at Basle.

As it is not our intention to proceed with any of these biographies step by step, we pass at once to Calvin's connection with the city of Geneva. This is related by Principal Tulloch briefly, and yet with sufficient fullness to render his account instructive and valuable as an historical summary. He describes in a few words the political condition of Geneva at this time. A student of the middle ages might be delighted with the complication this presents. We have the feudal baron, the prince-bishop, the free city, all asserting their claim. Geneva was a free city of the Empire; but first its bishop took the lion's share of the temporal rule; then the bishop does not exercise his power directly, but through an officer called a Vidomme, (vice-dominus,) and this officer or vidomme becomes hereditary in the duke of Savoy. In the beginning of the sixteenth century we find the bishop aiding the duke to destroy whatever remained of the free city, or of the liberties of the Genevese. The citizens rose in arms. "By the help of the free Helvetic states, particularly Berne and Fribourg, the patriots triumphed, the friends of Savoy were banished, the vidomme

abolished, and its powers transferred to a board of magistrates."

The conduct of its bishops would naturally alienate the Genevese from the ancient hierarchy, and when the reformer Farel made his appearance in the city, (1532,) he found a large party ready to join him. It was not without a sharp struggle, however, that the reformed faith had become established as the religion of the republic, and Farel and his coadjutors were still beset by many difficulties when Calvin providentially came to their aid. He came to Geneva for a single day; he staid to make a confession of faith for a whole city. He came as a mere traveler, anxious only to advance upon his journey; he staid to legislate for and to govern a republic.

"His old friend Tillet, now in Geneva, discovered who the traveler was, and apprised Farel of his discovery. Situated as Farel then was, almost alone, with the Reformation but partly accomplished, and the elements of disturbance smoldering around him, the advent of Calvin seemed to him an interposition of Divine Providence. He hastened to see him, and set before him his claims for assistance, and the work of God so obviously awaiting him. But Calvin was slow to move. He urged his desire to study, and be serviceable to all churches, rather than to attach himself to any one church in particular. He would fain have yielded to the intellectual bias so strong in him, and did not yet acknowledge to himself the still stronger instinct for practical government that lay behind his intellectual devotion. By some strange insight, however, Farel penetrated to the higher fitness of the young stranger who stood before him; and he ventured, in the spirit of that daring enthusiasm which characterized him, to lay the curse of God upon him and his studies if he refused his aid to the church in the time of need. This, which seemed to Calvin a divine menace, had the desired effect. 'It was,' he said, 'as if God had seized me by his awful hand from heaven.' He abandoned his intention of pursuing his journey, and joined eagerly with Farel in the work of Reformation."

He was immediately elected as Teacher of Theology. In a short time, both as Preacher and as Councilor, his influence was supreme. It is well known with what severity our evangelical Lyeurgus ruled his republic. Not only was vice punished, but frivolity was restrained. Dress and the dinner were laid under strict regulations; all holidays, except Sunday, if that could rank as a holiday, were abolished. Even a bride might not wear her flowing tresses, nor was she to be welcomed to

her new home with noise and revelry. The very number of the dishes at the wedding feast was made a subject of legislation. It is remembered still by those who remember nothing else of Calvin, that he laid sacrilegious hand upon the marriage feast. An old man who pointed out to our author the supposed resting-place of the reformer, seemed to have little other idea of Calvin than as the man who limited the number of dishes at dinner!

These unwise and vexatious restrictions led to a reaction or rebellion against the government of the reformer. A party arose who bear the name of the Libertines, who succeeded in chasing him out of the city. For three years Calvin was a banished man. Banished to his privacy and his books, the exile was no doubt sufficiently content. He could do without Geneva far better than Geneva could do without him. The Libertines could not govern the city, and Calvin was recalled. That party, be it what it may, which can give to a community the indispensable blessings of order and law, *must* rule. The government of Calvin, whatever its defects, was wanted at that moment. It has this palpable justification. He who alone can give a people order—saint or sinner—Calvin or Napoleon, steps by right into the seat of power. Nor when Calvin returned did he abate in the least the severity of his rule; on the contrary, he refused to respond to the invitation of the citizens till he had evidence of their willingness to submit to the reestablishment of the reformed discipline.

"The great code of ecclesiastical and moral legislation, which guided both the consistory and council, was the production of Calvin. It was sworn to by the whole of a people in a great assembly in St. Peter's, on the twentieth November, 1541. It not only laid down general rules, but entered with the most rigorous control into all the affairs of private life. From his cradle to his grave the Genevese citizen was pursued by its inquisitorial eye. Ornaments for the person, the shape and length of the hair, the modes of dress, the very number of dishes for dinner, were subjected to special regulation. Wedding presents are only permitted within limits; and at betrothals, marriages, or baptisms, bouquets must not be encircled with gold or jeweled with pearls or other precious stones.

"The registers of Geneva remain to show with what abundant rigor these regulations were carried out. It is a strange and mournful record, with ludicrous lights crossing it here and there. A man hearing an ass Bray, and

saying jestingly: 'Il chante un beau psaume,' is sentenced to temporary banishment from the city. A young girl in church singing the words of a song to a psalm-tune, is ordered to be whipped by her parents. Three children are punished, because, during the sermon, instead of going to church, they remained outside to eat cakes."

And so the list goes on, intermingled with some cases of terrible severity. Death itself is inflicted upon a child where the rod has been always held to be the appropriate punishment. But since Calvin based all his laws on the authority of Scripture, where, it may be asked, was the error he committed? His consistorial discipline, and the like, he declares to be "the yoke of Christ," and his whole system of polity is presumed to rest upon the Divine word—and ought not this sacred authority to decide upon every portion of our lives? Surely there is a *visible church* to be erected on earth according to the pattern of the invisible Church above—or, in the language of St. Augustine, a *civitas Dei* to be established by Christians—else for what purpose have men become Christians? How many noble spirits have labored and thought over this *civitas Dei*, this kingdom of God to be instituted on earth—and could Calvin have been wrong in his attempt to model Geneva into this *civitas Dei*? Certainly not. But the mistake of Calvin, as Principal Tulloch will tell us, was, that instead of seeking to infuse the *spirit* of Christianity into all our relations of life—instead of making the grand fundamental principle of the religion the ground of all his laws—he sought for specific laws in texts of Scripture appropriate to other times, and sought by *external* regulations, to construct a kingdom of heaven which must always grow *from within*.

"Did not Calvin establish his church polity and church discipline upon Scripture? and is not this a warrantable course? Assuredly not, in the spirit in which he did it. The fundamental source of the mistake is here: the Christian Scriptures are a revelation of divine truth, and not a revelation of church polity. They not only do not lay down the outline of such a polity, but they do not even give the adequate and conclusive hints of one. And for the best of all reasons, that it would have been entirely contrary to the spirit of Christianity to have done so; and because in point of fact, the conditions of human progress do not admit of the imposition of any unvarying system of government, ecclesiastical or civil. The system adapts itself to the life, every where expands

with it, or narrows with it, but is no where in any particular form the absolute condition of life. A definite outline of church polity, therefore, or a definite code of social ethics, is no where given in the New Testament; and the spirit of it is entirely hostile to the absolute assertion of one or the other. Calvin, in truth, must have felt this sufficiently in his constant appeal to the spirit and details of the Old Testament legislation. The historical confusion, in this respect, in which he and all his age shared, was a source of fruitful error here as elsewhere."

While, on the one hand, Calvin had to contend for his government and discipline with the citizens, he had, on the other hand, to do incessant battle with theologians for his doctrine. He had wrought the Confession of Augsburg into a system which, for a certain method and consistency, has won the admiration of all parties, but which nevertheless, in more points than one, has been often declared to offend the common-sense of mankind, as well as to contradict the general current of Scriptural language. It could not be expected that such a system should be unassailed; nor can we be surprised that, at a period of great mental activity, others besides Luther and Calvin chose to adopt bold views of their own. Yet our spiritual ruler of Geneva seemed to think that every heresy but his own was a crime. And it must be added that he had put himself in such a position that his government depended on the predominance of his doctrine. It is worth the consideration of those who may still hanker after some *civitas Dei*, such as Calvin sought to establish, that if municipal laws are based on a system of divinity, the State has put it out of its power to be tolerant; freedom of thought has become too intimately associated with disobedience to the laws.

Amongst the names of those whom Calvin enters into controversy with, there is one which will assuredly arrest the reader: he will give his tribute of compassion to the poor scholar, Sebastian Castellio. The poor scholar, distinguished for his classical knowledge, betook himself, in an evil hour, to controversial divinity. But belonging to neither of the great factions, what *could* become of the unbefriended layman? Poverty was the lightest evil, the most lenient punishment, by which he could have been visited. We catch sight of him living alone, so poor that he goes out at night to pick up sticks for firewood

on the banks of the Rhine. We must quote a sentence or two about this Sebastian Castellio.

"Calvin had become acquainted with Castellio at Strasburg. They seem at first to have warmly attracted one another; and Calvin was, beyond all doubt, for some time very zealous in his friendliness to the poor scholar, whose ingenious spirit and classical acquirements had won his regard. On his return to Geneva he invited him thither, and procured for him the appointment of regent or tutor in the gymnasium of the city. In reality, however, there were but few points of sympathy between the two men. Castellio's learning was intensely humanistic; his classical tastes and somewhat arbitrary criticism molded all that he did; and especially as he aspired to be a theologian, and to carry this spirit into his Scriptural studies, he soon came into conflict with Calvin. . . . Castellio desired to enter into the ministry; but Calvin advised the Council that this was not expedient, *on account of some peculiar opinions which he held*. There were certain rationalistic views as to the authenticity and character of the Song of Solomon, the descent of Christ into hell, and also about election. Irritated probably by disappointment, he now vehemently attacked Calvin. After a violent scene in church, which is painted perhaps with some exaggeration by the reformer, he was forced to leave the city. The two old friends, now declared enemies, did not spare each other henceforth. Castellio retired to Basle, and amongst his other employments busied himself with a free criticism of the Calvinistic doctrines. . . . It is but a melancholy spectacle of polemical hatred on both sides; but the truculence of the theologians, it must be confessed, bears off the palm. Castellio was no match for them in strength of argument or firm consistency of purpose. He lived on in great poverty at Basle, cultivating his garden with his own hand, and without the means of fuel, and he sat up at night to finish his translation of the Scriptures. He died in want in 1563, the same year as Calvin; and Montaigne has given vent to his expression of shame for his age, that one so distinguished should have been left to die so miserably. A regretful memory lingers around his blameless scholarly life—pinching poverty and sad death, and especially the incident, so touching in its simplicity, of his going during the night to the banks of the Rhine to pick up pieces of drift-wood for his scanty fire—a story which was only elicited from him in answer to Calvin's charge of *his having stolen the wood*—a fact sufficient to prove the disgraceful spirit in which these controversies were conducted, and how deservedly they are consigned to oblivion."

But the name which beyond all others has become inextricably associated with our Genevese reformer, is that of Serve-

tus. He, too, like Calvin, came into Geneva for a single day—came as a mere traveler, intending to quit it on the morrow: he staid, but not, like Calvin, to have honor and power thrust upon him. Our traveler must needs wander into the church; there his great adversary was preaching. Some one recognized him, and carried the news to Calvin. Servetus, who had already hired a boat to take him across the lake on his route to Zurich, was arrested and thrown into prison. He staid to be tried for heresy, to be convicted, and to suffer a cruel death. "The wretched man was fastened to a stake surrounded by heaps of oak-wood and leaves, with his condemned book attached to his girdle. The wood was green, and did not burn readily. Some persons ran and fetched dry fagots, while his piercing shrieks rent the air; and exclaiming finally, 'Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy upon me!' he passed from the doom of earth to a higher and fairer tribunal."

It is needless, as Principal Tulloch remarks, to indulge in any further outcries on this memorable crime. To contemporary theologians it needed no defense: happily, to the theologians of our day it admits of no excuse. We can only excuse and bitterly regret it, as a lamentable fruit of the errors of the age.

On the *Institutes* of Calvin, and on his doctrinal system, our author makes some excellent remarks, into which we should very willingly follow him if our space permitted. We must proceed to take a rapid glance at the two remaining Reformers on his list—Latimer and Knox.

The Reformation embraced two movements—a reform in doctrine and a reform in life. The two objects were constantly intermingled. Still there were some men who attached themselves preëminently to the new doctrines, whilst others saw the Reformation chiefly in the light of a revival of religion. Of this latter description was Latimer. Though he had embraced the "new learning," he stands out conspicuously as a reformer of manners and a teacher of practical personal piety. His claims to represent the Reformation in England we have already glanced at. Principal Tulloch, however, accepting him as the most "typical man" of his times, opens his biographical sketch with some very sound observations on the complicated nature of the reformatory move-

ment in England. He justly observes that it was partly political and partly religious, and that the political opposition was the earlier of the two. "All along from the Conquest such an opposition marks like a line of light the proud history of England, the grandest, because the richest in diverse historical elements, that the world has ever seen. On from the memorable struggles of the reign of Henry II., when the political and ecclesiastical interests stamped the impress of their fierce contentions so strongly on the English character, Rome appears as an alien and antagonistic power in the country." This is true, and we might go back to an earlier period than Henry II.; but it must be added that the opposition to Rome, or the ecclesiastical power was carried on by the monarch as often *against* as *with* the current of popular feeling, and that it does not always run exactly "like a line of light." On the contrary, it is sometimes a mere dogged self-willed opposition. Nevertheless, one feels it was, on the whole, *the right thing*—wholesome, and having a certain rude reason in it. Let us transfer ourselves to our first Norman kings, and compare them with such prelates of the Church as Lanfranc and Anselm. These latter represent whatever the age could boast of learning and of piety. We hail their influence on England and on its stern barons; yet we feel that their influence or power is such as might easily be carried too far; nor should we choose to have it established in their successors. We feel that the resistance of our rude Norman kings to these Italian bishops has a high meaning, a dim purpose, and, at all events, a good result. Our first wish would probably be to give to these representatives of learning, justice, and piety, the utmost influence they could possibly exert over a Church and a State both on the very verge of barbarism; but, on further reflection, we perceive that the cause of the civil against the ecclesiastical, the temporal power against the spiritual, must in some way be upheld, if any free and manly life is to be preserved for England. No historian has treated these early kings of England with greater severity than Lappenberg; nor has any historian given a more liberal praise to these Italian bishops and divines; yet even his simple narrative, as it proceeds, suggests to us how unfit these men were to hold the predominant place in the

government of England. Anselm he describes "as one of those heroes of love and humility which Christianity has produced in every age." William Rufus, the contemporary sovereign, stands out before us as little better than a brutal tyrant, and a sort of baptized heathen; he is penitent when sick and afflicted; when he recovers, he not only throws aside his sackcloth, but rebels, like a Titan or an old Norseman, against the hand that smote him. He *won't* be any the better for his chastisement. "The Lord shall find no good in me, for all the evil he has inflicted on me," says the incurable heathen. Can a greater contrast be found? Yet this William Rufus was at his post, governing his barons and his vassals, and keeping a free temporal monarchy for England. Better this rude government than to have the scholastic divine in the seat of the civil magistrate. If Anselm *could* have controlled, first his own corrupt clergy, and through them a rude and passionate people, this would have been a temporary advantage, to be followed by all the depressing, enervating influences which attend upon a Christian priesthood when it assumes municipal power. Anselm in his contest with the king has to quit England and journey to Rome; we catch a glimpse of him on his travels; he stays awhile at Lyons, and there, says Lappenberg, "he had the happiness of acting a distinguished part in the discussion of a point at that time of vital importance—whether the Holy Ghost proceeded solely from the Father." Very fit it was that one of the most eminent theologians of the day should take part in a discussion then deemed of vital importance; but would it have been well for England if a Byzantine theology of this description had been supreme in its court and monarchy? We have no quarrel with Anselm as a divine or bishop, but would it have been desirable if he and his successors could, without stint or limit, have embodied their own views in, and impressed their own spirit on the laws and government of *this* country?

Happily there has been always in our island, either on the part of the monarch, or of the people, or of the lawyers, a determination to resist the encroachment of the Church over the State. Thus we have never sunk into the intellectual stagnation which Spain, for instance, has exhibited. And thus it happens that in our Reforma-

tion a *political* resistance to Rome plays a considerable part, and that which was of a distinctly *religious* character proceeds (as might be expected in a people comparatively free) from many quarters at the same time and assumes many various forms. At no time do we see the people rising simultaneously under one common impulse. There are reformers of all shades working together—from those who would only reform *within* the Church to those who would sweep away the old Catholic Church entirely.

Latimer, as we have said, saw in the Reformation principally a revival of religion. When we first get any distinct view of him, he is at Cambridge, about twenty-five years old, a most zealous supporter of the established doctrines and services. "I was as obstinate a Papist," he tells us himself, "as any in England." He torments himself with scruples whether he had mingled sufficient water with the wine in performing mass; he preaches against the Reformers—he takes every opportunity of guarding the youth of Cambridge against the infection of their pernicious doctrines. But, as Principal Tulloch well observes, we get our reformers out of the zealous champions of the very Church that is to be reformed. The cold and moderate man is seldom open to great changes of opinion.

"Here," he says, "we have the old picture of youthful sacerdotal zeal. It is the very highest qualities of the ancient system that the new spirit ceases upon and consecrates to its service. Young Latimer, hailed by the clergy as a rising champion of the Papal cause, and for his talents and the excelling sanctimony of his life preferred to be the keeper of the university cross, is destined to become the sharp reprove of the clergy, and the great agent in carrying out the religious change then threatening them."

Bilney has the merit of converting Latimer; but we must presume, of course, that other influences were at work. A curious story is told of the manner in which Bilney first contrived to pour the new doctrine into the unwilling ears of the zealous Papist. He pretended a great desire to be confessed, and, under the form of his own confession, infused his heresy into the priest. Latimer tells the story himself in these few brief words: "Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; and he came to me afterwards in my study, and desired

me, for God's sake, to hear his confession. I did so; and, to say the truth, by his confession I learned more than I did before in many years. So from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school doctors and such fooleries." We wonder whether this expedient for getting the ear of a man has been often adopted. It was rather a hazardous one: if Bilney had not found a favorable listener, he would have gone away with a heavy penance.

Latimer now became a zealous preacher of the new doctrines, but still his preaching must have been limited to a faithful exhibition of positive truth: he could not have waged war with the peculiar tenets of Rome, because Henry VIII. approved the man, and appointed him one of his chaplains; and Cardinal Wolsey also befriended him, supporting him against the censures of Bishop West. Bishop West had entered the Church while Latimer was preaching at Cambridge; and when he and his retinue had taken their seats, the preacher, observing that a new audience required a new theme, changed his text, and exposed the faults and shortcomings of the clergy, in a manner, we may be sure, not very flattering to priestly ears. For this and other like offenses the Bishop had forbidden him to preach in the university; and when Latimer took refuge in a church of the Augustine friars, the Bishop made complaint to Cardinal Wolsey. The Cardinal, however, dismissed the too faithful preacher with a gentle admonition, and granted him a license to preach in any church throughout England. "If the Bishop of Ely can not abide such doctrine as you have repeated," he said, "you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will."

A happy retort is here mentioned of Latimer's against one Buckenham, Prior of the Black Friars, who had entered the lists against him. The prior, in his sermon, did his best to prove the inexpediency of trusting the Scriptures in English to the vulgar. The arguments and illustration of the good prior were evidently not of the highest order imaginable. To show what blundering interpretation the laity were exposed to, he cited as an example, that the plowman who read that "no man who layeth his hand to the plow, and looketh back, is worthy of the kingdom of God," might peradventure dread to touch a plow at all. The baker,

also, who read that "a little leaven corrupteth a whole lump," might leave his bread unleavened. Latimer had been one of his auditors, and had taken notes; and by and by he is the preacher and the friar a listener. Coming to this point of the figurative language of Scripture, he replied that it was as easy of comprehension as the most familiar signs and symbols painted on our houses and walls. "As, for example," he continued, casting a meaning glance at the friar, who sat opposite to him, "when men paint a fox preaching out of friar's cowl, none is so mad as to take this to be a fox that preacheth, but know well enough the meaning of the matter, which is to point out to us what hypocrisy, craft, and subtle dissimulation lieth hid many times in these friars' cowls, willing us thereby to beware of them." The contemporary chronicler adds that Friar Buckenham was so dashed with this sermon that he never after durst peep out of the pulpit against Master Latimer.

In Latimer's life, years of persecution alternate with years of favor and prosperity. Under Archbishop Warcham he is in danger of imprisonment and excommunication, if nothing worse. Under his successor, Cranmer, he is raised to a bishopric. Then a reaction against reform seems to have been brought about, partly by the northern insurrection, and Gardiner and Bonner took the lead. Under their influence articles were framed which Latimer could not subscribe; he resigned his bishopric, and sought to live in privacy. Coming up to London, however, for medical advice, he was brought before the Privy Council, and cast into the Tower. This happened just before the close of Henry's reign. On the accession of Edward VI. he was liberated, and his bishopric again offered him; but he declined to reassume the episcopal office, and devoted himself to preaching. He made it the great purpose of his life to rouse all classes to a practical reform in their morals and religion. He was the censor of his times, and sometimes the pulpit satirist. He spared no class, and he preached to all classes. A well-known picture represents him with uplifted arm preaching in Whitehall Gardens, in front of the young king, Edward VI., who is seated at a window, while a dense crowd surrounds the orator.

Of the merits of Latimer, whether as

preacher or divine, Principal Tulloch gives, we think, a fair and unexaggerated estimate. He was no learned theologian, and his eloquence was of that rude, blunt, uncompromising character that appeals so successfully to the populace. He delighted in invective, and did not scruple to expose individual instances of oppression that came before him. Of the effect of his sermons we must not judge by the impression they now produce on the reader. Not to speak of the change of manners and of dialect, the effect of popular eloquence depends, at all times, chiefly on the voice and the delivery. The following summary appears very just:

"In mere intellectual strength, Latimer can take no place beside either Luther or Calvin. His mind has neither the rich compass of the one, nor the symmetrical vigor of the other. He is no master in any department of intellectual interest, or even of theological inquiry. We read his sermons not for any light or reach of truth which they unfold, nor because they exhibit any peculiar depth of spiritual apprehension, but simply because they are interesting, and interesting mainly from the very absence of all dogmatic and intellectual pretensions. Yet without any mental greatness, there is a pleasant and wholesome harmony of mental power displayed in his writings, which gives to them a wonderful vitality. There is a proportion and vigor, not of logic, but of sense and feeling, in them eminently English, and showing every where a high and well-toned capacity. He is coarse and low at times; his familiarity occasionally descends to meanness; but the living hold which he takes of reality at every point, often carries him also to the height of an indignant and burning eloquence."

We quote this passage because it contains a brief critical summary; but we must remark, in passing, that it is not the most favorable specimen of Principal Tulloch's own style; nor can we extract the passage without some gentle protest against a slip-slop English into which the Principal has here been betrayed; it is a fault quite unusual in him. Such expressions, as "wholesale harmony," "high and well-toned capacity," remind us of the jargon of the connoisseur prating over his pictures rather than the sober criticism of an accurate scholar. Let such jargon remain with the connoisseurs of art who have a traditional right to talk how they please about *tones* and *harmonies*, no one but themselves having the least interest in what meaning they affix to their words.

Latimer could not play this distinguish-

ed part, through the reign of Edward VI., of pulpit satirist and preacher of the Reformation, without being called to severe account in the ensuing reign of Queen Mary. He might have fled the country, and the new government were not unwilling that he should do so. He chose to remain, and was accordingly committed to the Tower. But if his enemies were willing he should escape by self-banishment, they spared him no severity when he was within their power. They kept the old man without fire in frosty weather. With health broken, they transferred him to Oxford to undergo examination, and hold disputations upon the mass, whereat Master Smith of Oriel, Dr. Cartwright, and divers others, "had snatches at him, and gave him bitter taunts." After this examination he was imprisoned in the common jail in Oxford, where he lay for more than a year. From the jail he was again brought to be examined before commissioners. Infirm and poor, it is a pitiable spectacle that is presented to us. "He wore an old thread-bare Bristol frieze gown, girded to his body with a penny leather girdle; his Testament was suspended from this girdle by a leather sling, and his spectacles, without a case, hung from his neck upon his breast." His head was bound about by a complication of night-caps, surmounted by an old horseman's cap, which, notwithstanding Foxe's specific description, it is very difficult to get any clear conception of. In this state, and his mind half-torpid by "long gazing upon cold walls," he is set again to dispute on points of divinity with the Bishops of Lincoln and Gloucester. They reproach him for his want of learning. "Lo!" he exclaimed, according to the report of Foxe, "you look for learning at my hand, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library; keeping me so long in prison without book, or pen, or ink; and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles. You deal with me as though two were appointed to fight for life and death; and over-night the one, through friends and favor, is cherished, and hath good counsel given him how to encounter with his enemy; the other, for envy or lack of friends, all the whole night is set in the stocks. In the morning when they shall meet, the one is in strength and lively, the other is stark of his limbs and almost dead for feebleness. Think

you that to run through this man with a spear is not a goodly victory?"

But the end of all was now at hand. He and Ridley were condemned to the flames. At the closing scene his spirit revived, and his was that terse vigorous saying, which has been so often repeated: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

As Principal Tulloch remarked in reference to the martyrdom of Servetus, so we may remark here, that it is useless now to utter indignant denunciations against this crime of persecution, unless it should be thought necessary to keep the example of *past ages* before us, in order to preserve ourselves from lapsing into their errors. For it was a crime of the age. All parties, all sects, are seen at this epoch involved in the same lamentable error. As individual men, we must even *pity* the persecutors of olden times—pity them for being carried away by one common infatuation. If the Catholics committed Latimer and Cranmer to the flames, even Latimer is found assisting at the martyrdom of Friar Forest, preaching the public sermon on the occasion, and thus sanctioning the act; and Cranmer, as is well known, could send a helpless woman to the stake. It has been often said, that the Protestants had less excuse for their cruelty than the Catholics, who were supporting an old-established system by harsh measures, which they deemed could be effective, and which, in some instances, were effective. And the Protestants would have perhaps altogether escaped the deep disgrace of having capitally executed men and women for what they called heresy, if it had not happened that their hearts were hardened, and their judgments utterly perverted by that habit (which Principal Tulloch has so ably reproved) of looking into the Old Testament for laws and guidance. An appeal to Moses was thought to decide the case. When some poor woman was to be executed for her nonsense, the young king Edward was reluctant to sign the warrant. "The object of the king's compassion," says the historian Lingard, "was the future condition of her soul in another world. He argued, that as long as she remained in error she remained in sin, and that to deprive her of life in that state, was to consign her soul to everlasting tor-

ments. Cranmer was compelled to moot the point with the young theologian. The objection was solved by the example of Moses, who had compelled blasphemers to be stoned; and the King, with tears, put his signature to the warrant."

Of the last of these "Leaders" on our list—the patriot reformer Knox—we shall venture to say but a few words. Principal Tulloch's manly, straightforward account of the representative of the Reformation in Scotland can not fail to please. There is no undue partiality, there is no timid admiration.

One notices three stages in the opinion which Protestants form of these great leaders of the Reformation. The first is one of unwise, unqualified laudation: the man is a type for all times, his doctrine a standard for our own faith. The second is a critical stage, where defects of character and narrowness of intellectual view are discovered, and the idol is well-nigh displaced altogether from its pedestal: there is a greater disposition to blame than to praise. Then follows the third stage, in which an ideal of excellence or of wisdom being no longer sought, the hero is reinstated in such virtues as he can really claim: his conduct is not faultless, and his reasoning is not unimpeachable, but he stands there to be judged by fair comparison with his fellow-men, and according to the work he had to accomplish. In this last stage we presume the reading public are at present. They no longer wish to idolize such a man as Knox. He had his passions like other men; committed blunders as do other men—all that is understood; and now passion for passion, blunder for blunder, man for man, how will you estimate him as he stands there amongst his contemporaries? We, for our part, estimate him very highly, nor can we find any living man, of his own time, who can, on the whole, take precedence of him.

Some romantically-disposed people think to exhibit Knox to great disadvantage by bringing him before us in contrast with Mary, the beautiful Queen of the Scots. Well does Principal Tulloch remark, that such people must be allowed "simply to please themselves with their own delusions;" they are plainly incapable of any grave historical criticism. They should be condemned to read novels eternally; or, what might be a worse penalty, to do nothing but write novels all their lives.

A rude word! Sermonized the Queen! Why, this beautiful lady would have sent John Knox, if she had been able, back to the French galleys, and she would have governed a country, now manifestly Protestant, by the influence of her priests, and in the interests of the Duke of Guise. Pass by her personal frailties—let the *woman* be untouched—what sort of queen has Scotland here? She is scarce a Scotchwoman—she is more a Guise than a Stuart. What good will the nation get out of her pretty French manners, her sweet face, or her musical voice? Now, bring opposite to her, front to front, our John Knox, tried and hardened by the fire of adversity, whose religion has become a grand patriotism, who stands there the representative of a people who have flung off the degrading government of priests, who have become each one his own priest in his relations to God, and who, thus free in religion, must be free also in politics; who mean henceforth, both in Church and State, to be a self-governing people. Contrast the two figures. Choose between them. Choose a soft face and treachery to the nation, or the hard strong man, self-devoted to a great cause.

If the Reformation in England was singularly complex in its character, in Scotland it assumed a form marvelously simple. According to all accounts, the old hierarchy had by its vices lost all hold of the affections or the reverence of the people—the monarchy had lost its controlling power by the untimely death of James V.—the burgher class, impelled and united by a religious movement, became supreme—there was not too much learning for unanimity of opinion—the simpler faith of Protestantism carried all before it, and was destined to mold for centuries the character of the nation.

The burgher class, it must not be forgotten, were fused with the mob, so to speak, by the power of the religious orator acting equally upon all. There is no respect of persons in this matter of religious doctrine. The Reformation becomes a strictly democratic movement. Knox preaches a sermon at Perth on the idolatry of the mass and of image-worship. The whole multitude is stirred.

"At the close of the sermon," continues Principal Tulloch, "and while the people still lingered under the warm emotion of the preacher's words, an encounter took place between a

boy and a priest, who, with a singular deadness to the signs around him, had uncovered a rich altar-piece, and was making preparations to celebrate mass. The boy threw a stone, which overturned and destroyed one of the images. The act operated like a spark laid to a train. The suppressed indignation of the multitude burst forth beyond all control—the consecrated imagery was broken in pieces—the holy recesses invaded—the pictures and ornaments torn from the walls and trampled in the dust—and, rising with the agitation, the spirit of disorder spread, and the 'rascal multitude,' as Knox afterwards called them, having completed their work of destruction in the church, proceeded to the houses of the Gray and Black Friars, and the Charter-house or Carthusian Monastery, and violently ransacked them and laid them in ruins."

The spirit of destruction no where raged so violently as it did in Scotland. Every man of taste must deplore the ruin and defacement of the noble structures of the old religion. We should be thought Vandals ourselves if we uttered a word of apology, yet something might suggest itself to a sturdy Protestant to reconcile him to this act of Vandalism. Knox's plea that the "best way to keep the rooks from returning, was to pull down their nests," could apply only to the first era of the Reformation; and the banished rooks would have returned, if it had been in their power, and rebuilt their nests. Great shame and scandal, it seems, to pull down a fine old edifice, but we know—and our own age has in some measure shown how this may be—we know that a fine old building may, in its own dumb way, preach from generation to generation, till at length, aided by some propitious circumstances, it may prove a very persuasive orator. Visitors pace with enthusiasm

the aisles, let us say, of a York Minster; tasteful municipalities sustain, restore the venerable edifice; a desire *might* grow, we do not say that it ever has grown, that the worship, the ceremonial, the music, should be in harmony with the grand cathedral, and a revived ceremonial is followed, amongst the unreflective, by a revived doctrine.

The whole Reformation in Scotland has an extreme uncompromising character, which the liberal and intelligent citizen of Edinburgh can not at this day be supposed to approve. No measure of justice was dealt towards the old Catholic Church. The contest was too violent to admit of equitable controversy, and the crimes of a Cardinal Beaton had helped to raise a spirit almost as unchristian as his own. Knox and his companions were not content with denouncing the Catholic Church as corrupt; it was absolutely the work of Satan; it was anti-Christ. An application of certain passages in the Apocalypse, first introduced by polemical divines in the mere heat of discussion, became a part of the national faith in Scotland. All this popular and unqualified animosity can not be admired by us. But great changes of this description never yet were effected by moderate equitable gentlemen. We have to ask ourselves whether, upon the whole, our Reformers did not accomplish their great work as well and as wisely as the times permitted.

We will not follow Principal Tulloch any further in his account of Knox; we should be only repeating what he has more eloquently said. We would invite our readers to a perusal of the book itself: they will find it both eloquent and instructive.

A most extraordinary race took place a few days ago in a fashionable ladies' seminary school in the Thiergarten, Berlin, where thirty-three young ladies contested for the championship in swimming. The winner, who is nineteen years of age, and very handsome, is said to have proved that she might as readily challenge the other sex as her own.

MORE than sixteen years ago a lady named Colson, residing in Hyde Park-terrace, London, "resolved never to see the light of day again," having been disappointed in her matrimonial views with Colonel H——. Ever since the year 1843 this eccentric maiden lady has lived and slept in a chamber from which all light is rigidly excluded save what is furnished to her by wax candles.

From the Eclectic Review.

BLUNDERS OF VISION—COLOR-BLINDNESS.

SOME years ago a party of gentlemen were discussing the question of blindness over their wine in the mansion of a northern noble. It was stated by one of the company that persons had been known to lose the power of vision, so far as one eye was concerned, long before they had any consciousness of the defect. Polite doubts were expressed on the point. Every one would admit that a man might labor under a mental or moral cataract without being particularly alive to the infirmity, but physical opacity was too conspicuous an evil to be long concealed. More in jest than with any suspicion of the result, the loudest of the skeptics was requested to ascertain whether his own organs were "all right." Closing one eye, he exclaimed, with a start of horror: "Why, bless me, I can scarcely see at all!" He himself was in the very predicament he had refused to accredit.

However startling such a case may seem, there are undoubtedly many persons who suffer from eccentricities of vision without ever discovering the defect until they have ripened (in their own opinion) into perfect men. Perhaps not even then. Entering any assembly consisting of a thousand individuals we might safely exclaim: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are probably twenty people in this respectable company who are more or less affected with chromatopseudopsis, otherwise parachromatism, otherwise dyschromatopsis, otherwise dyschrosis, otherwise Daltonism." Of course the audience would be greatly alarmed by this announcement, and the fairer portion might become quite indignant, naturally supposing that some wicked imputation lay concealed under such learned terms. To pacify them it would be necessary to explain that certain persons were incapable of perceiving certain colors, or that they confounded one with another; in fact, that the human eye was subject to a variety of chromatic heresies, although the owner might think himself as orthodox in vision as every man deems himself in the Faith.

Cases of color-blindness must, of course, have frequently occurred amongst our forefathers, but these esteemed individuals do not appear to have systematized their observations at all. Every now and then a person conducts himself so strangely that his friends are compelled to conclude that a "screw must be loose" either in his eye or in his brain. The writer of this article well remembers how he first discovered that such a visual peculiarity existed. Walking out with a companion—let us take the names of Jones and Jenkins for the moment—the latter happened to make a remark about the color of a door, which he (Jones) declared to be red, and we (Jenkins) knew to be green. Thinking that this assertion was a mere specimen of boyish fun, Jenkins laughed as Brother Martin might laugh when my Lord Peter assured him (in Swift's wonderful Tale of a Tub) that a loaf of bread was a shoulder of mutton. But when Jones repeated the observation with perfect gravity, and, spite of all remonstrances, protested that the door was just as fiery-looking as a soldier's coat, Jenkins felt it incumbent upon him to take high ground, and to break a lance in the cause of Truth. Sharp words were soon exchanged. "What on earth," he asked, "can make you say that the door is red?" "And what on earth," replied Jones, "can make you say that the door is green?" "Why," replied Jenkins, fiercely, "it is as plain as possible that the door is green." "No," retorted Jones, in great anger, "it is as plain as possible that the door is red." Well there was nothing for it apparently but a battle. We were just at an age when knotty controversies are extremely liable to finish with a fight. War was accordingly proclaimed. If Jones had beaten Jenkins, we presume the door would have been decidedly red; if Jenkins had beaten Jones, the door would have been as decidedly green—such is the logic of physical force. Fortunately, when the two belligerents, like the knights of the silver shield, were

on the brink of an engagement, an acquaintance came by, and the matter was referred to arbitration. "Pray," said Jenkins to the pacificator, "will you tell us if that door is green?" "Certainly it is green," said he, "and so must you be to put such a question." On further inquiry, when Jones was sufficiently cool to submit to an examination touching his chromatic perceptions, it appeared that the two hues were indistinguishable to his eye; that he gave the name of red to every object which belonged to either class; and that, in his opinion, a brick building in the distance was of the same tint as the lawn on which it stood!

Until recently, little has been done to investigate this infirmity upon an extensive scale. Dr. Dalton of Manchester was the first person in England who drew any marked attention to the subject. He himself could only perceive two, or at most three, distinctions of hue in the solar spectrum; and, therefore, a rainbow must have seemed to him like a tame arch of yellow and blue. He could perceive no distinction between woollen yarn whether dyed crimson or dark blue. Specimens of claret-colored cloth bore a strong resemblance to mud. If stockings had been spotted with blood, he would hardly have suspected that the stains were any thing more than mere dirt. He compared a florid complexion to a dull blackish blue upon a white ground; so that a ruddy countenance produced the same impression upon his retina as dilute black ink smeared upon writing-paper. And when he mounted his scarlet gown at Oxford, he pronounced it to be of the same hue as the grass of the fields.

It is, however, to Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, that the public is indebted for the largest collection of facts on this interesting topic, and to his researches we are indebted for some of the illustrations of chromatic error about to be adduced. Let us premise, however, that though color-blindness is a defect, it is not exactly a disease. It is generally born with the individual, and continues with him during life. The eye appears to be complete in its structure, and in other respects discharges its duties in as exemplary a manner as the most respectable organ of the frame.

First, there are cases in which persons are perfectly unable to distinguish colors at all. They know that black is black, and

white is white; but as to the prismatic tints they are completely in the dark. Not many years ago there was a man in Edinburgh who was in this unlucky condition. By some freak of fortune, almost as whimsical as if a deaf person were apprenticed to an organist, this poor fellow was brought up a house-painter. Compelled to dabble with colors continually, he would have fallen into the most egregious blunders; but marrying a woman whom he could trust to choose and mix his pigments, he was enabled to pursue his calling without any very violent breaches of propriety. On one occasion, however, when this valuable helpmate happened to be from home, the husband undertook to paint a room in a public building. He prepared, as he thought, a capital stone-tint, and was rapidly covering the walls with the mixture when he was arrested by some one who told him that he was decorating the place with an unquestionable blue.

Instances like this, however, where there exists a total insensibility to all the leading tints, are comparatively rare. More frequently it happens that the individual is blind to one particular color, or at least incapable of detecting any marked difference between two very discrepant hues. Red is, generally speaking, the shibboleth of those who are imperfectly versed in the language of vision. As we call an object black when it reflects no prismatic ray to the eye, persons thus circumstanced will see little more distinction between blood and tar than a phlebotomist would perceive between the blood of an Englishman and that of a Spaniard. A clerk in a public office frequently astonished his superiors by signing his name to official documents in red ink—he believing that he was doing it in the legitimate Japan. A gentleman who had sent a letter to his family whilst on a journey was surprised to learn on returning home that the first part of the epistle was in black ink and the latter in red. A banker in London made such repeated mistakes in this way that he was at length compelled to keep his inks in standishes of a different shape. Sporting gentlemen have been known who could not discriminate between the black coats and the red ones in the field, particularly when the light was waning. To eyes of this description a regiment of soldiers would appear as mild in their habiliments as if they

were a regiment of civilians, and but for their arms and the warlike cut of their garments, a file of heroes might almost be mistaken for a funeral procession. Many comical mistakes have arisen from this source. A gentleman relates in the *Philosophical Transactions* how he was shocked just before the marriage of his daughter by the appearance of the bridegroom in a suit of black; for in earlier times it seems that color was indispensable to matrimony. Papa insisted that the poor fellow should go home and assume some less melancholy attire; but the bride, who would probably have married him in sackcloth, like a noble woman—at least so we suspect—rushed to the rescue, and declared that her lover was correctly clothed in a rich claret-colored dress. Such was the fact. One day, after service at church, a gentleman went up to a lady and inquired, with great concern, for whom she was in mourning. For no one, was the reply: why should he imagine that such was the case? The querist explained—was not her bonnet a deep black? Certainly not: it was crimson velvet! A person who had lost a relative greatly scandalized his friends by sealing his black-edged letters with red wax, just as many an heir-at-law would probably do, if, after testifying his regard for the memory of the departed by using a sheet with the deepest and darkest of borders, he were at liberty to symbolize his genuine sentiments when he came to the seal. But this was nothing to the blunder of an upholsterer's apprentice who was sent to purchase some black cloth to cover a coffin, and returned with a quantity of scarlet, under the impression that it was as sorrowful a sable as the occasion required.

Next, let us mention a series of cases in which one color is simply confounded with another. Red, for example, may be habitually mistaken for green, or crimson identified with blue. Take the former species of defect; for the clashing of green with red is one of the most popular forms of heterodoxy in regard to hues. A gentleman was asked if he saw any object stretched upon a hedge. He declared there was none. The fact was that a red cloak happened to be thrown over it, and though the exact position was pointed out to him, he could not perceive any difference in color between the garment and the green of Nature. Boys have

more than once become acquainted with their parachromatism—not certainly under that title—by finding that their companions could make easy havoc amongst the cherries whilst they, from inability to discriminate between the hues of the fruit and leaves, were compelled to explore the trees laboriously, and to commit their depredations on a very unsatisfactory scale. The same difficulty has attended their operations whilst foraging in the strawberry-beds. Other most amusing instances are on record. A gentleman was requested to pick out all the greens from a number of pieces of stained glass: he selected the red, brown, claret, yellow, and pink; and when asked to say which was the most emphatic green of the group, he unhesitatingly fixed upon the claret. A surgeon called upon his tailor intending to order a pair of brown pantaloons: he selected the cloth himself; but when the garment came home, the color proved to be as sanguinary as if he were on the point of starting for the wars. He went on another occasion determined to secure his favorite brown, but not being properly aware of his defect, the result was just as unfortunate as before: this time the color adopted was a violent green; and the poor fellow was compelled to get the articles dyed in order that he might not be mistaken for a soldier or a huntsman. A nobleman, whose vision was similarly affected, began to banter his lady one day for wearing a scarlet dress. Her ladyship was at a loss to understand the joke, for her dress was as verdant as the garb of spring. A gentleman, who was fond of drawing used to perpetrate landscapes in which the trees were adorned with red foliage; and when he attempted to execute a marine view, his waves—contrary to all precedent, except they were intended for the Red Sea—were tipped with fine crimson crests. A medical student discovered his defect in a curious way. Whilst attending a course of chemical lectures, the professor performed the usual experiments to show how the colors of vegetable extracts might be changed by the action of acids and alkalies. Pouring his alkaline solution into an infusion of red cabbage, he announced that the liquid would finally become greenish. The student watched the process, but the red cabbage seemed to be very refractory. He waited long, expecting every moment to see the little

prodigy performed. The professor, meanwhile, did not appear at all distressed. There was no chuckling on the part of the students at his discomfiture. On the contrary, he seemed to retire from the experiment as if he were perfectly victorious; and the pupils on inquiry asserted that the vegetable tincture had succumbed without demur, and that the operation had come off with flying colors.

There are many varieties, however, of chromatopseudopsis—that abominable Greek compound again! In one large class of cases, namely, those in which people are required to distinguish between the more delicate shades of composite colors, Professor Wilson considers that inability is the rule and not the exception. Want of space forbids us touch upon these, and for the same reason we must abstain from discussing the different theories which have been adduced to explain the phenomena of color blindness. Dr. Dalton, who had a right to express an opinion on the subject, since his name has been attached to the infirmity, suggested that one of the humors of the eye might be tinged with some hue which, in his case, he supposed to be “some modification of blue!” Consequently the light transmitted through the optic chamber would be affected on the same principle, as if a little window of stained glass were inserted in the organ. But when, after the chemist’s death, a scientific inquest was held upon his eye, the humors were found to be perfectly pellucid, and the crystalline lens exhibited the yellowish tinge which is customary in the aged. Failing to detect the cause in the liquids of the organ, Sir David Brewster conjectured that the *retina* might possibly be colored; but of this there is no satisfactory proof. Besides these and other chromatic hypotheses, there are theories which refer the defect to some specialty either in the nervous apparatus of the eye, or in the brain, or in both. A phrenologist, of course, settles the question by pointing to the region immediately above the eye but beneath the eye-brow, and if he finds it unsatisfactorily developed, he exclaims: “Sir, number Twenty-six is miserably deficient, what can you expect?”* Thank your stars if you can tell a judge in crimson

from an undertaker in sable.” It need scarcely be added that as the cause of the infirmity is so subtle, and its exact seat not yet ascertained, all theory must rest upon a basis of mere conjecture.

But whatever may be the true explanation of this phenomenon, color-blindness has been productive of much inconvenience, and in some instances completely cripples the patient so far as certain occupations are concerned. A bookbinder had an apprentice whom he was obliged to discharge, because the youth ran him into frequent scrapes with his customers by binding books in all sorts of unexpected hues. An artist had a disciple who was compelled to abandon painting, for in copying a picture he made the roses blue, he flushed his sky with crimson instead of azure, and a horse which ought to have figured in the landscape in a modest brown hide was dyed a bluish green. A milliner once mended a lady’s black silk dress with crimson, and a tailor at Plymouth, to whom a dark blue coat was sent to be tinkered, returned it patched at the elbows with pieces as bright as arterial blood. A tailor’s man, who had just been promoted to a post which required him to match colors for the journeymen, applied to Professor Wilson in great distress saying that he must lose his situation unless he could be cured. Number twenty-six appeared to be in a state of insanity, for, amongst other freaks, it had persuaded him to order green strings for the back of a scarlet livery waistcoat, to mate greens with browns, and to put red stripes on some trowsers in place of blue. A haberdasher was asked what became of shopmen whose number twenty-six was sadly at fault. From his reply it seems that these unfortunates frequently take refuge in mourning establishments, where, of course, no appreciation of tints is required, either in the “deep affliction hue,” or in the “mitigated sorrow department.” Chemists have been embarrassed in their pursuits by inability to determine the colors of their precipitates, and a geologist has been known to take a person with him whilst examining a red sandstone district, to point out in the distance where the herbage ended and the red rock appeared. We remember a question of title arising with regard to some property described on a plan, and stated in the deeds to be colored red. But there was a fine long slip of ground which

* Color is numbered twenty-six in Spurzheim’s system.

manifestly exhibited the same tint, though judging from certain extrinsic evidence it ought to have been painted green. Had not the parties concerned been amicably disposed, the mistake of a color-blind clerk might thus have given rise to a superb amount of litigation. Imagine, too, a young painter madly in love, endeavoring to portray the idol of his heart. What would be her consternation on discovering that her soft blue eyes were a flaming red; that her nose was of the greenest tint, and that her locks hung in rich purple ringlets upon a neck of spotless drab?

There is one very serious form, however, in which color-blindness might be productive of disastrous results. You are traveling by railway; you observe in the distance a man waving a flag. If that flag is red it indicates danger; if green, it simply denotes caution. By night the same purpose is answered by the employment of lamps of corresponding hue. The train goes rushing on. There happens to be some obstruction in the road. Then follows a crash; and in an instant scores of men who, but a moment before, were full of life and perfect of limb, lie mangled beneath the shattered vehicles. How is this? The person whose duty it was to hoist the signal of danger is color-blind, and has seized the wrong flag, or the driver, whose business it was to interpret it, is dead to the difference between red and green. It may be true that catastrophes clearly traceable to this cause may never have occurred on our iron highways; but considering that red and green are the hues which are most frequently confounded in color-blindness—that red is especially treacherous during twilight because it soonest disappears—and that until recently signal-men were never subjected to any practical examination to test the integrity of their vision, we may well shudder at the thought that our lives have repeatedly been staked upon the chance-sufficiency of an official's sight.

There are three or four points connected with color-blindness which we can barely note. First, it is frequently hereditary in families. A Dr. Earle, of the United States, ascertained that amongst his own relatives there were at least twenty individuals who suffered from this oddity of vision. Secondly, ladies are said to be comparatively exempt. Professor Wilson states that in his researches he never heard of more than six feminine instances of color-blindness in this country, and of these he only succeeded in capturing a single decided specimen. Cases however have turned up which show that the men do not bear the exclusive burden, as all polite individuals would doubtless wish the sex to do. Thirdly, it has been alleged that the number of color-blind persons amongst the Society of Friends is inordinately large, and an attempt has been made to explain this inference upon philosophical grounds, for it has been said that the practice of wearing apparel from which all gay tints are excluded, must ultimately tell upon the eye, and in the course of several generations the consequences will mount up until they appear as a decided physical imperfection. Unfortunately for this theory Quakers are not always looking at their clothes, nor are they shut out from the varied hues of nature and art, nor does their defect bear any distinct relationship, complimentary or otherwise, to the prevalent drab of their denomination. The fact that Dalton was a member of their persuasion, and that consequently minuter researches may have been instituted amongst the body, will explain why they have furnished so large a contingent of patients. Lastly, it has been calculated that one individual in every fifty is decidedly color-blind, and taking milder cases into account, it is conjectured that one in every twenty may be more or less affected.

MR. JOBARD, of Brussels, has invented an artificial statuary marble, which is to be prepared for sculpture in a liquid state, and can be molded with the plaster figure. It is said to be pure and spotless as Carrara; transparent, polished, and hard as the real substance taken from the quarry.

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MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT performed at a miscellaneous concert, in Dublin, on Monday evening. The *Freeman's Journal* says that the appearance of the fair singer created quite a scene, all the vast assemblage seeming to bend forward whilst peal after peal of welcome greeted her.

From the National Review.

THE TENERIFFE ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON observes in his *Optics*, "that, as telescopes can not be so formed as to take away that confusion of rays which arises from the tremors of the atmosphere, the only remedy is a most serene and quiet air, such as may perhaps be found on the tops of the highest mountains, above the grosser clouds." The second edition of the *Optics*, in which this suggestion first occurs, was published in the year 1718. In 1852 Mr. Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer Royal for Scotland, submitted to the Board of Visitors of the Edinburgh Observatory a scheme for carrying out Newton's suggestion by a summer expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe. On the second of May, 1856, Sir Charles Wood, then First Lord of the Admiralty, consented, on behalf of the Government, to the proposed experiment, and notified to Mr. Smyth that for this purpose the Treasury would place five hundred pounds at his disposal. On the fourteenth of July Mr. Smyth had commenced his work, on the rim of the great crater, at an elevation of eight thousand nine hundred and three feet above the level of the sea. On the twentieth of August he transferred his observatory to a loftier position, at a height of ten thousand seven hundred and two feet, on the central cone itself—the renowned Peak; whence he was driven down by the weather on the nineteenth of September.

These dates show how long a valuable suggestion may be in fructifying. They may also enable those of our readers who will bear them in mind while perusing the following pages to form some estimate of the astonishing amount and variety of work which a properly qualified and zealous observer may accomplish in a few weeks on such a station. Indeed, Mr. Smyth spent his two months on the Peak

so profitably, as almost to atone, on behalf of his countrymen, for their having, for nearly a century and a half, treated with such unaccountable neglect the proposal of a great philosopher, upon whose fame their intellectual rank among civilized nations so largely rests.

We have now before us that part of Mr. Smyth's Official Report which has just been issued from the press, together with a popular narrative of the expedition he published last year. As we have now used the word "expedition," we must at once inform our readers, that in this case it means Mr. Smyth alone; for throughout he had no assistance, excepting that of his brave, enduring, and not unlearned wife: this we collect from the pages of the popular narrative just mentioned. The part of the Report now published contains only three of the ten books of the entire manuscript. In these three we have the astronomical, the physical and meteorological, and the botanical results of the expedition. The first six, still unpublished, comprise the journals of the work done in the different departments of observation. The tenth is composed of seventy-four photographic illustrations of the geology and botany of the mountain. Really we are bewildered at the variety of objects to which Mr. Smyth's attention was unremittingly directed, and of the scientific instruments by the aid of which his observations were made. We find him noting the phenomena of light, heat, radiation, wind, magnetism, clouds, and rain, and collecting geological and botanical facts as carefully and scientifically as he observes the heavenly bodies themselves. Nothing worth noting in the heaven above, and on or within the mountain beneath, was forgotten. Such an amount of valuable facts was, we believe, never before amassed in so short a space of time by a single observer.

And here we must request our readers to bear in mind, that this expedition, though called an astronomical one, was,

* *Report of the Teneriffe Astronomical Experiment of 1856, addressed to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London and Edinburgh, 1859. Teneriffe; an Astronomer's Experiment. 8vo. London, 1858.*

however, undertaken for astronomical purposes of so novel a description, that many other matters than astronomy *pur et simple* necessarily engaged our observer's attention; while not one of the appliances for observing could be supplied by the locality itself. On the contrary, not only had every instrument to be taken out from this country, and carried up the mountain, but an observatory also to receive them had to be built by the astronomer himself after his ascent, and at a height where no materials for building could be found, excepting an abundance of loose stones; and it was requisite that this structure should be not merely wind and water-proof to a certain extent, but also such as would admit of the proper employment of a variety of scientific instruments. Now here, at home, with all the advantages of architects and skilled workmen, and in close proximity to our largest cities, the mere erection of the walls of an observatory, in the building of which many precautions must be taken, is generally a work of some years, and the correct establishment of the instruments a work of as many more. We find Mr. Smyth, however, without any assistance, excepting that of a native servant and two British tars, who had accompanied him up the mountain, constructing in a few days, we may almost say in a few hours, sufficient shelter for himself, and a *locus standi et operandi* for his instruments, out of the loose stones already mentioned, together with some canvas and a few planks that had been providentially brought up at the time of the ascent. We notice this, not merely as an instance of considerable mechanical resource on the part of our astronomer combined with a thorough knowledge of the requirements of his instruments, but rather for the purpose of reminding those of our readers who may have become familiar with the orderly, but perhaps at times somewhat ponderous, reports of our long-established and thoroughly-furnished home institutions, that they must not be displeased at finding a great deal more variety, and not quite so much minuteness, under every head in the Report of a summer astronomical expedition to a previously uninvestigated and even uninhabited region, two thousand miles away in a tropical sea.

In fact, as was anticipated by Mr. Smyth's brother Astronomer Royal at

Greenwich, in a letter prefixed to the Report, the object of the expedition was not so much to observe with the hope of discovering, in so short a space of time, any new celestial phenomena, as of determining the physical qualities of the place of observation, and of ascertaining for what scientific purposes it was adapted, and what might be probably discovered hereafter, if, in consequence of what Mr. Smyth might report, it were thought desirable to erect a regular observatory on the spot. Of course the physical qualities were mostly meteorological. And as it was generally believed among scientific men, up to the very time when the experiment was tried, that the mountain-top would be found always enveloped in mist, drenched with rain, and swept with wind, and that, therefore, to go to such a place, for astronomical purposes would be only a waste of money and time, a very considerable part of our observer's attention was most properly, and indeed necessarily, devoted to ascertaining the meteorology of the site. It was a good augury of success that the first day upon the mountain presented a transcendently pure and clear sky, and so was directly at variance with the confident predictions of exuberant moisture. But was this sky of the first day the rule or the exception? It was found to be the rule. The desponding prophets would, however, have desponded still, supported by the general, but hitherto indiscriminate, experience of the atmospheric conditions of mountain-tops, had not Mr. Smyth, by a well-sustained series of careful observations, so thoroughly investigated the point as to be able to explain why that particular mountain is enveloped differently to most others.

This is a good instance of the way in which scientific questions, like the rings which spread over the surface of a lake into which a pebble has been cast, expand and multiply around any object of inquiry, however narrowly defined at starting. And thus it came to pass in this so-called astronomical expedition, that not only were there made uninterrupted series of observations of the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and other usual meteorological instruments, both at the top and bottom of the mountain, during the whole period of Mr. Smyth's sojourn on the island, but that much attention was also paid to the cumulative evidence as to

climate to be gathered from noting the various features of the vegetation found at different heights, and from the phenomena of physical geography. Nor was there any cessation from these labors until sufficient data had been collected to demonstrate that, for six months at least out of the twelve, there would always be found on the upper parts of the Peak perfect immunity from cloud and moisture, associated with moderate breezes and pleasant temperature.

But even to have ascertained all this was not enough. Every astronomer knows to his cost, that to insure the best performance of his telescopes, not only must there be an absence of actual cloud, but, furthermore, a certain rarely-obtained quiescent state of the whole atmosphere, for in this alone is good definition with high magnifying powers possible; and so extremely seldom are the conditions essential for this state of the air to be found at the sea-level, that Lord Rosse assures us that whole years have passed away without affording him, among an abundance of clear nights, one of such accurate defining quality as to enable him to use the higher magnifying powers of his great reflecting telescope to any advantage. And as this is a difficulty which continually increases with the size and excellence of the telescopes employed, its solution is becoming more important every day. Now with respect to the attempt made to resolve it on the Peak of Teneriffe, no testimony would have been accepted by the astronomical public as convincing unless procured by the actual use of an optic tube of very high caliber. This testimony our observer was enabled to supply from the recorded performance on the Peak of one of the most valuable equatorial instruments now in this country, (about which we shall have a word or two more to say before we conclude.) He thus succeeded in having satisfactorily ascertained the triple fact, of incalculable importance to practical astronomy, that on such a station the skies are often freer from haze, the stars always decidedly brighter, and the definition very much better, than near the level of the sea. Here we confine ourselves to the general results; but in the Report the statement of the circumstances connected with the numerical degree to which each of these advantages was obtained occupies considerable space.

We might now proceed to describe

some of the physical observations which were made simultaneously with those we have just mentioned—such as the observations connected with the radiation of the sun, the heat of the moon—a long-disputed point at last satisfactorily settled—the black lines on the spectrum under varied optical conditions—all interesting in themselves, and possessing unusual importance from having been made at such a height in the atmosphere, that nearly a third part of its ordinary disturbing effects were practically eliminated; but we deem it better to leave these matters as they present themselves to us in the Report, bristling with hard numbers arrayed in uninviting columns and tables, and pass on to a subject much more generally attractive and intelligible—the use that was made during the expedition of photography and of the stereoscope.

This method of illustration has such great and obvious advantages, that by adopting it, and in such a manner as to demonstrate both its advantages and its practicability, Mr. Smyth has laid the general public, as well as men of science, under a very great obligation. At all events, should it become universal, as we can not but think that it must, to him will belong the far from inconsiderable merit of having been the first to have had recourse to it. Of the seventy-four stereoscopic photographs appended to the Report, the twenty most generally interesting may also be found in our author's *Teneriffe*, accompanied, in a pocket formed in the cover of the volume, by a portable folding stereoscope, adapted to the photographs inserted in the work itself. In these illustrations the greatest gain is not the artistic attainment of solidity and distance, but the gratification of our instinctive longing for exact truth. We here see each object, not as a more or less clever sketcher might have been able to present it to us, or as he fancied that he saw it, but precisely as nature herself would have presented it to our own eyes. These stereoscopic photographs of Mr. Smyth produce in us quite a new sensation: we feel as if we were ourselves the actual observers of the plants, and of the forms and structure of the rocks of the Peak. With a good magnifier, or with our eyes applied to the stereoscope, we feel as sure of our facts and inferences as we should were the objects themselves before us. The advantages of this are so

unquestionable, and the feelings which accompany the perception of them so delightful, that we would vain hope that the day is not distant when the public will demand the adoption of this mode of illustration by every traveler who would have them purchase his work, and when, consequently, no publisher will entertain the question of offering to the public books of travel otherwise illustrated.

The portraits of the great Dragon-tree of Orotava—the subject of some of Mr. Smyth's photographs—exemplify in an amusing and instructive manner the scientific value of this application of the art of sun-painting. We must premise, however, that the interest which attaches to this celebrated tree is mainly due to the fact, that Humboldt, misled by a hasty view of its bulk, inferred that it must have commenced its vegetative career six thousand years ago; and then proceeded to deduce from this inference the existence at that remote date of commercial intercourse between the Guanches, or their unknown predecessors, and the contemporaneous occupants of the Indian peninsula; thus overturning, by the unexpected leverage of botanical evidence, the whole system of received chronology, and calling upon history to admit the unique and unaccountable fact of a highly-developed state of civilization having died out, without leaving the trace of a record excepting the strange one of the existence of a single tree; for when these islands were discovered, or rediscovered, in the fourteenth century, their simple inhabitants were even unacquainted with the use of iron. As might, then, have been expected, we have many portraits of a tree which thus became invested with so much historical, or even pre-historical, interest. One of the most recent of these is to be found in Professor MacGillivray's *Epitome of Humboldt's Travels*. It will be necessary for our purpose to point out some of the errors this contains. In the first place, it represents the tree as having a solid trunk, while, in fact, it has lost its true trunk, which died and rotted away ages ago; that which now supplies the place of the true trunk being a rough imperfect cylinder, composed of aerial and partially inosculating roots, which in the fashion of the Indian fig, support the numerous family of distinct though clustering plants which sprang from the crown of the old and long-since-perished stem.

The Professor next places on the summit of his solid trunk a large number of majestic branches: the Dragon-tree, however, as it belongs to the liliaceous order of plants, can have no true branches at all, but when young exhibits a single, almost palm-like, head of leaves, and when old, a congeries of these heads, each supported by a stem of nearly uniform thickness throughout. His imaginary branches he then clothes with a rich and abundant foliage, reminding us of that of our native elm; whereas the foliage of this Canarian vegetable giant consists of the long lanceolate leaves which constitute one of the features of the natural order to which it belongs. This particular specimen grows upon the rocky broken flank of the mountain, in such a position that its northern side is elevated five feet above its southern; but Mr. MacGillivray places it on the open level ground. He makes its height, if we measure it by the height of the man he represents as ascending a ladder applied to its trunk, a hundred and fifty feet; this, however, is more than double its actual height, which on the north side is sixty-six feet, and on the south fifty-one. Now here are serious misrepresentations, though perhaps almost as unavoidable as serious, in every one of the main features of this famous tree. Mr. MacGillivray fell into them by endeavoring to copy the portrait he found in Humboldt's *Atlas Pittoresque*; and in so doing, just as might have been expected—for, as was said of old, while truth is single and difficult of attainment, error is multi-form and correspondingly easy—deviated from the small degree of truth contained in Humboldt: while the greatest of travelers had himself erred, but only in a less degree, from the same cause; for he had taken his portrait, not from the tree itself, but second-hand from the sketch of M. Ozone, the artist who accompanied the Chevalier de Borda to Teneriffe towards the close of the last century.

Here is a good instance of the way in which, under the only method of illustration hitherto possible, misrepresentations originated and were perpetuated, being magnified at every step. Mr. Smyth, in order to make this progression of error palpable to the eye, has supplied us with a photograph of the tree itself, accompanied by photographs of Ozone's, Humboldt's, and MacGillivray's portraits of it, appending to them the comment, "that the tree

in each succeeding copy rises to a greater height than before; its foliage becomes more abundant, and conformable to European types; its trunk more ligneous and solid, and the ground round about more flat and open. A mere bit of gardener's scaffolding that supports a bending branch, and that has nine cross bars to permit vines to clamber up, is transformed by Ozone into a ladder with fourteen rounds, increased to twenty eight by Humboldt, and to thirty-two by MacGillivray; each of them all the while professing to give a faithful reproduction of his predecessor's picture."

Humboldt, who, in his *Aspects of Nature*, was the first to record the wish for a portrait gallery of trees, in which the physiognomy of each species might be accurately represented, ought to have been the first to welcome Mr. Smyth's application of photography to this purpose, certainly the only means by which such a gallery can ever be obtained. It is, however, odd enough that one of the illustrations of his own great work should accidentally have supplied the foil for setting forth the superiority of the new method. Many of the visitors to the late Photographic Exhibition in Suffolk Street must have had their attention arrested by a group of Palmyra palms from Madras, and three groups (in separate pictures) of cedars, cypresses,* and other noble trees from the grounds of Stutton Rectory on the river Stour. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and the interest of such pictures as these; they enable us to study at our leisure, not merely what no human hand could ever have executed for us, but literally what, in its intricacy, minuteness, and multiplicity of parts and lines, no human eye could ever have made out.

And here we can not forbear noticing the very opportune and appropriate confirmation of what we have been saying on this subject, supplied by a work of very great merit that has just issued from the

press of Berlin—we mean, Dr. Herman Schacht's recent volume on the Botany of Madeira and Teneriffe.* Its accomplished author is one of the most scientific botanists of the present day, and combines with great skill as a draughtsman very considerable attainments as a painter and artist; and the very object of his mission was to draw up from observation on the spot as accurate a description as possible of the plants of those islands. His work, like Mr. Smyth's, is illustrated; but, fortunately for the cause of science—because it thus furnishes us with a demonstration of the superiority of the new method—not like Mr. Smyth's, photographically. We must therefore beg our readers' permission to take them back once more to our now familiar friend the great Dragon-tree; for of course the learned doctor could not but give us, in a botanical work on Teneriffe, a portrait of so celebrated a plant; to have done otherwise would have been to have played *Hamlet* with *Hamlet's* part omitted. His portrait is an original one—original, however, we find only in the sense that it is not copied from a preceding one; for the errors with which it abounds are of the old, we may almost say stereotyped, character, and such as we shall never be rescued from until the photographic camera is used for illustrative purposes. As we look at his representation of the tree by the side of Mr. Smyth's photographs, we see at a glance that the mind of the artist was preoccupied with the types of European vegetation, and the forms of those hot-house exotics he had been accustomed to study in the Berlin Botanical Gardens, and that it is to the portraiture of these that his hand has been trained. The impression it leaves on the mind—for we can not again go into particulars—is, that it exhibits an exemplification of learning misapplied: or, to express ourselves more in conformity with our present object, that it is an instance of how impossible it is, even for an excellent botanist and skillful draughtsman, to do justice to the characteristics of a peculiar and unfamiliar plant without the aid of photography.

No spot upon the globe could have been more replete with interest to the student of nature than proved to be the

* The late Mr. London, in his *Arboretum Britannicum* (vol. iv. p. 2475, ed. 1838) gives the comparative measurement of the most celebrated English cypresses, from which it appears that one of these at Stutton is the tallest tree of its kind in this country. Twenty years ago he found that it was sixty-three feet in height, while the loftiest at Sion and Fulham were only fifty-two and fifty feet respectively. It is still in vigorous health. The Kenton cypress is its nearest competitor.

* *Madeira und Teneriffe, mit ihrer Vegetation.* Dr. HERMAN SCHACHT. Berlin, 1859.

Peak of Teneriffe on the short but searching examination it underwent on this occasion. No where else, we believe, could such an important variety of phenomena have been submitted to the eye and hand within such narrow limits of space and time. Wafted in a few days from our northern gloom by a voyage the whole length of which was in the direction of latitude, our observer was at once placed at midday under a sun almost vertical, and at night under a sky where the southern constellations rose high in the heavens, and where the ecliptic cut the horizon at so steep an angle that the zodiacal light, rarely seen either eastward or westward in this country, was visible in both directions morning and evening. And this, too, in the trade-wind region, where the weather, the symbol with us of inconstancy and change, is so regular and methodical as to encourage in the observer a hope of his being enabled to solve some of those meteorological problems which elsewhere, in the present state of our knowledge, appear so complicated, that the only feeling suggested by them is that of despair. Above all these was the wondrous Peak itself, rising up from the very beach, and hinting by its magnificently simple figure, without valleys or continuous ridge, that upon its sides many of the causes of the elsewhere confusing interaction of meteorological phenomena would be eliminated; and offering at the same time, for astronomical purposes, a more than Babylonian tower, by which, though heaven could not be scaled, yet the clouds might be easily reached and passed in a few hours; and where the observer, leaving the clouds far below him, might ascend till he had penetrated the north-east trade-wind stratum, and entered the sublime aerial region of the south-west current, always at that altitude hurrying from the equator, and carrying with it, to support the animal and vegetable life of Europe, the moisture which it had collected in its transit over the vast expanse of ocean in the southern hemisphere; and together with this invaluable stratum of moisture, upon which the existence of the highest development of civilization so largely depends, bringing another stratum composed of the marvelous dust clouds gathered up by it in its progress over the continent of South-America.

These thin sheets of rarefied dust-haze

were found to float about a mile above the heavy vapor-clouds of the trade-winds, and nearly on the level of the station occupied by Mr. Smyth for two months. Most unusual opportunities, therefore, were presented to him for observing their habitudes. He frequently found their horizontal density so great as to obscure the sun setting in the distant ocean. Some of their particles which he brought home for microscopic examination proved, in confirmation of the startling discoveries of Ehrenberg and Maury with respect to the same material, to be atoms of sand. In color they were generally of an ochry yellow, a few only being of a bright red, with here and there an occasional fragment of green. The form of almost all the particles was that of quartz rocks in miniature. Having thus found clouds of disintegrated rock crossing the broad Atlantic, we shall cease to wonder at the accounts which the *Times*' special correspondent sent home last autumn of the dense and terribly annoying dust-clouds of the plains of Hindostan.

We refer our readers to the Report itself for fuller particulars of these and other phenomena chronicled in it—of what may be called elemental activity, or, the expression may not be too strong, of the life of nature. They will be found not more instructive with regard to terrestrial climate, than important as contributing to a better understanding of the physical conditions of the other members of our planetary brotherhood. As an instance of their value in the latter respect, we may adduce the thought which flashed on our astronomer's mind while observing, high up the flanks of the culminating cone, that the clouds which he beheld at the moment passing in orderly strife along the disk of the planet Jupiter were identical in nature and origin with the trade-wind cloud-stratum then beneath his feet. We can sympathize with the enthusiastic feeling which prompts him to speak of this happy thought as a revelation. Two excellent illustrations of these Jovian clouds will be found in the Report.

And, furthermore, the rich flora of the mountain, some of the specimens of which are possessed of very striking peculiarities, was most favorably disposed for observation; and, too, in such a manner as readily to suggest some valuable botanical generalizations. For instance, the particulars of the problem of the distribution

of plants in respect of latitude and height were here presented in a form so singularly simplified, that the exact limits of the habitat of different species were sometimes determined within a few feet. And this fact of what may be called the normal law of distribution, being here conjoined to excessively diversified meteorological conditions—arising from the position of the several localities above or below the cloud, in the stratum of the upper south-west, or in that of the lower north-east wind, which superinduced modifications of light and moisture, in addition to those of heat and elevation—resulted in exemplifying the flora of half the world within the compass of a day's walk, arranged in almost as orderly a manner as specimens in a museum. We are not, therefore, surprised at finding Mr. Smyth, with his botanical scale of distribution, thus tabulated and modified by nature's own hand, spread out before him, arriving at some new conclusions with respect to the manner in which the zones of plants are arranged in relation to distance from the equator, and height above the sea; and insisting on the necessity, in questions of this kind, of attending, more than has hitherto been done, to the amount of radiation, and to the hygrometrical conditions of each locality. He calls attention to the way in which these influences, in exact proportion to their amount—and radiation at all events appeared to culminate on the Peak—modify the types of plants, and invest them with peculiar corresponding characteristics. This is a fact it is important we should not lose sight of, inasmuch as our hot-house cultivation is incapable of supplying these natural conditions to any effective extent. The palms, tree-ferns, and bamboos of the East and West-Indies our gardeners manage, and it is a great triumph of their skill, to keep alive; but the euphorbias of the lower, and the retamas of the highest zone of Teneriffe, require a climatic temperament which art is quite incapable of supplying. The botanical student, therefore, who may be desirous of appreciating these interesting and instructive plants, will find himself obliged to visit the island itself, where the soil is daily bathed with inconceivable floods of light, poured down in surpassing splendor from a sun that, as the rule, blazes ever high in a heaven undimmed by cloud or moisture.

But though the strange and, we may say, antique beauty of many of these Teneriffan plants is what first attracts the attention of the traveler, recalling to his thoughts, if he have some knowledge of scientific botany, the forms of the vegetation which clothed the earth during some of the earlier preadamite epochs, still the geology of the island must ever with the investigator of nature constitute its chief interest; for here is to be studied a volcano as high as Vesuvius would be were it lifted up to four times its present altitude, and exhibiting, together with a crater eight miles in diameter, that is to say, twenty times as large as the Somma of Vesuvius, two hundred square miles of first-class volcanic eruptions and disturbance. And these, though for the most part the product of physical events that occurred countless ages ago, yet from having been elevated into that surprisingly arid stratum of air, now ascertained to prevail between the north-east clouds at four thousand feet of altitude, and the south-west clouds at fifteen thousand feet, have lost nothing of their original sharpness of fracture and distinctness of feature, but continue on, millennium after millennium, setting forth the same lessons to man of the ways and methods of nature's proceedings, and of the constitution and history of this our terrestrial abode.

And here we would ask, by the way, what attention has been paid to these lessons? What attempts have been made to decipher the teaching of this giant among volcanoes? We fear that, if it could make itself heard, it would complain that the important evidence it is capable of furnishing had been too much neglected. Great allowance, of course, must be made for the facts that Teneriffe does not lie in the route of fashionable travel, and that the poor Guanches occupy no place in the stirring records of classical antiquity, and have left in the pages of modern history little trace of themselves beyond a name. The result, however—and to us it appears not a little suggestive—is, that the few who have studied on the spot the phenomena of this great Canarian mountain, seem to agree in holding one theory of volcanic action; while the many who have not qualified themselves for forming an opinion on the subject by actual inspection, entertain another and very different theory. And we can not here refrain from expressing some disappoint-

ment at not yet having seen any published account of Sir Charles Lyell's visit to the Canary Islands, which he undertook now some four years ago for the very purpose of studying its system of volcanoes. The geological public, from their long experience of the high degree in which he combines the faculty of accurate observation with habits of unbiased and intrepid reasoning, have become impatient to hear what he must have to say on this disputed subject.

We have no intention of here dragging our readers into a discussion of the great geological controversy between "elevation-craters" on the one side, and "eruption-craters" on the other. Have the former any existence? or are volcanoes to be classed, some under one head, and some under the other? or, if we might ourselves suggest a third alternative, would not that be found the truest theory which combined the two opposing ones? There can be no doubt but that all mountains, and mountain ranges, are more or less the result of an internal "elevation-force;" why, then, should volcanoes, where this force must exist in great activity, form conspicuous exceptions to the general rule; while on the other side, volcanoes are, *ex vi termini*, instances of eruptive force? The natural conclusion, therefore, appears to be, that, generally speaking, these two forces will be found to have acted conjointly in the production of mountains of this kind. Thus mountain masses may, in the first stages of their growth, have been raised by this force before it became eruptive, and then have received additions both in height and lateral extension from subsequent eruptions, which in such cases would be the simple *dénouement* of a struggle in which the "elevation-force," after having achieved more or less, had at last become irrepressible. To this must be appended the corollary, that when the eruption has taken place a varying amount of crater-forming subsidence will ensue, consequent on the cooling down, and therefore on the contraction, of the internal mass, which will have been reduced both in solid bulk by the erupted matter, and also, but in a far greater degree, by the collapse of the remaining internal mass, which, when heated, was enormously distended by vast volumes of imprisoned gasiform matter. But passing by this great geological moot-point, championed by Hum-

boldt, Von Bach, and our author on the one side, and by Scrope and Jukes, with their retainers, on the other, we will content ourselves with referring our readers to the pages of Mr. Smyth's report, and to his popular narrative of the expedition, in which they will find a great deal said upon the subject, and all the facts which, in the present state of our knowledge, the mountain could be made to yield, stated freely and fairly.

We have endeavored, in as few words as possible, to make our readers acquainted with the results of the Teneriffe astronomical experiment. The sciences of meteorology, botany, and geology, as well as that of astronomy, have unexpectedly been laid under considerable obligations. And now we may be allowed a word or two about the moral of this history. It is simply this, that those of our public authorities upon whom we have devolved the responsibility of commanding, or at all events, of recommending, undertakings of this kind, ought to make further trial of means for advancing science which, even in this necessarily imperfect essay, have proved so extraordinarily fertile. We do not at all mean that another astronomical expedition—a mere repetition of the late one—should be again sent out to Teneriffe, but rather, as far as astronomy is concerned, what we should wish to see attempted would be the "mobilization" of one of our many stationery observers. To confine ourselves for the moment to this, the premier architectonic science. We have nearly a dozen fixed observatories, belonging to the Government or to public bodies, but not one that is movable. Hence the very unsatisfactory result, that of all the great cosmical phenomena with which this science concerns itself as its subject-matter, only those which manifest themselves within the narrow region of our fixed observatories will be well observed: whatever may show itself in some other part of the world will probably pass by, if we may borrow the word, unimproved.

It can hardly be supposed that the expense to the country of such expeditions would form any bar to their being undertaken. A few hundreds for a year or two, occasionally, would not cost more than the addition of a single captain to the British army or navy. And when we think of the tens of millions that are swallowed up every year for the unfor-

tunately necessary purposes of war, we must acknowledge, but without in the least degree grudging our gallant services any thing they get, or wishing to see them reduced by the amount of a single man, that it seems to us very false economy not to do something of the kind we are speaking of for science, now that it has become the most productive of all sources of national wealth. While millions are being freely dispensed on every side, we ask for a dole that in Treasury calculations would be quite inappreciable for objects acknowledged by all to be good, and, in these days of scientifically organized industry, in the highest degree remunerative; and which, as the late experiment has demonstrated, may be much advanced by the means we are recommending. Or why should we not do for science what we are doing for art? Very properly, we have no hesitation in granting to the Keeper of our National Gallery a good salary—it would be invidious to say how many times as great as that of our Astronomer Royal—together with, which is also very proper, sufficient means for traveling on the Continent from city to city, with subordinates to aid him, while engaged in the purchase of pictures. No one would say a word against the object here in view, or the liberal manner in which it is carried out. Art has an educational, economical, and humanizing value; and we do well to promote it by the best means in our power. But why not accord to science for the same purpose some assistance of the same kind? It manifestly stands in no less need of it. Is not the advancement of science as much a national concern as the advancement of art? Who can calculate how much science has contributed both to the social progress and to the material enrichment of this country? And it is in our power, at the occasional cost of not so much as a moiety of what is frequently given for a single picture, to send to any part of the world, where any thing is to be learnt or investigated, some able man of science, who will bring back to us valuable and serviceable knowledge of the works, the productions, and the processes of nature.

It must ever be borne in mind, that in this respect the requirements of the natural philosopher and the man of science are wide as the poles apart from those of the pure mathematician or metaphysician. The only instruments these have need of

are their own unaided faculties. All the matter, too, of their observation is within themselves, or, at furthest, on their shelves. So also is it in a great degree with the philologist, the investigators of the different fields of history, and generally with all literary men. There is nothing in their pursuits which makes travel a necessity. Stationary professorships, therefore, offer the most appropriate method for both promoting and rewarding all these studies. These kinds of philosophers may reside permanently, with advantage to themselves and others, either in the metropolis, where books and literary society abound, or amid the academic groves of the Isis and the Cam. But in the case of the natural philosopher much of this is reversed, or, at all events, a new want has to be supplied. No amount of reflective thought, or of literary investigation, ever led to the discovery of a single fact in natural science. To think otherwise would be to adopt the scholastic method of philosophizing, and to hope to evoke the knowledge of new facts, by logical legerdemain, out of what was already known: as if deduction could yield up a wider and more fruitful array of facts than had contributed to the antecedent induction, and of facts differing from them, too, in kind. In natural philosophy the very principle of progress is the Baconian practice of observing and collecting facts, as they present themselves, some here and some there, in the wide field of nature; and in proportion as the facts are well observed, and collected from wider ranges and under more varied circumstances, will our interpretations of nature be true and profitable. If, then, we persist in keeping our men of science, foremost among whom are our astronomers royal, forever anchored to particular buildings, in the neighborhood of our largest and smokiest cities—where, moreover, independent observers will always be found in the greatest number—many important phenomena will be unobserved, and for many others we shall be obliged to depend upon the meager and inaccurate accounts of casual travelers.

The day has gone by for the scientific, or rather quasi-scientific, expedition under a naval captain commanding two ships, and perhaps a thousand men. The world is now open to the single explorer. What is required is, that the Government should listen to the general voice of the scientific

world as to what may from time to time be undertaken with reasonable prospect of advantage, and as to the fittest person for each particular undertaking. If this were done, mistakes either in the objects sought, or in the persons employed, would be rare. Of course, no one would expect, or wish to see, expeditions of this kind becoming matters of yearly occurrence. The saving would amount almost to the whole cost of the old naval expedition for scientific purposes, with the exception of the salary of the naturalist usually attached to it. Every one will understand that these observations have no bearing upon naval expeditions undertaken for nautical, as, for instance, for hydrographical, purposes: what we wish to show is, that the contributions which they may make to science, in the higher and more accurate sense of the word, will for the most part be fragmentary and unsatisfactory; and that we now have within reach a far more promising method of proceeding. Much will be gained by making the scientific investigator his own commanding officer; for being able and zealous — it is such only that we desire to see employed — he will take care, both for the sake of the science to which he is devoted and for his own credit, amply to repay the public assistance that has been accorded him, by the contributions he makes to our enlarged and more profitable knowledge of nature.

If we were ourselves called on to point out something of the kind of which we have been speaking that might be attempted at the present moment, we should suggest that there is just now a very promising opening for sending an enterprising scientific botanist — some worthy successor of Kaempfer and Thunberg — to investigate and report upon the vegetable productions of the Japanese empire. The glimpses we have had of them, really we have not yet had more, have been such as in a high degree to stimulate our curiosity and hope. Here is an extraordinarily dense and ingenious population, possessed of a very ancient civilization, and which for ages been making the most of whatever nature, in the original distribution of her gifts, apportioned especially to them; and also, we must remember, living and working under climatic conditions not very dissimilar to our own. It may, therefore, we think, be assumed as a certainty — for in

this case we really ought not to speak of a probability — that such an investigation would lead to the discovery of some valuable timber-tree, as serviceable as the *Cryptomeria* or *Wellingtonia* is likely to become; some grain or seed useful for man or beast, some kind of grass, or some esculent vegetable, which would in a few years repay a thousand-fold the insignificant grant of public money that would be required. And over and above these utilitarian results, the investigation of a flora possessed of such marked peculiarities as that of Japan could not fail to yield much valuable knowledge to the purely scientific botanist. We can only regard with mingled astonishment and regret the habitual inadvertency of our public men to considerations of this kind.

We must not omit to place these considerations in connection with the question of education, upon which they have a very important bearing, particularly when regarded from a House-of-Commons point of view, as an object for which public money is granted, and with respect to which, therefore, we ought to see distinctly what it is that we are aiming at, and in what ways it may be most readily and surely attained. A great deal has been said of late years, as much in Parliament as elsewhere, about the advantages which might be expected to result from a larger admixture of physical knowledge with the instruction at present given in our schools. This innovation is advocated with reference as well to our lower as our highest places of education. We do not here express any opinion of our own as to how far the proposed change may be carried with reasonable prospect of advantage; we are only certain that the tendency of opinion is in favor of some attempt of the kind being made. By the side of this we must place the fact, that for the current year eight hundred and thirty thousand pounds of public money has been voted in aid of our common day-schools. This grant has rapidly grown to its present magnitude from the small beginning of twenty thousand pounds allotted to education in 1833, at which figures, however, it remained till 1838. In twenty-one years, therefore, it has increased by eight hundred and ten thousand pounds, or more than four thousand per cent; and is still increasing so rapidly, there appearing to be a disposition in the House to grant almost any sum that may be asked for on

behalf of national education, that our liberality in this department of public expenditure is becoming, as Mr. Gladstone has frequently warned us, somewhat alarming: at all events, it has of late been unstinted, and even lavish, and will probably continue to be of this character. Our case, then, stands as follows: the public require that increased attention should be paid in our schools to physical knowledge, and are pretty unanimously in favor of an annual grant for their support and improvement, of such an amount that a few years back we should have stood aghast at the bare mention of it; shall we not, then, be guilty of an unwise piece of inconsistency, if we refrain from giving what would be a mere drop in our educational grant, and might be saved easily out of almost any one of its items, for the purpose of extending the domain of physical science? For an additional cost that would be quite unfelt, we might obtain additional knowledge that would frequently be beyond price. We can hardly be said rightly to understand the value of knowledge, or to be truly desirous of communicating it, so long as we neglect the surest method of enlarging and perfecting it; a method which has now been tried, and found most fruitful.

There are two classes of persons, fairly entitled to some little consideration in this matter, who would be very great gainers by the occasional mission of men of known attainments and zeal, botanists, geologists, physicists, and naturalists, to interrogate and study nature in some of the many promising though as yet uninvestigated, or insufficiently investigated, because distant, fields of observation. First, there would be that very numerous class who are desirous of knowing what is known, but are hindered by the circumstances of their lives from ever becoming themselves the architects of science. We may be sure that these home-students of nature will think the results of Mr. Smyth's astronomical expedition to Teneriffe well worth the five hundred pounds it cost the country, and that they will be of the same opinion with respect to the results of every future expedition of the kind that might be judiciously undertaken. It would also be of advantage to the best and most useful class of travelers—those who go abroad with the view of carrying on their respective lines of scientific research amid the diversified circumstances and

opportunities which familiarity with different latitudes and longitudes, and with different heights above the sea level, can alone supply. As knowledge increases, and at the same time the class among us which by the favor of fortune is possessed of leisure becomes more numerous, so also will an increasing proportion of our travelers be of this description; and it is hardly possible but that the practice of sending out such expeditions as that of Mr. Smyth to Teneriffe should have the effect of giving some impulse, and better directed aims, to such traveling. The valuable and interesting reports brought home by properly qualified investigators, would show to those whom nature had endowed with any scientific instincts what might be done, and how to do it. This would infallibly increase the class of persons, possessed of native capacity for doing good service to science, who would thus be led on to seek laurels for themselves in the distant fields of research; or, if they were debarred from this, would contribute towards enabling others to investigate them.

In the Report before us there are some facts that we are glad to make generally known, from which we may fairly augur that the anticipation we have just expressed would not be disappointed. As soon as it was understood that the Treasury had enabled Mr. Smyth to carry out the Teneriffe experiment, offers of assistance began to flow in from many private quarters, exceeding in pecuniary value even the bounty of the public; while they possessed an especial value of their own, inasmuch as they gave a measure of the estimation in which scientific pursuits are held by our countrymen. Mr. Robert Stephenson, with a liberality and zeal for research worthy of the name he bears, placed at his disposal, for as long a time as the object he had in view might require, his yacht the *Titania*, a finely molded vessel of the new school, of one hundred and forty tons burden, and manned with a picked crew of sixteen able seamen. As our observer went out and returned in this vessel, Mr. Stephenson must have abandoned its use for the whole summer and autumn; or rather, as we have no doubt he feels, was glad to find that an opportunity had occurred for enabling him to employ it so well. Another of our working scientific men of the north, Mr. H. L. Pattinson, who at the

date of the expedition—we regret to hear that he has since died—was carrying on at Newcastle one of the largest chemical manufactories in the kingdom, prompted by the same desire for promoting science, requested Mr. Smyth to accept, for the purposes of the experiment, the loan of the equatorial instrument we have already had occasion to speak of as one of the most valuable ever constructed in this country; to be used, too, he was well aware, on a service where every thing was so untried, that no insurance company could be found to guarantee its value at any amount of premium paid for the greatest risks. We must here mention, that one of the many interesting passages in the narrative of the expedition is the account of the way in which our astronomer, by dividing this massive and stately instrument into its component parts, (a proceeding which, generally speaking, no one but the maker would have hazarded—Mr. Smyth, however, happened to be an excellent mechanic,) and by distributing them into seven convenient parcels for as many mules and packhorses, at last succeeded in carrying it to a height of more than two miles above the sea, and in putting it together again, so as to be able, night after night, to observe with it up to the full extent of its battery of magnifying powers, and in bringing it home, after all, without any serious hurt. Having particularized these two great instances of generous and valuable coöperation, we omit those of minor importance; Mr.

Smyth, however, very properly enumerates them all in his Report. And here we would add a reference, but merely a reference, to the evidence in confirmation of what we have been saying supplied by Dr. Joseph Hooker's botanical mission to the Himalaya; another, but the only other instance we can adduce of the kind of expedition we have been recommending. All who have read the two delightful volumes in which it is recorded, will remember that in its direct and collateral results it was as successful and encouraging as Mr. Smyth's. And not only did it issue in equal gains to science, but it also elicited similar assistance from private sources. What, then, we are desirous of seeing in this matter is, that public opinion should be awakened to the advantage of such undertakings. The government in that case would not be slow in according its necessary countenance and aid. The only difficulty would lie in the chance of unfit men being selected; but this is a difficulty which generally may be surmounted by the mere wish to guard against it; and it was completely escaped in the two instances before us. Zeal and knowledge already exist abundantly. Active sympathy will manifest itself wherever confidence can be felt. We have no misgivings as to the estimation in which the public will hold the results of such expeditions as Mr. Smyth's astronomical experiment on the Peak of Teneriffe, and Dr. Hooker's botanical investigation of the Himalaya.

THE Governor of Western Siberia sends a yearly list to St. Petersburg of all the convicts that have arrived. The last published return comes down to January 1, 1855, according to which the persons who reached Siberia in 1854 were 7530, of whom 5649 were men, 1134 women, and 747 children. The condition of exiles in Siberia has much improved within the last few years.

THE consumption of snails is steadily increasing in Paris. More than a million francs' worth of this exquisite, generous, and nutritious animal are brought to market during the year.

AN ascent of Mount Blanc has been made by a route hitherto supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Rev. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C. Hudson, and Messrs. W. Foster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides. This route is free from crevices, rocks, and any similar difficulties.

DURING the late thunder-storm an immense quantity of shells fell from the clouds upon the grass plots in the Library-square of Trinity College, Dublin.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOUNTAINEERING—THE ALPINE CLUB.*

THE sporting passion exists to a greater or less degree, in some shape or other, in the breast of every genuine British man. But the great discovery of the day is a species of sport to which its devotees have given the not unapt name of Mountaineering. This is connected with science so far that every description of a new ascent of a peak, or remark on some hitherto unvisited glacier, may be considered as a contribution, however humble, to the great and growing study of physical geography. It possesses the two great elements of hazard—namely, danger and uncertainty, in the perils to which climbers of high mountains are liable, and the uncertainty of an undiscovered way, the discovery of which is the prize sought for. As the old kinds of sport had their Jockey Club, Royal Yacht Club, Four-in-hand Club, etc., so is this new kind represented by its Alpine Club, the date of the foundation of which may be supposed to give a local habitation and a name to the new national sport. Peculiar advantages belong to this new kind of amusement which are found in no other. The scenes where it is carried out give the idle or working man of the over-civilized world the greatest attainable change. He is transported from the reek of cities and the dull air of plains, to regions of freshness and vitality, where the air itself seems to produce a kind of innocent intoxication. He is carried away by those railways, which are in general inimical to the hardy physical life, as by magic, in a few hours, and at small cost, into the grandest regions of the earth, for the difference between the Alps and Himalayas can be only one of scale. The effects of either on the spirit of man must be that of sublimity unapproachable by his intelligence. He is wafted from all the vulgar pettiness, the little social annoyances and tyrannies, the inexorable

prose of our everyday associations, into a world which is not of this world—where God and Nature is all in all, and Man is next to nothing; and from whose summits of tranquil glory, if they could be seen in the distance, the vast hosts who contended at Solferino would appear, indeed, as the *Times*' correspondent described them, like two heaps of miserable ants struggling for the possession of a miserable ant-hill. He flies to a region of eternal liberty, far above politics or polemics, where only those who never will be slaves find themselves at home. Such are the Switzer, the Norseman, and the Briton; and such are the noble Tyrolese, though nominally subjects of a master.

"In den Bergen ist Freiheit, der Hauch der
Grüfte
Steiget nicht in die schönen Lüfte;
Die Welt ist vollkommen überall,
Wo der Mensch nicht hineinkommt mit seiner Qual."

"In the Hills is Freedom, the reek of dells
Climbeth not to those breezy fells;
The world is built on perfection's plan,
Where, fretting and fretful, intrudes not
man."

The lines, we believe were written by the late great naturalist and mountaineer, Alexander von Humboldt. If not by him, by some one who felt as he did. We might almost have wished that the Alpine Club had named themselves after that great cosmopolitan philosopher, who made mountains rather than men his study, but who conferred no small benefit on his species in impressing on the minds of men the magnificence of mountains, those objects which, more than any others in nature, (those heavenly bodies which, from distance, we can not understand, not excepted,) give the impression to the human mind of thrones of the Eternal. By better acquaintance with their dangers, they have lost much of the mysterious horror in which the first ages enshrouded them, but there has been an incalculable gain to

* *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers: A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club.* London: Longmans. 1859.

the human soul in the contemplation of their superb loveliness. We will venture to say that the first impression of a snowy range on the eye of a traveler, as soon as he has realized that it is not cloud, is not one of fear or shrinking, but the acknowledgment of the presence of an incredible beauty, and the desire to be amongst those wonders, and see more of them as soon as possible. For ourselves, we shall always count it as one of the great days of life, when, on turning an angle of forest near Shaffhausen, the range of the Bernese Oberland, well known in the names of its peaks, first burst into view. No scene seen before or since ever seemed to excite us equally. Yet in grandeur the view of Mount Blanc from the Jura is superior.

The aim and end of the Alpine Club is a noble one. By its publications it enables different individuals among its members, by the simple and faithful account of their mountaineering experiences, to combine a record whose testimony will be of especial value to science, besides provoking in our youth a noble emulation, and giving them a taste for the higher kinds of relaxation. Any member, however humble, who is satisfied, without theorizing, to put down what he sees with his eyes, and what he has gone through and done, contributes to the general result; and the general result is a knowledge which is its own reward, in the elevation of character it confers on those who ponder on the marvels of God's creation, and familiarize themselves with those phenomena which appear to the eye alike of the poet and the philosopher, the Shekinah of our modern world, the visible manifestation of the presence of the Almighty.

The circumstances of the foundation of this Club are given in the preface to this its first publication:

"Of late years an increasing desire has been felt to explore the unknown and little-frequented districts of the Alps. The writings of Professor J. D. Forbes, those of M. Agassiz and his companions, and of M. Gottlieb Studer, led many, in whom the passion for Alpine scenery was blended with a love of adventure and some scientific interest in the results of mountain travel, to strike out new paths for themselves, and especially in the higher snow-region, which had before been almost completely shunned by ordinary travelers. Practice has developed the powers of those who undertook such expeditions; experience showed that the dangers con-

nected with them had been exaggerated; while, at the same time, it taught the precautions which are really requisite. The result has been to train up among the foreign visitors to the Alps, but especially amongst our own countrymen, many men as familiar with the peculiar difficulties and risks of expeditions in the high Alps, and as competent to overcome them, as most of the native guides.

"The powers thus acquired have been chiefly directed to accomplishing the ascent of the highest summits, or effecting passes across the less accessible portions of the Alpine chain; and within the last five years the highest peak of Monte Rosa, the Dom, the Great Combin, the Alleleinhorn, the Wetterhorn proper, and several other peaks never before scaled, have been successfully attacked by travelers, most of whose names will be found among the contributors to this volume. In the accidental intercourse of those who have been engaged in such expeditions, it has been perceived that the community of taste and feeling amongst those who, in the life of the high Alps, have shared the same enjoyments, the same labors, and the same dangers, constitutes a bond of sympathy stronger than many of those by which men are drawn into association; and early in the year 1858, it was resolved to give scope for the extension of this mutual feeling amongst all who have explored high mountain regions, by the formation of the Alpine Club. It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together, for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men, not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results. The expectations of the founders of the Club have not been disappointed; it numbers at the present time nearly a hundred members, and it is hoped that the possession of a permanent place of meeting will materially further the objects which it has proposed to itself."

In referring to the Atlas to identify the scene of the exploits of those members of this Club who have published an account of their excursions, we find that it is chiefly limited to the highest region of the Swiss Alps. Adventures in this region compose the bulk of the volume. An interesting account of the primeval glaciers in the region of Snowdon in North Wales follows; and one of the most active contributors, Mr. Hardy, gives an account of an ascent of *Ætna* with the following preamble:

"*Ætna!* What business has an ascent of *Ætna* in the chronicle of the doings of the

Alpine Club? *Ætna* is not in the Alps; nor is it thirteen thousand feet high, as the Cantanians vainly pretend. Let me tell the objector that the Alpine Club, while it derives its name from one familiar group of mountains, is thoroughly catholic in its principles, and already sees visions of a banner with a strange device floating on the summit of Popocatepetl and Dhawalagiri, and is hoping by the influence of its enlightened members to drive out the last remnants of the worship of Mighty Mumbo Jumbo from the Mountains of the Moon."

Thus we may hope that, if this book meet with the success it deserves, it will be the first of a long series which in time will embrace accounts of expeditions to all the principal mountain-chains in the world, and unite in one great work the various isolated narratives which have been published by scientific travelers and others; such as was, for instance, Dr. Hooker's account of the mountains of Sikkim in the Himalaya range, which is replete with valuable observation; and amongst other facts mentions the deposition of Dhawalagiri and the coronation of "Kinchinjunga," now, we believe, within the dominions of her Britannic Majesty, as "the monarch of mountains," according to present knowledge. If we look at the map of the world, we see that at least two of the great continents are held together, as it were, by a huge ridge or backbone of mountain elevation which, although in the case of the eastern hemisphere suffering partial interruption, may be roughly described as continuous from one ocean to the other. In Africa the case does not appear to be quite so clearly made out, for the precise center of that continent seems never to have been explored. Dr. Livingstone's researches only embrace the center of the southern lobe of that great continent, and he appears to have established there, not the existence of a supposed chain of mountains, but a tolerably elevated table-land with a basin in the middle, from the edges of which descend the rivers Congo and Zambesi. It is not impossible that in Africa also, at its widest part, there is a similar backbone beginning not far from Sierra Leone in the west, and losing itself in the east in the mountains of Abyssinia. In America the mountain-spine, as is well known, trends north and south, while in Europe and Asia its direction is east and west. It begins with the mountains of Biscay in Spain, passes on through the Pyrenees with a slight interruption into the high

Alps, which throw off the important spur or rib of the Apennines; thence it divides into the Balkan and the Carpathians, which, not being quite so high, appear to have distributed the forces of elevation. We trace the chain next in the Caucasus and the mountains of Armenia, in Persia, with the interruption of the Caspian Sea, passing into the Hindoo Koosh and Himalaya, where are found the highest known mountains. Hence the chain forks and takes a direction with its spurs north and south, the great bulk of the empire of China appearing on the map of Asia, as a kind of huge delta, formed by the ramifications of mighty rivers, and raised out of a primeval sea.

As the Himalayas are the culminating region of this vast system in Asia, so do the Swiss and Piedmontese Alps form its highest ground in Europe. If we turn to the map of Switzerland, we find that the primary and secondary Alps of that interesting country comprise about half of its whole area, and there it is that we must look for the broadest part of the great European spine, the elevation of the secondary mountains, or subordinate chain, appearing in the peaks of the Bernese Oberland nearly as great as that of the primary, which may be considered to number among its peaks Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Matterhorn, and to carry over its summits the frontier line of Switzerland and Italy.

Switzerland may be roughly divided into two halves, one of which, from north-east and the lake of Constance to south-west and the lake of Geneva, comprises nearly all the ground that a model farmer would care to have in his hands, much of the country in the north closely resembling England, and the Pays de Vaud resembling the richest part of France. But even this comparatively champaign country is cut up and confused with minor ranges and peaks, and studded with lakes, and its largest plains are rather broad valleys or elevated table-lands, such as that on which the city of Berne is situated. The other half, bounded by the Lake of Lucerne on the north, and Lago Maggiore on the south, by the Tyrol on the east, and Savoy on the west, Triptolemus Yellowley would hardly take as a gift; and yet to the poet, the artist, the man of science, and the lover of daring adventure, it is by far the most valuable part of Europe. In the neutral ground between

these two portions, and where they insensibly blend with each other, is the cradle of Swiss liberty, the four so-called forest cantons of Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Lucerne. Round them as a nucleus, in course of time, the other cantons have clustered, a source of strength in a military and political point of view, and yet in some sense a source of weakness, as presenting to the eye of an invader fertile plains easy accessible, which may be held as a pledge for the submission of the whole confederation.

Britons have natural sympathies with Switzerland and the Swiss. They love beautiful scenery, and they still look upon the Swiss mountains as a "fortress formed to Freedom's hands"—a lighthouse rock in the ocean, round which a sea of despotism may surge in vain. Sir Walter Scott, in *Anne of Geierstein*, has compared Scotland with Switzerland as to national characteristics. We may further compare the two countries as to natural configuration; the highlands and lowlands of each are divided by an imaginary diagonal line running N.E. to S.W.; but in Scotland the mountains lie to the north of that line, and the plains or comparative lowlands to the south; in Switzerland *vice versa*. The principal scene of the exploits of our Alpine Club is in the central and southern part of the highlands of Switzerland, with occasional detours in the neighborhood, in that vast ice-and-rock world which lies on either side of the valley of the Rhone which divides the Bernese Oberland from the Pennine range.

The first paper which meets the eye is signed Alfred Willis, and relates "the Passage of the Fenêtre de Salena, from the Col de Balme to the Val Ferret, by the Glacier du Tour, the Glacier de Trient, and the Glacier de Salena." The position of the scene of this expedition shows how futile is the common complaint of travelers, that certain mountain districts are so hackneyed and familiar as to have exhausted all interest. It lies close to Chamouny—that "den of thieves," according to one of the contributors—that little London of the High Alps, as we may call it—and diverges from the route of the Col de Balme, which is traversed every year by hundreds of tourists of different nations—the Oxford Street or Strand of the Alps. Our experience has led us to the observation, that although, in beautiful scenery of

world-wide celebrity, the streams of tourists follow each other like sheep through certain paths and passages, by diverging a little to the right or left of these, even where, except to the adventurous, no ice region presents insurmountable obstacles, the solitudes of nature may be entered, full of new and endless beauties, where human foot "hath ne'er or rarely trod." The Rhine country perhaps furnishes our strongest instance, where by following the lateral valleys, the genuine lover of nature may have nature to himself quite as perfectly, except in idea, as in the wilds of Sutherland or of Norway. This passage of the Fenêtre de Salena was full of grand impressions, and highly spiced by adventure. A ridge was reached overhanging the Glacier de Trient, in descending from which one of the party nearly met with a fatal accident.

"We found some rocks jutting out here and there along this ridge, which greatly facilitated our progress. It was, however, a matter of considerable difficulty, for the ice was hard and very slippery, and the snow not deep enough to be of much service. The descent that lay before us was the nearest approach to the last *arête* of the Wetterhorn that I have ever met with. After breaking through an overhanging cornice of frozen snow, we began our descent with much caution, making free use of the ropes. After a while we came to two rocks, about fifteen or twenty feet apart, each upon the very edge of the ridge, which was here somewhat deeply covered with snow. Balmat and I were the first, and we thought that we might venture to slide from one rock to the next, and so avoid the labor of step-cutting, and the tedious precaution of using the ropes.

We reached the lower station in safety, but R., who came next, lost his direction, and was going over to the left, down a fearful slope of ice three or four hundred feet high, too steep for us to see in what it ended, but separated, in all probability, by a *bergschrand* from the Glacier de Trient; for we found one at the foot of the gentler slope on the right. It was a terrible moment, as there was only one chance. It was utterly impossible for him to stop himself, or for either of the men to help him. Balmat was already some distance below cutting steps, and Cachat was engaged with W. twenty or thirty paces higher up. R. showed great presence of mind. *He did not utter a word, but threw himself on his right side, so as to pass as near to the edge as possible, and stretched out his arm for me to grasp. Fortunately he passed just within my reach, and I was able to catch his hand and arrest his progress—otherwise it might have been a sad day for all of us.*"

That laborious day was followed by a

very uncomfortable bivouac, reminding the reader of a narrative of the Peninsular War, when the detachment was brought to a stand-still in the middle of a plowed field, and the order was issued that they should make themselves *comfortable* for the night—an order, as the writer characteristically remarked, most difficult to obey.

"The slope on which we were encamped was so steep, that no one who was not fortunate enough to find a hole in which to nestle could keep himself from slipping, especially as the bilberry bushes on which we lay were soaking wet with the heavy dew. W., who is great at sleeping, with admirable instinct found a most eligible hollow close against the fire, where the only danger he incurred was that of being scorched; but it was the only place of the kind; and, after trying every spot which seemed to give the slightest promise of support, and finding that no where could I keep myself from slipping down except by clinging to the wet bushes, I was obliged to desert the fire, and betake myself to the under side of a boulder about thirty yards off, where I had the double advantage of a hollow to sit in and a back to lean against. Here I tied my handkerchief over my head, and tried to think I was very warm and comfortable; but I was not so successful but that I was very glad when Balmat brought me a large stone, which he had heated in the embers of our fire, to sit upon."

Those who are not, like the gentleman in his narrative, "great at sleeping," always find, that how to get the proper amount of rest at night is a great difficulty in long mountain excursions. For ourselves, we confess that we have never succeeded in sleeping much in an elevated bivouac. We have often slept on the hard deck of a steamer, as one memorable instance reminds us, when we were awakened by the *sacré nom* of a French sailor who tumbled over what he supposed a bale of goods wrapt in a plaid, on a fine night in the Bay of Biscay. The excitement and novelty of the scene, and the certain amount of cold that it is impossible to exclude, we have generally found fatal to sleep. We recollect a glorious bivouac on the Alp of the Watzman, in the Salzburg Mountains, where we lighted a fire of pine wood, which we had the subsequent satisfaction of knowing awakened interest at a great distance. There were German students and a number of mountain maidens who sang their provincial songs, having been attracted by our fire, and consequently plenty of hilarity, but

very little sleep. The result was, that most of us fell asleep on the very narrow summit of that mountain at nine A.M. the next morning. In fact, it is much easier on these excursions to obtain rest, which is as necessary as food, at mid-day, than at midnight. Whence we would always prefer making such excursions as nearly as possible on the longest days of the year. And thus it is obvious that among the Scandinavian mountains, where the day in summer is nearly continuous, open-air sleeping is more easily managed than in the Swiss Alps.

The "Col du Géant" is a well-known pass, and in the regular programme of the Chamouny guides, but to those who swerve a little from the beaten track, plenty of adventures present themselves in threading the *séracs*, or castellated masses of glacier ice. Here is one of them:

"Looking now to the right, I suddenly became aware that high above us, a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, on the stability of which we could not for an instant calculate, covered the precipitous incline. We were not long without an illustration of the peril of our situation. We had reached a position where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed; *the reason being that the ice avalanches had chosen it for their principal path.* We had just stepped upon this space when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash! crash! crash! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused, as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came! boulders half a ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their whole mission was to crush the *séracs* to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air, again madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by their collision with the glacier and were carried past us within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime. My companion held his breath for a time and then exclaimed, '*C'est terrible! il faut retourner.*' In fact, while the avalanche continued, we could not at all calculate upon our safety. When we heard the first peal, we had instinctively retreated to the shelter of the ice bastions; but what if one of these missiles struck the tower beside us! would it be able to withstand the shock? We knew not. In reply to the proposal of my companion, I simply said: 'By all means if you desire it;

but let us wait a little.' I felt that fear was just as bad a counselor as rashness, and thought it but fair to wait until my companion's terror had subsided. We waited accordingly, and he seemed to gather courage and assurance. I scanned the heights, and saw that a little more effort in an upward direction would place us in a less perilous position, as far as the avalanches were concerned. I pointed this out to my companion, and we went forward. Once, indeed, for a minute or two, I felt anxious. We had to cross in the shadow of a tower of ice, of a loose and threatening character, which quite overhung our track. The freshly-broken masses at its base, and at some distance below it, showed that it must have partially given way some hours before. 'Don't speak, or make any noise,' said my companion, and although rather skeptical as to the influence of speech in such a case, I held my tongue, and escaped from the dangerous vicinity as fast as my legs and alpenstock could carry me."

We can not say that we are inclined to share the skepticism of Professor Tyndall,* the author of this account, as to the effect of the voice in bringing down small or great avalanches, whether of stones or ice-blocks. It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back, and the least vibration of the air may originate a movement which was only suspended by the perfect stillness of the atmosphere. It is not more extraordinary that the slight shake of the voice should precipitate a ton of just balanced matter, than that a little touch of the hand should set the Loganstone rocking. We remember once standing immediately under the glacier of the Hinter-rhein, and on a sudden calling out to the guide, who had followed us from the village of Splügen, and who was at a little distance behind us. The first words served to awake stones which were sleeping on the face of the ice, and set them bounding over the slope. We went on speaking, our guide answering nothing, but making frantic gestures instead, until a larger block than usual, coming as from a catapult within a few feet of our heads, interpreted his meaning, which was, that there was only safety in silence. As soon as we ceased to speak, the *mitraille* from the glacier ceased also.

The paper next in order contains an account of excursions on the western side of Mont Blanc, including the Col de Miage, by Mr. Vaughan Hawkins. This

paper is valuable as portraying difficulties experienced in consequence of the Alpine traveler's great enemy, "stormy weather," and at the same time from showing the expedients to which courage and presence of mind may resort to make the best of it, preventing others from extreme discouragement under circumstances which are sufficiently common, in all mountainous districts.

Mr. W. Matthews, Jr., is the next writer. He gives an account of most interesting explorations in "the mountains of Bagnes, with the ascents of the Vêlan, Combin, and Graffeneire, and the passage of the Col du Mont Rouge." This mountain labyrinth lies to the right of the historic pass of the great St. Bernard, and the great height at which the Hospice is situated makes it a most eligible starting-point for excursions into it.

"There are few parts of Switzerland which more richly reward the lovers of Alpine scenery, and which have been hitherto so utterly neglected, as the magnificent mountain-ranges which inclose the savage defile of the Val de Bagnes. Six great glaciers pour their frozen streams into this valley, one of them famous as the cause of the melancholy inundation of 1818; and from the chain of the Combin, which forms its western barrier, and occupies the triangular space between the two branches of the Dranse, rises a great alp, a hundred feet higher than the Finsteraarhorn. Yet not one in every hundred of the crowds of tourists, who flock every year to the St. Bernard Hospice, turns aside at Sembranchier into the Val de Bagnes, and of these scarcely any one has explored the snow-basin of Corbassière, or wandered over the ice-fields of Chermontane; while those writers who have made the passage of the Col de Fenêtre, have invariably described the 'inaccessible precipices of the Combin' with the sort of hopeless feeling with which they might have spoken of the mountains of Sikkim or Nepal."

The "inaccessible" Combin was surmounted by Mr. Mathews "in six hours of easy walking (?) from Corbassière!" The remarks which conclude this most interesting account of high rambles will meet with a ready response from all sympathetic readers.

"To those who feel wearied—as who does not at times? with the ceaseless mill-work of England, in the nineteenth century, there is no medicine so soothing, both to mind and body, as Alpine travel, affording as it does interesting observation and healthy enjoyment for the present, and pleasant memories for the time to come."

* We see by the *Times* that this gentleman has ascended Mount Blanc this summer, and succeeded in passing twenty hours on the summit.

30 "Very many happy days have I spent among the 'peaks, and passes, and glaciers' of the Alps, but I look back upon none of them with feelings of such great satisfaction as upon those in which I wandered among the unknown fastnesses of the 'Montagnes de Bagnes.'"

31 Within the four last years the popularity of Chamouny has been eclipsed by that of Zermatt, chiefly, we suppose, in consequence of the neighborhood of the still unscaled Matterhorn. Whether this mountain will remain or not the real Jungfrau of the Alps, is a question which will doubtless soon be resolved.

32 By comparing the narratives given in this volume, we observe that almost all the more important peaks have been scaled, or are considered scalable, from some side or other. These very glaciers and snow-fields which festoon the sides of the *aiguilles*, and present so many dangers and difficulties to the traveler, have nevertheless furnished him with paths which, though seldom easy, are generally practicable. We have observed in many places rocks—not mountains—of the same character of the Matterhorn. We speak here at second-hand, never having seen the Matterhorn ourselves but at a great distance. The Matterhorn is rather a rock than a mountain—the highest rock in Europe, as Mont Blanc is the highest mountain. Its precipices appear to be practicable only by the same process by which precipices of equal slope are surmounted or passed when they consist of ice or *névé*—that is, by cutting steps in them. But, as in the case of the Matterhorn, the problem seems to be how to climb sheer steps of nearly smooth rock; the process would be a most difficult and tedious one. Some one must of necessity go first, and, after cutting as many steps as possible at a time, come back the way he came. It might be possible to plant the pin of a rope securely in some chink, or to drive it into the solid rock; and the next ascent might be made with help of the rope. We shall doubtless hear of something of the kind being done or attempted soon, for there is a certain class of British travelers who would risk life for the sake of a successful ascent of the Matterhorn. Whether the result would justify the peril, is a question for their determination, not for ours. If to risk life for mere national or personal glory be justifiable, we should prefer such a path to glory to that one which lay over the

hecatombs of Solferino. The fifth chapter of our book contains an account of a journey from Zermatt to the Val d'Anniviers, by the Trift Pass, by Mr. Hinchliff. The great difficulties of the ascent of the Col were successfully surmounted, and the party found an anchorage on an open plateau of *névé* on the descent.

"The provision knapsacks were emptied and used as seats; bottles of red wine were stuck upright in the snow; a goodly leg of mutton on its sheet of paper formed the centre, garnished with hard eggs and bread and cheese, round which we ranged ourselves in a circle. High festival was held under the deep-blue heavens; and now and then, as we looked up at the wondrous walls of rocks which we had descended, we congratulated ourselves on the victory with a quiet nod indicative of satisfaction. M. Seiler's beautiful oranges supplied the rare luxury of a dessert, and we were just in the full enjoyment of the delicacy when a booming sound, like the discharge of a gun far over our heads, made us all at once glance upwards to the top of the Trifthorn. Close to its craggy summit hung a cloud of dust, like dirty smoke, and in a few seconds another and a larger one burst forth several hundred feet lower. A glance through the telescope showed that the fall of rocks had commenced, and the fragments were leaping down from ledge to ledge in a series of cascades. Each block dashed off others at every point of contact, and the uproar became tremendous; thousand of fragments, making every variety of noise according to their size, and producing the effect of a fire of musketry and artillery combined, thundered downwards from so great a height, that we waited anxiously for some considerable time to see them reach the snow-field below. As nearly as we could estimate the distance, we were five hundred yards from the base of the rocks, so that we thought that come what might we were in a tolerably secure position. At last we saw many of the blocks plunge into the snow after taking their last fearful leap; presently much larger fragments followed, taking proportionably larger bounds. The noise grew fiercer and fiercer, and huge blocks began to fall so near to us that we jumped to our feet, determined to dodge them to the best of our ability. 'Look out!' cried some one, and we opened our right and left at the approach of a monster, evidently weighing many hundred weight, which was coming right at us like a huge shell fired from a mortar. It fell with a heavy thud not more than twenty feet from us, scattering lumps of snow into the circle where we had just been dining; but scarcely had we begun to recover from our astonishment, when a still larger rock flew exactly over our heads to a distance of two hundred yards beyond us. The malice of the Trifthorn now seemed to have done its worst. The fact was that the fall had taken place too near to the

line of our descent for the remembrance of it to be altogether pleasant."

The situation in which Mr. Hinchliff and his companions stood under fire on this occasion, brings to our memory an occasion when two tourists, standing on the plateau which connects the two Glyders in North-Wales by unthinkingly rolling a small stone over the brink of a precipice above Llyn Idwal, were the agents of a similar catastrophe. As it grew to a climax, they felt as if the guilt of blood would be on their heads should any adventurous wight be exploring the very sequestered valley below, and made a solemn resolution never again to repeat a similar experiment. The effects were much those so graphically described by Mr. Hinchliff.

The next excursion—"Pass of the Schwarze Thor from Zermatt to Aynas," by the editor—is one of the most interesting in the whole book, and there is great freshness and originality in the descriptions.

"The view from the western slope of the Riffel, now well known to most Swiss tourists, includes the range of peaks from the Matterhorn to the Weisshorn, with the glaciers by which they are begirt. The moon had risen; the valley below, and all the lesser hollows, were filled with a bluish haze that stretched across to the base of the opposite peaks, not forming, as clouds do, an opaque floor on which they could seem to rest, but rather a dim mysterious depth, into which they plunged to an immeasurable distance. The great peaks and glaciers shone with a glory that seemed all their own; not sparkling in the broad moonlight, but beaming forth a calm ineffable brilliance, high aloft in the ether, far above the dwellings of mankind. Chief of them all, the astounding peak of the Matterhorn, that stupendous obelisk whose form defies the boldest speculations of the geologist—gleaming more brightly for some fresh snow that rested on every furrow of its surface—towered upward into the sky. All men, even the least poetical, are variously impressed by such scenes as these, and the mind is involuntarily carried back to some scene of wonder and mystery that in early life has fixed its image on the imagination. My own fancy on that night recalled a half-remembered tale of the Scandinavian Sagas, wherein the mythical hero breaks into the assembly of the gods, where they sit in solemn conclave, fixed in deep slumber, with long white beards descending to the ground. Some such night-scene, amid the wild mountains of Norway, may have suggested the picture to the old northern bard."

Observations follow in a spirit as well

poetic as scientific on color and twilight and certain mountain effects, the like of which we remember to have seen in the short summer nights of Scandinavia. The fact is, that the elevation of the High Alps places the observer nearer the sun, and makes the day longer in proportion to the latitude. In the Alps, altitude, and not latitude, determines in a measure the day and night, as place as well as time determines the season of the year. It is summer at Chamouny when it is mid-winter on the summit of Mont Blanc. Even the ordinary tourist who has slept on the Righi or the Faulhorn, and obtained a favorable sunrise, is acquainted with the lovely phenomenon called the Alpine rose.

"Just before sunrise we had reached the Rothi Kümme, the steep slope over the Gorner Glacier, whence the range of Monte Rosa is visible in its whole extent, when a new object of interest presented itself. To the eye, the air round us had appeared perfectly clear, and without the slightest tinge of vapor, when suddenly the lower zone between us and the opposite range became suffused with a rosy flush that was accompanied with an evident diminution of transparency; this appeared to be strictly limited within a definite thickness of the atmosphere, extended to a height of about fifteen thousand feet. At the moment when the change took place, my eyes were turned to the south-west, over the Matterjoch, as if a gauze veil had suddenly been placed between the eye and the distant sky, and clearly showing that the tint was produced in the lower and not the upper regions of the atmosphere. Most travelers in mountain countries are familiar with this phenomenon, but few have had so favorable an opportunity to observe it in the region where it is produced. It appears to me to be one amongst numerous indications, that vapor contained in the atmosphere in a state of rest has a tendency to dispose itself in horizontal strata of unequal density. The exquisite tint which is seen in the Alps about ten minutes after sunset, and less commonly before sunrise, may probably be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays from the under surface of some of these strata lying considerably above the level at which the rosy glow becomes visible."

Well may the author of this passage enthusiastically exclaim:

"What enjoyment is to be compared to an early walk over one of these great glaciers of the Alps, amid the deep silence of Nature, surrounded by some of her sublimest objects, the morning air infusing vigor and elasticity into every nerve and muscle, the eye unwearied, the skin cool, and the whole frame tingling with joyous anticipation of the adventures that the day may bring forth."

And there is music as well as painting and poetry in the ice-world.

"On a sudden, as if from some prodigious distance, there fell upon my ear the sound of musical instruments, pure and clear, but barely distinguishable. I halted and listened: there could be no doubt, there was the beating of a drum, and from time to time the sound of brass instruments. I asked Mathias, who now came up, what he thought of it, but he had no idea of the cause. Then remembering that persons passing the night at the Grands Mulets have declared that they heard the church bell, and even the barking of dogs, at Entrèves or Cormayeur, I straight imagined that they were celebrating a festa in some of the valleys on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa, from which direction the sounds seemed to come. We moved on, and the sounds continued, becoming rapidly more intense, and soon as we approached a deep narrow crevasse, the mystery was explained."

The paper from which these quotations are taken contains an account of a most adventurous excursion by the author, who was unfortunately accompanied by a guide whose nerve was scarcely equal to the task. It is impossible, without the aid of the engravings, to give a just idea of the difficulties encountered in passing certain pyramids or pinnacles of ice, some eighty feet high, and each capped or bewigged with snow and pendent icicles. To avoid the steepness of the slopes, some sixty degrees, it was necessary to pass under the icicles of the summit, carefully avoiding touching them, lest the whole mass should come down on their heads; and in one instance, because an ice precipice barred advance, it was necessary to return from the top and pass at a level along the face of the cliff. This we see the traveler and his guide in the engraving accomplishing, tied together by a rope. Whether this is advisable in such situations is a question with Alpine travelers. Where it is necessary for each to plant his foot in the steps made by those who have gone before, and when a false step would insure destruction to the unattached individual, it has been argued that the rope would only drag down the rest in case of a slip. It has been argued on the other side, that although a person would not be able to stop himself, the momentum of the slide is but moderate at first, and the weight of the person who had slipped could generally be checked by the slightest additional assistance to his own efforts at self-preservation. The case of a guide at

the wall of the Strahl-eeck, who held up three men who had slipped, seems a strong instance in corroboration of this view. A place for making the experiment would certainly be the "mûr épouvantable" or "mûr de la coté" of Mont Blanc, which is so well described by Mr. Albert Smith and his artist. We recollect crossing a similar place, the Brèche de Roland in the Pyrenees, where a false step would have sent any one of the party over the precipices of the Cirque de Gavarnie. One of the party, who was rather nervous, acknowledged that the alpenstock of the guide held behind him gave a sense of security; a rope would, of course, neutralize still further the feeling of isolation.

Mr. Llewellyn Davies follows suit in the same magnificent neighborhood, ascending one of the Mischabel-horner called the Dom. The name suggests a mountain like Mont Blanc, but the mountain figured in the chromo-lithograph is a peak; so we suppose the name to imply the Cathedral, as the German Domkirche, or simply Dom, denotes. Mr. Davies speaks with great rapture of the view from the top.

"Those who speak slightly of the advantages to be gained by ascending to the highest points, do not know what it is to see mountaintops spread out beneath you, almost like the stars of heaven for multitude. The greater ranges rise in mighty curves and backbones, ridged with shining points, and give distinction to the scene; but in that country of Alps, wherever you look, there is a field of mountains: the higher you rise, the more magnificent is the panorama you command."

The Alleleinhorn lies to the south of Mr. Davies's route, and is described by Mr. Ames, who also masters the Fletschhorn, "no doubt familiar in appearance, if not by name, to those who have crossed the Simplon Pass in fine weather." As a little change from the beauties and sublimities of Mr. Ball and others, we may extract some facetiae from Mr. Ames's narrative. The incidents in question occurred on passing a night in a chalet on the Trift Alp, where the travelers found a merry party.

"My companions were half undressed, and I was finishing a cigar outside, when I became aware of suppressed whisperings and titterings in the immediate neighborhood—sounds which, on further investigation, proved to emanate from a juvenile group of the female population collected at the corner of the next hut, and apparently watching with great interest the myste-

rious process of going to bed, as practiced by the English nation generally. After a little complimentary 'chaff,' and one or two songs from them, very fairly sung, and containing invariably some reference to a 'schätzli,' (sweet-heart,) I joined the rest of the party, undressed, and, being the last according to the good old rule, put out the light. No sooner had I stepped into bed than a crash ensued, and I suddenly found myself half-buried under a chaotic heap of disorganized bedclothes, the bolster occupying the post of honor on the top of my head. The treacherous fabric had given way at the foot of the bed, owing, no doubt, to the substratum of logs having been arranged in some position of unstable equilibrium. A momentary silence of astonishment was followed by peals of laughter from my more fortunate companions, till two guides, attracted by the noise, made their appearance with a lantern, and commenced the work of restoration, which was soon completed in a more solid and trustworthy form, not, however, without sundry incursions of the fair sex, whose curiosity was proof against my extreme *déshabille*. The situation, as revealed by the sudden light of the lantern, was no doubt supremely ludicrous, but was not precisely the kind of spectacle for the contemplation of female friends, and they were repelled accordingly. It did not occur to me at the time, but I have my suspicions, that those innocent damsels were privy to the catastrophe, and had, of *malice prepense*, unsettled the foundations of the couch."

This incident strongly reminds us of some of our friends' Scandinavian experiences. Mother Eve's daughters have a family likeness all over the world.

The next narrative leads us across the valley of the Rhone to the well-known (at a distance) Bernese Oberland. Every Swiss tourist knows the magnificent panorama seen from the high places about Berne, and deriving its chief interest from the range of snowy peaks in the south, with their high-sounding and romantic names. Yet these old acquaintances of the traveler have even yet some unexplored recesses, and Messrs. Anderson, Ball, Hardy, and Bunbury show by their narratives how much that is new may be found by men possessing legs, hands, and eyes, and wit to use them, even in the most familiar country. This range would doubtless have been better known before, but that its recesses have been protected by what Tacitus would have called "ancient superstition." People ceased to trouble themselves about what was universally regarded by the natives as utterly inaccessible. Our countrymen have now accustomed themselves to receive the

accounts of the natives "cum grano salis," and rely upon themselves for obtaining accurate information, since they have found that Englishmen, many of them leading in general the sedentary lives of cities, have been able to show the born mountaineers the way over their own mountains. Mr. Hardy has scaled the Peak of Darkness, and drawn aside the veil; and the great Aletsch glacier, one of the most remarkable polar regions in the temperate zone, has been traversed and observed by more than one tourist. There is no reason it should not be thoroughly explored by scientific men, as it seems to present fewer difficulties, combined with finer characteristics, than most other glaciers. Mr. Hinchliff has seen the wonders of the Wildstrubel and Oldenhorn, the latter being the principal peak of the remarkable Diablerets. This mountain is well remembered by us, as contrasting with its rugged *grandeurs* the Arcadian scenery of the Vallée des Ormons, which is ascended from Aigle in the valley of the Rhone, and than which there is not a region of more peaceful loveliness in the whole of Switzerland. Messrs. Kennedy and Hardy next astonish us with the fact of their having survived "a night-adventure on the Bristenstock," a mountain overhanging the entrance to the St. Gothard Pass above Amsteg, where the adventurous tourists were obliged to sleep by turns locked in each other's arms, to avoid their falling over a precipice—like the babes in the wood, but without the wood, the robins, or the leaves. Lastly, Mr. Forster takes a flight to the little-known Alps of Canton Glarus, making the baths of Stachelberg his head-quarters, and visiting the famous Martinsloch or Martin's Hole, a round tunnel over the Segnes Pass, through which a beam of the sun descends into the valley at certain seasons.

The book in our hands suffices to show how engrossing is the passion for mountain-climbing, and how fast our countrymen are becoming bitten with the delightful infection. Without thought of results, the movement has taken place, but doubtless great results may flow out of it. For this end, organization is necessary, and is found in the prospectus of the Alpine Club. We prophesy that, amongst men of intelligence as well as spirit, this will soon be one of the most popular of all the clubs; though whether, as it has the free

entrée of all the mighty palaces of nature, it will care to build itself a house made with hands in Pall-Mall, may long be a question.

There is another way of visiting Alpine regions, which the Alpine Club, with their lofty aspirations, would probably despise, but which is more attractive to ordinary people, and even to those who love, to a certain degree, danger and difficulty, possesses peculiar advantages, especially in the matter of independence. Mr. King's *Italian Valleys of the Alps*, and the *Lady's Tour round Monte Rosa*, prove how much may be seen in places not inaccessible to ladies; and we know well that to the really poetic or artistic insight little is gained by novelty or strangeness, but that the universe itself is ever novel and strange in all its aspects to those who keep their eyes open. We know nothing more charming than unencumbered and unattended pedestrian excursions in mountain regions, no medicine for mind or body of more universal efficacy. The charms of nature increase to the lovers of nature as time goes on, and do not grow old with their age. And the splendors of Alps and Pyrenees have only served to give us a fresher zest in the enjoyment of our home mountains. And connected with these low elevations there is a pleasure scarcely known at inaccessible heights, or where the continuity of altitude is broken. We mean the long upland walks along the crests of hills. Such a walk we accomplished on a glorious day in the summer of 1858, with delight never to be forgotten. In the Alps and Pyrenees we have ever found the greatest delight in visiting the least-trodden routes, although these were not always the more dangerous. Alpine dangers are not to be encountered alone, or without certain precautions which reduce them to a minimum. A melancholy instance has just occurred, recorded in the *Times* by a correspondent whose letter bears date, Zermatt, August eighteenth. A Russian gentleman, by name Edouard de la Grotte, has perished miserably in a crevasse on the Findelen glacier. He was attended by two Zermatt guides, but scornfully refused to take an *alpenstock*; and though a rope was passed round his body, it only appeared to have been looped round the arms of the guides. According to the guides' account, he slipped into a crevasse, and the rope breaking short at each side of him, they

were not able to recover him. The crevasse was of peculiar form, narrow at the top, then widening and then contracting again farther down. The unfortunate man appears to have fallen some sixty feet, and then to have become wedged with his head somewhat lower than his body. While the clumsy guides were trying to reach him with too short a length of rope, having been at the trouble to make two journeys for them, the poor man died, having been gradually and consciously frozen to death. The warmth of his body had occasioned at first his sinking a few feet farther, and then the cold of the glacier overcoming him, he was frozen in, and as he would then have been slowly crushed by the expansion of the ice, it is hoped that death terminated his sufferings before this last torture. The guides, whose conduct appears throughout to have been characterized by carelessness and want of presence of mind, appear to have laid themselves open to suspicion on account of the appearance presented by the broken ends of the rope. It is possible that their negligent hold of the traveler gave way at once to the weight of his body, and that they cut the rope at the places where they said it had been broken, to save their reputation for trustworthiness. This accident was followed at no long interval by one still more distressing to home readers, as the subject of it was an eminent member of the University of Cambridge. We allude to the melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwicke, by falling down a steep place in the Pyrenees, near the Bagnères de Luchon. Having probably been over the ground ourselves in returning by a by-way from the Port de Venasque, we can not think that the accident was caused by any peculiar dangers or difficulties existing there. The venerable gentleman was an experienced Alpine traveler, and the apparent ease of his route may have rendered him less cautious than usual.

The former instance, which seems more to the purpose, would be any thing but discouraging to real Alpine travelers. It simply shows what security may be attained by certain precautions, the neglect of which may easily be fatal. It is astonishing, considering the appearance and real nature of these difficulties, how very few accidents have hitherto occurred in the high Alps. Nevertheless, it is to be esteemed a national honor, that most of

those peaks hitherto considered inaccessible, and many of those passes hitherto considered impassable, have yielded to the courage and perseverance of those islanders, whose still more daring and enduring countrymen have passed the continuous night of the Arctic winter in darkness and suffering, to solve problems not much more important; or endured the torture of thirst in the burning deserts of Central Africa, with an end and purpose avowedly

and really higher, but in no dissimilar spirit. While France, actually more old-fashioned in her ways, still pants for that military fame of which the world has heard so much before, Great Britain strives for newer and bloodless laurels, and seeks, according to the Creator's sanction, to assert the supremacy of Man less over his brother than over material Nature.

From the Leisure Hour.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

AUTHORS AT WORK.

IN general, each author has some peculiarity in writing, and performs his vocation only under particular excitements and in a particular way. Pope, although he ridiculed such a caprice, practiced it himself. Lord Oxford's servant related that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought. The night was also the favorite time for composition with Byron and Thomson. The latter frequently sat with a bowl of punch before him. He had an arbor at the end of his garden when he lived in Kew Lane, where he used to write in summer time. It is related of Bossuet, that if, while he was in bed, his sleep was delayed or interrupted, he used to avail himself of it, to commit to paper any interesting thought which occurred to him. The Jesuit poet Casimer had a black tablet always by his bedside and a piece of chalk, with which to secure a thought or a poetical expression.*

* It is recorded of Charlemagne, by his secretary Egaibast, that he had always pen, ink, and parchment beside his pillow, for the purpose of noting down any thoughts which might occur to him during the night; and lest upon waking he should find himself in darkness, a part of the wall within reach

in like manner, we are told of that indefatigable pursuer of literature, Magaret, Duchess of Newcastle, that some of her young ladies always slept within call, ready to rise at any hour in the night, and take down her thoughts, lest she should forget them before morning.

The usual hour with Sir Walter Scott for beginning to write was seven o'clock in the morning. He continued it, saving the brief hour of breakfast, till one, sometimes two o'clock. As he was also full of matter, he had no occasion to wait for the descent of the muse, but dashed away at the rate of sixteen pages of print daily. He wrote freely and without much premeditation; and his corrections were few.

For upwards of half a century Jeremy Bentham devoted seldom less than eight, often ten, and occasionally twelve hours of every day to intense study. This was the more remarkable as his physical constitution was by no means strong. He was a great economist of time. He knew the value of minutes. The disposal of his hours, both of labor and of repose, was a matter of systematic arrangement;

from the bed was prepared, like the leaf of a tablet, with wax, on which he might indent his memoranda with a stylus.

and the arrangement was determined on the principle, that it is a calamity to lose the smallest portion of time. Indeed, he lived habitually under the practical consciousness that his days were numbered, and that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

Dr. Thomas Brown, the author of an *Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect*, and of other philosophical works, held for ten years the appointment of Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The lectures which he delivered to his class were seldom commenced till the evening of the day before they were delivered. The doctor's labors generally began, immediately after tea, and he continued at his desk till two, and often till three in the morning. After the repose of a few hours, he resumed his pen, and continued writing often till he heard the hour of twelve, when he hurried off to deliver what he had written.

Dr. Gregory, in his *Letters on Literature*, says, that Gibbon composed as he was walking up and down his room, and that he never wrote a sentence without having perfectly formed and arranged it in his head. Sir William Blackstone, whenever he sat down to the composition of his celebrated work, *The Commentaries on the Laws of England*, always ordered a bottle of wine wherewith to "moisten the dryness of his studies." Aubry says: "Mr. Thomas Hobbes was beloved by Lord Bacon. He was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate; and when a notion darted into his head, Mr. H. was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say, that he did it better than any one else about him." When his lordship himself wrote, he generally did it in a small room; because, he said, it helped to condense his thoughts.

Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, is said to have considered stewed prunes as one of the best means of putting his body into a state favorable for heroic composition. As a preparation for study, he sometimes took medicine, and observed a cooling diet. George Wither tells us of himself, that he usually watched and fasted when he composed; that his spirit was lost if at such times he tasted meat and drink, and that if he took even a glass of wine he could not write a verse. William Prynne seldom dined;

every three or four hours he munched a lump of bread, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as Anthony à Wood telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend him from too much light;" and then neither hunger nor thirst did he experience. When Father Paul Sarpi was either reading or writing alone, "his manner," says Sir Henry Wotton, "was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair and overhead; for he was of our Lord of St. Alban's opinion, that all air is predatory, and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed."

William Hazlitt almost always wrote with the breakfast things on the table; that is, between twelve and five o'clock. He wrote rapidly, in a large hand, as clear as print, made very few corrections, and almost invariably wrote on an entire quire of foolscap; contriving to put into a page of his manuscript the amount, upon an average, of an octavo page of print, so that he always knew what progress he had made, at any given time towards the desired goal to which he was traveling—the end of his task. When he was regularly engaged on any work or article, he wrote at the rate of from ten to fifteen octavo pages at a sitting. When he had a work in hand, he invariably went into the country to execute it, and almost always to the same spot—a little wayside public house, called "The Hut," standing alone, and some miles distant from any other house, on Winterslow Heath, a barren tract of country on the road to, and a few miles from, Salisbury.

At the time when Nicolo Machiavelli composed the works which have immortalized his name, he was living in obscure retirement, where his only companions were rustics. He himself tells us, in a letter to his friend Francesco Vettori, that he trifled away his days, but his nights he gave to intense study. "When evening closes in," he continues, "I return home, and shut myself up in my study; but, before entering there, I cast off on the threshold my rustic dress, covered with mud and dirt, and put on clothes fit for courts and senates, and, thus attired, I enter the ancient courts of the ancient men, where, being by them affectionately received, I feed on

that food which alone is mine, and for which I was born.* The musician Hadyn, in like manner, arrayed himself for his task in full court costume—his peruke sprinkled with powder, his wrists inclosed with delicate ruffles of fine lace, his fingers covered with rings of precious stones. On the other hand, Oliver Goldsmith loved to write in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Southey, writing to his old and constant friend, Grosvenor Bedford, says: "I am a quiet, patient, easy-going hack of the mule breed: regular as clockwork in my pace, sure-footed, bearing the burden which is laid on me, and only obstinate in choosing my own path. If Gifford could see me by this fireside, where, like Nicodemus, one candle suffices one in a large room, he would see a man in a coat 'still more threadbare than his own,' when he wrote his *Imitations*, working hard, and getting little—a bare maintenance, and hardly that; writing poems and history for posterity with his whole heart and soul; one daily progressing in learning—not so learned as he is poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy." His own *Lines to the Spider* conclude with a personal reference very apposite to the poet:

"Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless
pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains."

No need to Southey of the advice given by Bailey, in his *Festus*, to the student:

"Once
Begun, work thou all things into thy work,
And set thyself about it as the sea
About the earth, lashing at it day and night."

* Among the treatises composed under the circumstances mentioned in the text was that called *Il Principe*, (*The Prince*.) This was a favorite book of the Emperor Charles V., and was called the "Bible" of Catherine de Medici. At the court of the latter, while Regent of France, those who approached her are said to have professed openly its most atrocious maxims, particularly that which recommends to sovereigns not to commit crimes by halves. A good many years after Machiavelli's death, a Jesuit, named Luchesi, published a book, which he entitled *Absurdities discovered in the Works of Machiavelli*, by Father Luchesi. As this title was much too long to put on a label at the back of the volume, the booksellers of that day reduced it to *Absurdities of Father Luchesi*.

William Cowper in a letter, dated from Olney to his friend Hill, tells us, when he composed some of his works: "I write in a nook that I call my boudoir: it is a summer-house not bigger than a sedan chair; the door of it opens into the garden, that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honey-suckles, and the window into my neighbor's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses: here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion." Under such circumstances did Cowper write his books—those "worthy books," which are not

"——— companions—they are solitudes;
We lose ourselves in them, and all our cares."

Armand Carrel, one of the most famous journalists that France has produced, was educated at the college of Rouen and the military school of St. Cyr. He entered the army, but left it after obtaining the rank of sub-lieutenant. He then became secretary to Mons. Thierry the historian. Afterwards he set up a circulating library, in partnership with a friend. Here he produced those writings that first attracted public attention. "In a bookseller's back-shop," says Mons. Nissard, "on a desk, to which was fastened a large Newfoundland dog, Armand Carrel, one moment absorbed in English memoirs and papers, another moment caressing his favorite animal, conceived and composed his *History of the Counter Revolution in England*."

The Rev. Charles Maturin, author of the *House of Montorio*, *Bertram*, etc., composed on a long walk. "The day," says he, "must neither be too hot nor cold; it must be reduced to that medium from which you feel no inconvenience one way or the other; and then, when I am perfectly free from the city, and experience no annoyance from the weather, my mind becomes lighted by sunshine, and I arrange my plan perfectly to my own satisfaction." When Maturin wished his family to be aware that the *fit* was on him, he used to stick a wafer on his forehead. Moore himself tells us, that *Lalla Rookh* was written "amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters," adding, that he was enabled by "that concentration of

thought, which retirement alone can give," to call up around him some of the sunniest of his eastern scenes.

The following picture of Dr. Burney, busied with his celebrated work *The History of Music*, is from the pen of his daughter: "The capacious table of his small but commodious study, exhibited, in what he called his chaos, the countless stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or rather innumerable blank books were severally adapted to concentrating some

peculiar portion of the work. And he opened an enormous correspondence, foreign and domestic, with musical authors, composers, and students. And for all this mass of occupation, he neglected no business, he omitted no duty. The system by which he obtained time no one missed, yet that gave to him lengthened life, independently of longevity from years, was, through the skill with which, indefatigably, he *profited from every fragment of leisure.*"

From the Leisure Hour.

THE TRUE PROMETHEAN FIRE.

WHEN Sir Samuel Romilly visited Paris immediately after the first French revolution, he remarked: "Every thing I saw convinced me that independently of our future happiness and our sublimest enjoyments in this life, religion is necessary to the comforts, the conveniences, and even the elegances and lesser pleasures of life. Not only I never met with a writer truly eloquent, who did not at least affect to believe in religion, but I never met with one in whom religion was not the richest source of his eloquence." And I am persuaded that in things intellectual, the rule will hold that piety is power. I am persuaded that no productions of genius will survive to the end of all things in which there is not something of God; and I am further persuaded that no book can exercise a lasting ascendancy over mankind on which his blessing has not been implored, and in which his Spirit does not speak. Of all the powers and faculties of the human mind, the noblest is the one which God has created for himself; and if that reverential or adoring faculty do not exist, or be by suicidal hands extirpated, the world will soon cease to feel the man who had no fear of God. The stateliest compartment in this human soul is the one which, in creating it, Jehovah

reserved for his own throne-room and presence-chamber; and however curiously decorated or gorgeously furnished the other compartments be, if this be empty and void, it will soon diffuse a blank and beggarly sensation over all the rest. And thus, whilst the Voltaires and Rousseaus of atheist memory are waxing old and vanishing from the firmament of letters, names of less renown but more religion brighten to a greater lustre. So true is it that no man can long keep a hold of his fellow-men unless he himself first has hold of God.

But if a sincere and strenuous belief be thus important—such rational faith in God as buoyed the wing of Plato in his long and ethereal flights, or bulged the Saxon thews of Shakspeare in his mightiest efforts—incomparably more prevalent is that intellectual prowess which a scriptural faith produces. He is no unknown God whom the believer in Jesus worships, and it is no ordinary inspiration which that God of light and love supplies to his servants. And were it not for fear of tediousness, I would rejoice to enumerate one genius after another which the Gospel kindled if it did not create. That Gospel, beyond all controversy, was our own Milton's poetic might. It was the strug-

gling energy which, after years of deep musing and rapt devotion, after years of mysterious muttering and anxious omen, send its pyramid of flame into old England's dingy hemisphere, and poured its molten wealth, its lava of gold and gems, fetched deep from classic and patriarchal times, adown the russet steep of Puritan theology. It was the fabled foot which struck from the sword of Cowper's mild and silent life a joyous Castalie, a fountain deep and perennial, tintured with each learned and sacred thing [it touched in rising, and soft and full as Siloah's fount, which flowed fast by the oracle of God. But why name individual instances? What is modern learning, and the march of intellect, and the reading million, but one great monument of the Gospel's quickening power? Three hundred years ago, the classics were revived; but three hundred years ago the gospel was restored. Digging in the Pompeii of the middle age, Lorenzo and Leo found the lamps in which the old classic fires once burned; but there was no oil in the lamps, and they had long since gone out. For models of candelabra and oil-bearers there could not be better than Livy and Horace, and Plato and Pindar; but the faith which once filled them, the old Pagan fervor, was long since extinct, and the lamps

were only fit for the shelf of the antiquary. But it was then in the crypt of the convent, Luther and Zwingle and Melancthon observed a line of supernatural light, and with lever and mattock lifted the gravestone, and found the Gospel which the papist had buried. There it had flamed "a light shining in a dark place," through unsuspected ages, unquenchable in its own immortality, the long-lost lamp of the sepulcher. Jupiter was dead, and Minerva had melted into ether, and Apollo was gray with eld, and the most elegant idols of antiquity had gone to the moles and the bats. But there is One who can not die and does not change; and the sempiternal fountain of learning is He who is also the Fountain of Life, the Alpha and Omega, Jesus the Son of God. From his gospel it was that the old classic lamps, when filled with fresh oil, were kindled again; and at that gospel it was that Bacon and Locke, and Milton and Newton, and all the mighty spirits of modern Europe, caught the fire which made them blaze the meteors and marvels of their time. The facts of that gospel are the world's main stock of truth, the fire of that gospel is the only Promethean spark that can ignite our dead truths into quenchless and world-quickening powers. —*Dr. James Hamilton.*

From Chambers's Journal.

PERILS OF THE BUSH.

THERE are few more interesting scenes, to the lover of the wild and picturesque, than an "outspan" in the African wilderness. The outspan is the colonial term for the bivouac. It is here that the party of travelers, or hunters assemble of an evening, partake of their rough fare, and pass the quiet hours of the night.

An outspan is a motley group, for it is usual to find in one company English sportsmen, Dutch farmers, Caffre and Hottentot servants, and half-breeds between these. Of all sizes, colors, and languages are the men of the party. The

horses and oxen are either fastened to the wagons, or are allowed to graze near their owners. Dogs of all varieties, whose genealogy would puzzle a canine herald, watch anxiously the culinary proceedings, whilst the white tilted wagons, and two or three tents, make up the exterior of the group.

Even in the far desert of Africa, the difference between man and man is not lost sight of. There is the small shriveled-up Hottentot serving with all due humility the fat, prosperous, but illiterate Dutch boer. Yonder is the Caffre or

Fingoe receiving his directions from a Hottentot. It would be difficult to say how a scale of rank has been thus established, but each individual appears to yield a ready obedience to his almost self-imposed bonds.

We will visit an African outspan, at which a party of hunters are assembled, and hear some of the tales which these men, whose lives have been passed amidst the wildest scenes, may relate. The evening has closed upon the party, who, having feasted upon their well-earned venison, have assembled in one of their tents, from which the solacing pipe is sending forth its fragrance upon the desert. Only the *elite* of the party are here assembled; for it would be little short of sacrilege were a "Totty" or Caffre to presume to enter these sacred precincts, or to join in the conversation of the master. Books are not much read by these Dutch boers, but each individual carries in his head anecdotes sufficient to form an interesting volume of personal adventures. Instead, therefore, of passing their evening in scanning the pages of a book, the hunters or travelers relate those incidents of their lives which may be unknown to the majority of their hearers. A Dutch boer past the middle age shall first tell his tale, to which we will now act the part of relater, as we have more than once acted that of listener.

When I first went into the country near the Bay of Natal, things were very different to what they are now; there were not nearly so many Caffres in the country, and there were no white men except our own party of "Mensch."

Game was in plenty; bucks and elands were on the hills where Pietermaritzburg now stands; elephants browsed at Eusdors; hippopotami swarmed along the banks of the Umanie, and in the Sea-Cow Lake; and many a monster which has now sought more secure retreats, was then to be seen in the neighborhood of the bay.

I built myself a beehive-shaped hut, like one of the Caffres, on the open ground near the Umbilo, and cultivated a little piece of ground near it; but having a span of five oxen and a wagon, I did not care to remain quiet in one spot. To trek, and to shoot and trek again, was what I always liked. Those men who like being shut up in your houses or towns, scarcely know

what it is to live. Give me a fine open plain, a good horse under me, fifty miles of turf all round, and then I feel free.

Well, I had lived about three weeks near the Umbilo, when my Hottentot Plachè came one day to me in great fright, and told me that he had seen "the biggest snake that ever was;" that it had crossed the Umbilo river, and had entered some long reeds about a half a mile from my hut. He said that the snake's head was on the land on one side, whilst the tail was on the other side of the Umbilo. Now, this river is not very broad; but if what the man told me were true, the snake must have been over thirty feet in length. I knew that a species of boa-constrictor was to be found about here, for I had shot one sixteen feet long as I was coming from the old colony to the bay.

I did not trouble myself to look after the snake, for there was a large swamp with long reeds extending for more than a mile along the banks of this river, with cover enough to conceal five hundred snakes.

About a month after Plachè's interview with the boa, there fell a vast quantity of rain, and the river rose and flooded the whole of this swamp. The nearest piece of dry land to the river was the little rising-ground which I had turned over and sowed with meal, and on which my hut stood.

One evening, during the time that the flood was out, I came back from shooting just as the sun was setting. I had shot a riet buck which I had found out in the open ground, behind the Berea Bush. Plachè was with me, and I left him and a Caffre to bring in the buck, whilst I returned home, alone, to prepare a fire, and get ready the cooking-pots.

I noticed that the water was very high, and had not left more than a hundred yards clear round my hut, which was, however, still some ten or twelve feet above the level of the flood. I placed my gun outside, against the hut, and crawled into the doorway of the kraal. You must know that the only light that enters these buildings is by the doorway, so when I blocked up this, the only aperture, the interior was rather dark. I knew that my flint and steel-box were stuck up in the thatch of the roof, and these I could use to obtain a light, in case the embers were not smoldering in the center of the hut, where I usually maintained a fire.

I could not see a sign of a spark amongst the ashes, when I first entered the hut; and as the evening was closing in, I thought I might have difficulty in making a fire, as the dew was so heavy that all the wood became damp, even inside the hut; so I lay down, and blew amongst the white-wood ashes, to try and rouse a flame.

Whilst I was thus occupied, I fancied that I heard something move amongst the blankets that lay by the side of the hut. I looked at the spot, and there, to my astonishment, saw a gigantic snake, which appeared nearly as large round as my body. The animal was coiled up amongst my bedding, but had about three feet, head and neck, stretched out and pointed at me—its forked tongue now and again shooting out some inch or two from its mouth.

The instant that I saw the monster, I jumped on to my feet, and looked round for a weapon, but there was not one at hand. My gun I had placed outside; my large knife I had left with Plâchè, to enable him to cut up the buck, and, in fact, I was unarmed. A cold shudder came over me when I realized the state of affairs; the door of the hut was only two feet high, and to escape, therefore, I must crawl out, and I felt certain that if I stooped down, the snake would instantly dart at me.

I was not at all aware what power these snakes might possess; I had heard that they could kill nearly full-grown calves, and could crush and swallow a buck; and therefore, I believed a monster like this would make short work of me. I might fight and struggle, but, unarmed, what could I do?

How long I stood looking at the snake, I do not know, but it could not have been many seconds, although the time appeared minutes; suddenly I remembered that my Caffre had, a few days before, asked me to allow him to place an assagai in my hut, because the night-dew caused the blade to rust when the weapon was exposed. Here, then, was a hope for me, for I knew that the man had not taken away the assagai with him.

I scarcely dared take my eyes off the snake, lest the brute should dart at me; but giving a glance round the upper part of the hut, I saw the handle of the assagai protruding from the thatch, and nearly within reach of me. Something seemed

to tell me that the instant I moved the snake would spring at me. I, however, raised my hand and arm very slowly towards the assagai, and at length, by bending over a little, managed to grasp the handle. As I did so, the snake, which had gradually uncoiled during my movements, darted towards me. I jumped aside, and pulled out the broad-bladed assagai, which had been sharpened to the keenness of a razor; but the snake moved like lightning, and although he had missed me in his first dart, he recovered himself instantly, and sprung at me again. Before I could make a cut at him, his teeth caught in my leather trowsers, and he thus obtained a strong hold, and with a pull as sudden as his lunge, he dragged my feet from under me, and brought me to the ground; a big fold of his body rolled over his head, and fell upon my legs, which it weighed to the ground as if a loaded wagon were on them.

He managed all this in a very short time; but I was not idle, for I knew that if he could once manage to press down my chest, or my arms, he might kill me.

Now, the feeling that first came upon me was certainly not a pleasant one, because I was without a weapon; but as soon as I grasped the assagai I knew that I was safe; consequently, when he really attacked me, I felt as though it were a piece of impudence on his part, for I never expected the affair would have been as dangerous to me as it proved to be. These things take some time to tell, but they do not take long to happen, and a struggle for life or death is frequently decided in half a minute. So it was with me. The instant the snake's body came over on my legs, I twisted round, and sliced it with the assagai. I gave two terrible gashes, and the monster, releasing its hold of my leathers, sprung at my face. I raised my arm instinctively to protect myself, which saved me from being bitten; but I was knocked down flat, and the brute was again on me; but this time I caught him by the neck with my left hand, and in an instant had nearly severed his head with the assagai. I scrambled away from the monster, which was writhing about in its agony, and escaped from the hut. Then I began to examine how I had fared in fight. To my surprise, I found that a few deep scratches near the ankle, and a bite near the wrist, neither of which was of very great importance, were all the

wounds which I had sustained. For some days afterwards, however, I suffered a great deal of pain in the legs, where the snake had pressed me.

I do not think that I should have escaped to tell the tale, if I had not found the assagai, as the boa, although unwilling to attack you when he is in the open country, is pugnacious enough when shut up with you in a circular hut about eight feet in diameter.

We soon hauled the snake from the hut, when my Hottentot arrived, and found it to measure twenty-eight feet in length, and nearly a foot in diameter in the thickest part. The Hottentot thought it must be that which he had seen, as its markings appeared the same. It was evident that the floods had driven the snake from its usual concealment in the reeds, and the animal finding a warm hut, in which were blankets and the remains of a fire, had taken up its position without ceremony, and had been probably much irritated at my sudden intrusion upon him. I never wish to have such another battle, for although I should not be afraid of the result, still the thoughts which come upon us afterwards are not pleasant. Man has an instinctive horror of serpents, and when I dreamed, for many a night afterwards, it was usually about a snake, or some other horrid reptile, which had hold of me.

"Ah!" says another of the party, "these sort of fights are not pleasant; but your case would have been worse, if your visitor had been a four-foot cobra or puff-adder, instead of an eight-and-twenty foot boa constrictor. It is not the biggest creatures that are always the most dangerous. It's the vice of some of them that does the mischief. As it is with animals, so it is with men—the biggest are not always the dangerous. Jan there, who takes his *brandynoy*n so quietly, is more dangerous than Karl beside him, although Jan is small, and Karl very big."

At this sally, "Jan," a small, compact, dark-eyed Dutchman, with a long black beard, and sharp twinkling eyes, attracts the attention of the party. Jan is a celebrated hunter, before whom Caffres and Bushmen, elephants, lions, and other *fera* have bowed and yielded their lives. Many a wondrous tale can Jan tell, and yet avoid drawing upon his imagination. Thirty years of a desert-life have not been passed

without a variety of incidents and of hair-breadth escapes which appear marvelous to the denizens of civilized countries, but which are by no means unusual amidst the wilds of South-Africa, where the savage nature of man is too frequently left without control, and where the strong arm and the ready spear often raise a man from the lowest to the highest grades amongst his fellows.

The Dutch boers have been the pioneers of civilization in that country, and have often had to combat against the ferocious biped and quadruped, before they could even rest upon the land which they had purchased. It must be owned that these men were not unfitted for their work; hardy and bold, they stood not for trifles; were the disputants lions or savages, it mattered not much—the first were slain as wild beasts, which must be got rid of; the second would be shot in self-defense, or as a warning to others; or all for the glory of God. In the earlier days, the savages paid no great respect to treaties, and liked the music which an assagai made when insinuated between a white man's ribs.

Jan shall now tell one of his adventures.

"When we are young we have many treats before us, for there are plenty of amusements of all sorts to which to look forward. When we get older, we tire of these, and want change. Too much of the same thing does not do. Now, I always think that the first time that we do any thing is that which is always the most strongly impressed upon our memory, whether it be getting on a horse, driving a team of oxen, firing off a gun, killing a buck, fighting an elephant, or any other performance.

"Now, as many of you who know me are aware, I have done some one or two acts that men may be proud of. In my house there are the tails of two hundred bull elephants, all shot by my own gun, discharged from my own shoulder; ten lion-skins, each with but one bullet-hole in it; and if I had taken all the skins and all the tails that I had assisted to deprive the owners of, I might have possessed ten times ten. But never mind that, I will tell you now of the first time that I was ever in battle."

"You have not yet told us half that you have done," remarks one of the party; "tell us what all these little crosses on your gun-stock mean."

"These," says the first speaker, "are for Caffres—some Amakosæ, some Zooloo, some Matabili."

"What are the larger crosses?" asks the inquirer.

"There are three of them; these, and I am not ashamed to own it, are for Englishmen."

"What!" asks one of the English visitors, "are those marks to indicate the men you have killed? Why, there are three or four dozen small crosses, and three large."

"Ja, there are fifty-two small crosses and three large, that is, with this roer. I've another with a few more on it, but they are only Bushmen and frontier Caffres—skulkers, they are. But all here are warriors, fighting-men, killed with their faces towards me, and many of them shot when so near to me, that it was either my life or theirs. Oh! we have led a hard life in the plains, and have had to maintain our grounds by the strength of our arms, and the accuracy of our aim. What your father left you, wasn't yours, without you were able to pull your trigger against those who tried to snatch your property from you; but quieter times are now coming, I hope."

"But now, to give you an account of my first battle, which I was led to fight as follows:

"I was living with my father over on the west side of the mountains, when we received the intelligence of the massacre of Retief and his party by the Zooloos, and also of the slaughter of the wives and children who were found unprotected around the Bay of Natal.

"Messengers were sent to all the Mensch about us to ask that we would assemble and revenge the murder of our friends and connections. Nearly every man amongst us, whether old or young, responded to the call, and we assembled to the number of about three hundred and eighty, under Piet Uys.

"Dividing our force into two parties, we advanced against the enemy, and opened fire upon them. When we had penetrated some distance up the defile on each side of which the Zooloos, some eight thousand strong, had stationed themselves, we heard a noise, which came from behind us, and we then saw that a body of nearly a thousand picked men, who had been lying in ambush, had now cut off our retreat, and were closing in upon us.

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There was something awful in the sight of these savages, stained as they were with the blood of hundreds of our connections or friends. The training which the men had received now told to advantage, for they came on at a steady run, shoulder to shoulder, and three deep, brandishing their assagais, beating their large black and white ox-hide shields, and singing their war-songs. One of our divisions, under Potgeiter, was at once thrown into confusion, for the horses became frightened and unmanageable, in consequence of the noise and the appearance of the Zooloos. The other division under Uys thus had to sustain the shock of the charge, whilst at the same time the enemy who had been on the hills closed in on both sides. A heavy fire was kept up by all of us, and the Zooloos fell fast all around us. As we mowed down one line of them, more charged up in their place; and if by chance any of our party became separated from the main body, these stragglers were at once surrounded, some of the Zooloos actually clinging to the legs of the horses, and holding on even in their death-struggles, whilst others dragged the rider to the ground, and stabbed him with their broad-bladed spears. It was a fearful sight, and on me, who had never before seen a man shot dead, the effect was still more powerful than on those who had witnessed such scenes many times, for amongst our band were boers who had fought several times with Moselekatse's warriors; but none, they afterwards told me, ever equaled these Zooloos in determination and fierceness. We shot them down by hundreds, but more came up immediately in their places. Our chief, Uys, was surrounded and killed, and several others of our party; and now our only endeavor was to force our way through the enemy's ranks, and effect our escape: we therefore advanced quickly upon the rear division, fired a volley, and then charged at the opening which our bullets had made for us. It was not without the loss of several lives that we escaped from our dangerous position, for the warriors did not give way, and our road was made over the bodies of the slain or wounded. Many of the latter caught hold of the horses' legs as the animals passed near them, and thus prevented the riders from escaping. When the country became more open, our party was able to maneuver better, and then,

although the horses were nearly knocked up, the Zooloos were allowed to come within a convenient distance, when the boers fired a volley, and galloped away to load. This proceeding soon stopped the pursuit of the black warriors, who returned to their stronghold, after having received two or three volleys, and having suffered severely thereby.

"This was the general outline of the battle; but now I will tell you my part in the performance. When we charged through the ranks of the Zooloos, I happened to be on the outside of the line, what the Rodiebashes call 'a flanker,' consequently, I was more exposed than those who were nearer the middle of our line. We dashed along at full gallop, and pretended that we were going to fire every moment, but our guns were not reloaded; this, however, the Caffres did not know. As we passed amongst the thickest of the enemy, half-a-dozen men rushed at me, but only two were able to reach me. One of them threw his spear, and wounded me in the thigh; the other slashed my horse, and nearly hamstrung him. Before we had journeyed half a mile, I found that I should soon have to stop, for my horse bled freely, and could scarcely canter. It was an awful thought to think that I might fall into the hands of these blood-thirsty savages; but there appeared to be no other result likely to happen, for in a few minutes my horse sunk under me, and I then saw that he had received two or three stabs in the belly, probably from the spears of those wounded men over whom we had ridden. I called to some of the Mensch who were near, and asked them to stay with me, but a panic appeared to have seized upon them, and they either did not hear, or did not heed. Knowing the danger of remaining in the open part, I ran along beside some bushes, until I found a thick forest of thorns; into this I dashed, and having found a quiet, dark corner, I stopped to consider what I should do. The prospect before me was not cheering, for I was fully sixty miles from the bay, and I had no doubt that my party would not halt until they reached this spot, and also that the country between would be overrun by the Zooloos. First, I thought of lying concealed until night, and then attempting part of the journey; but the improbability of finding my way through the bush, and the certainty of being dis-

covered and captured by the Caffres if I followed the beaten footpaths by which we had entered the country, soon caused me to relinquish this idea.

"I was in a very excited state when I thought over my difficulties, and could not resist the wish to peep out on the open country; so I crept to the edge of the bush, and looked all round. At first, all appeared quiet, and no person could be seen; but shortly after, I saw, at about a quarter of a mile from me, three Zooloos, one of whom was leading a horse. They were walking slowly, and appeared to be describing one to the other their respective performances. A thought at once entered my head and set me planning. In the country between me and the Caffres were several clumps of bush, and I at once determined to risk an attack upon these men, and to endeavor to capture the horse.

"The plan was a dangerous one, but my case was desperate. Even if I did gain a victory, and possess myself of the horse, there was still no very great chance of escape, for I must pass alone over many miles of country in which strong parties of the victorious Zooloos were sure to be on the look-out for stragglers; still there is such a feeling of strength comes over us when we are mounted on a good horse, and I saw at once that this was the *schimmel* of one of our men who had been killed early in the day.

"There is something in my constitution—I do not like to call it courage—that makes me, when I am in positions of great danger, become very calm and calculating. Some other men I have found affected in a similar manner, whilst others become nervous or imprudent.

"When the thought struck me to attack these men, I made all my plans in an instant. I saw that they were approaching some rather tall trees, when appeared near a river, and between me and this river the cover was tolerably good. I waited until the party were hidden from view, and then ran towards them.

"I looked about me, and fully expected to see a party of Zooloos chasing me, but no man was near. I could hear the shrieks of women in the distance, probably over the bodies of the slain on the battle-field, but fortunately for me, every one appeared too busy elsewhere to be examining this part of the field. Twice I dropped on to the ground, as the Caffres

crossed a little open patch of grass, and once I crouched behind some bushes, and feared that all was lost, for the horse recognized my dress, pricked up his ears, and turned his head to look at me. I was scarcely two hundred yards distant then; and had the Caffres known the nature of a horse, or had they not been so much occupied in talking, my surprise, which I knew would be half the battle, would have failed. Again they passed between thick bushes, and again I ran on. I passed them at about a hundred yards' distance, but well concealed, and pushed on in advance, and lay down near the stream, at about thirty paces from the path.

I was very hot, and my hands were shaking with excitement, for the struggle would now take place in a few seconds. I cocked my roer—fortunately, it had two barrels—and waited. On they came; I could hear their voices, then their footsteps, and at length they stood within forty paces of me. I allowed them to advance a few paces, then took aim at the man who led the horse, fired, and saw him instantly fall to the ground. I then covered the second Caffre, and dropped him.

Now, if the third man had known that I possessed no weapon other than an empty gun, which I did not like to stay to load, he would probably have closed with me, and stabbed me with his assagai. I knew that if I showed a sign of fear, he might suspect that my gun had power to throw two shots only, but I knew that these Caffres possessed such a slight knowledge of firearms, that they were not certain how many times we could fire without loading; so, instantly after firing, I jumped from my concealment, and pointed my gun at the remaining Caffre. He did not stop for inquiry, but jumped about from side to side like a Duiker, and rushed down the path up which he had just come.

"Have got rid of these men, I knew that only a small part of my work was done, for I was not certain that the horse would allow me to catch him; and if he were to gallop off, or show himself shy, I should be in a more awkward position than before, because now the Zooloos knew that there was a dismounted white man near them, whom they could easily surround and kill. I knew that the only plan to adopt to catch the horse was to approach him very slowly, so as not to

cause any alarm, and this was the most trying work for my patience that I ever had to do. Each minute was now of importance. The report of my gun must have alarmed the men at the village; the Caffre who had escaped would inform them of my solitary position, even a delay of a few seconds might cause me to be unmercifully tortured, and then slaughtered, and yet I knew that hurry might spoil all.

"When the Caffre who was leading the horse fell to the ground, the animal trotted off to about fifty yards' distance, and commenced grazing. When I approached him, he lifted his head, and moved slowly away from me. I stopped instantly, and walked round so as to appear by no means anxious to catch him. After two or three times walking round him, each time getting nearer, I at length ventured on approaching him.

"Now, I had often noticed that if you went up to a horse very slowly, and continued saying, 'Ah! now, good horse,' and all that, the animal usually appeared to suspect you meant some mischief, and would move off; so, trusting that the schimmel was a good shooting horse, I loaded my gun nearly close to him, and then walked straight towards him, as though we were old friends, taking care to advance from the left side. To my joy and delight, he raised his head from feeding, but stood perfectly quiet. I seized the bridle, jumped on his back, and, with a hearty 'trek,' galloped off.

"Whilst I was loading my gun, I could hear the conversation of some Zooloos in the distance: these men were shouting to one another from the hill-tops, and I knew that this would entail hard riding and a watchful eye, to enable me to escape from the parties which were already out endeavoring to secure possession of all the crossings of the rivers; whilst the less fleet of foot would watch me from the hill-tops; but now, on the back of a horse, I felt safe. The schimmel galloped strong, and felt like iron under me, and I had soon passed over three or four miles; but now I had a bad piece of bush to pass through, and I suspected that the enemy were there in wait for me.

"When within about a quarter of a mile of the bush, which I saw was only about a hundred yards in extent, I pulled up, as though to look about me, but, in reality, to note if any path other than that

by which I was approaching led through the bushes. I saw another some distance to the left; so I rode down towards this, as though I purposed passing through over this path. My plan succeeded, for I instantly saw several black heads moving along very quickly, from near the path where I appeared to be going, to that by which my passage was now expected.

"I rode on very slowly, and as though I had seen nothing; but when I approached within about fifty yards of the dense bush, I turned my horse, and rode full gallop towards the other pathway, and dashed through the bushes, fortunately without interruption. A savage yell, from at least fifty disappointed Zooloos, greeted me, when I appeared on the other side; for I had drawn their ambuscade from the one pathway to the other,

and thus escaped. I rode hard for the next two hours, but did not see another friend or foe, until I came up with the party of Mensch, who were hastening down to the bay to save what they could, either by treking or going on board a ship; for we knew that the Zooloos would be down upon us in a couple of days at farthest.

"I have been in many a sharp and hard fight since that day, and some not the most pleasant to look back upon; but, as I told you at the commencement, the first battle, like the first of every thing, is that which we remember the best, and so I can recall every circumstance attending my first fight, and am thus able to tell all that happened, without forgetting one incident, or even the feelings which I then experienced."

From Chambers's Journal.

THE VIENNA DEATH-BRINGER.

TOWARDS the end of Maria Theresa's reign, when the Empress-Queen had finished her wars, got most of her family married, and established strict etiquette at court, there appeared among the rank and fashion of Vienna a lady, whose comings and goings were more anxiously watched, and more earnestly talked of, than ever were those of envoy or ambassador. She was neither young nor beautiful, clever nor rich, but a *stift-dame* or pensioner of one of those institutions so abundant in Germany, which were founded by the munificence of early magnates for the education and maintenance of the undowered branches of their family-trees. Madame von Enslar, as the lady was called, though yet in single blessedness—for the madame came with the stift—was on the shady side of fifty, of unquestionably noble birth, had been maid of honor to the Empress when she was Arch-duchess, and could still boast of a place in her majesty's memory; yet no *fräulein*, introduced for the first time to the family

of her intended, could have been more amiable. What was still better, every body believed that Madame von Enslar's amiability was a genuine article. Had her head been detachable, any acquaintance might have borrowed it. Whoever was in difficulties, might count on her help or counsel, and madame was not a bad adviser; but her chosen field of labor, and, it seemed, of delight, too, was the sick-room. Beside the night-lamp or in the darkened chamber, madame was at home in any body's house. Her quiet ways, her unwearied care, and her unquestionable abilities in the manufacture of soups, jellies, and all other comforts for the indisposed, made her a perfect treasure to all who intended to keep their beds for some time; but, strange to say, there were people in Vienna who would rather have seen the most slatternly hospital-nurse at their bedsides. The morals of the Austrian capital have never stood high, and superstitious terrors are the natural accompaniments of such society.

How it originated, nobody could tell; but a whisper gradually crept into boudoir, drawing-room, and down the back-stairs, that wherever madame went to nurse and tend the sick, death was sure to follow her. Examples of the fact might be heard in every circle. Had not the young Countess Valsenburg been a second Hebe for youth and health, till madame went to nurse her in the cold she caught at her Imperial Majesty's Christmas reception? yet the cold turned to a rapid consumption, and the Countess joined her ancestors in the family-vault before Easter. Did not the Canoness of Stofenheim look rather too rosy for a lady so nearly connected with prayer and fasting, till she sprained her ankle in the Ash-Wednesday procession, and madame came with that inestimable poultice invented by the doctor of her *stift*. Nobody ever saw the Canoness looking rosy after that. One turn of sickness followed another, and her funeral went out with the last leaves of the summer. Did not the old Baroness von Hardenbach belong to one of the toughest families in all Austria, till madame began to make embrocations for the rheumatism she had every winter, and her heirs were agreeably surprised by having to provide mourning six weeks after? Similar instances were on record among the poor whom the amiable stift-dame visited. The servants for whom she prescribed, and the tradesmen in whose families she took an interest—doctors, lawyers, and priests—all believed in this bad luck; but nobody undertook to explain her connection with the King of Terrors. That she had a criminal hand in the business, could not be even imagined. Besides having no motive for any body's removal, no legacy to expect, no rival to get rid of, Madame von Enslar was a frank, honest, good-natured soul, the very opposite of all who ever dealt in poisons.

Nevertheless, she visited the sick, and the sick died; the whisper was loud in the city, but low in the court. Though Prince Kaunitz, that mighty minister who never permitted the decease of any body to be mentioned in his hearing, had also forbidden the utterance of her name; though Joseph II. had consulted Mesmer on the subject, it was said without effect, the Empress-Queen would not acknowledge the existence of such tales. Madame had been her maid of honor, and

her confessor was the lady's distant relation. To believe any thing more than her Imperial Majesty would have been a decided infraction of etiquette. The Viennese world of fashion was therefore obliged to content itself with retailing those startling facts under the seal of secrecy, and keeping its own maladies from coming to madame's ears; but in proportion as the stift-dame was a terror to its brave and fair, when themselves were concerned, so did she become their hope and confidence in the case of old and wealthy relations, troublesome dependents, creditors, obstructors, some said spouses—in short, any body whom it was desirable to get out of the way.

It is proverbial that those most concerned in a report are generally the last to hear it. Madame von Enslar went on attending masses, making clothes for the poor, and compounding good things for the indisposed, without the slightest idea of the hopes and fears which hung upon her visits. From her youth, which the world now around her regarded as a long past and primitive time, she had lived in the Stifthouse—an establishment where young ladies were educated, and older ones dwelt in a somewhat conventual fashion, with daily prayers, solemn observance of fast and festival, and great execution done in needlework and cookery. Whether it were the practice of stifthouses in general, of madame's in particular, or the lady's own disposition that obtained such credit, certain it was that she had come to the capital after residing the appointed twenty years under the stift-mother's superintendence, with the neat black dress and gold crucifix of the institution, and no tendency whatever to intrigue, scandal, or curiosity touching her neighbor's affairs. The good woman was congratulating herself on the excellent health with which her friends were blessed, in the third winter of her sojourn at Vienna. None of all her acquaintances would acknowledge that they or theirs were ill, or likely to be so; the poor whom she visited were equally free from complaints, her own and her friends' servants declared themselves in a most satisfactory condition; when a transaction occurred which convinced even the Empress-Queen, and enlightened madame on the mysterious part of her own history.

The Archbishop of Salzburg was one of the richest churchmen in the empire. He had estates both in Austria and the Tyrol,

large deposits in the imperial bank, revenues from shrines, bridges, and highways, his vineyards produced the best wine, his park contained the finest game, and his country-house was delightfully situated on a rising-ground overlooking the Danube, and within two German miles of Vienna. There Ludwig Firstenfeld lived in princely splendor and high favor with Maria Theresa. Almost forty years before, when a rival *kaiser* had been crowned at Linz—when her right was assailed by all the princes who had promised to maintain it—when the Holy See stood prudently aloof, to see which side should win, he had gallantly championed her cause in and out of canonicals, canvassed the states of Hungary, gave sage counsel in the imperial closet, and advanced money for carrying on the war. The wisdom which the Archbishop had displayed in those days of uncertainty, made his advice so necessary to the Empress-Queen, that he rarely visited his palace in Salzburg, or his castle in Swabia, but resided chiefly at his country-house, within reach of the court, the theaters, and the news. His grace received the best company in Vienna; her majesty and all the Imperial family honored his state-balls with their presence; he had the choicest pictures, the rarest china, the most select conservatories, and his mansion was kept in all sorts of propriety by the administration of Madame Segendorf, his widowed niece, and her three grown-up daughters. Madame Segendorf's husband had been a Count of the Austrian Netherlands. His estates were lost partly in the war with France, and partly at French hazard. Mother and daughters had consequently no provision becoming their rank, but they were all amiable, accomplished, and devotedly attached to their wealthy uncle.

The spiritual lord of Salzburg was verging on seventy-five, but still a stately figure at the levée and a dreaded antagonist at the chess-board. As became an archbishop so high in imperial favor, he was believed to be endowed with every virtue. The court-poets spoke of his canonization as an event to be expected; the inferior clergy agreed that his residence in the bowers of Paradise was ready. Nevertheless, Ludwig Firstenfeld was in no hurry to leave his choice tokay, his first-rate venison, and his elegant country-house, of which he gave

a convincing proof by keeping its doors steadily closed against Madame von Enslar. The Archbishop did not believe the idle tales that were afloat, any more than his imperial patroness; after her majesty's example, he did not even notice them, and greeted the stiff-dame, when he met her in society, with almost paternal kindness. Yet, while his hospitalities were extended to rich and poor, home-born and foreign, who had the smallest pretensions to noble blood, madame was never invited within his walls or grounds.

The lady would have been probably content to see herself thus overlooked for life, but it did not tally with another lady's plans. In a moment of amiable weakness, some years before, the Archbishop had permitted his niece to learn that his will was made in favor of herself and daughters. There were none of them growing younger. The grafts and counts to whom the junior ladies aspired, some how found out that no dowry could be expected till their uncle's death, and were not in haste to propose. Madame Segendorf, being still a fine woman, had considerable calculations on an old prince with heavily encumbered estates and a habit of incessant gambling, and while her solicitude regarding the health and welfare of her dear uncle daily increased, she left no stone unturned to get the stiff-dame invited to his country-house. Even the efforts of widows are not always crowned with success. The praises of madame's piety, humility, and unbounded reverence for his grace, were sounded without effect. Then madame herself was stirred up to make advances. It was a pity the Archbishop should neglect her so; some body must have prejudiced his mind against her; there were always ill-natured people in the world; perhaps they had led him to believe that she was careless of his good opinion and great interest at court. It might be well to get in his way at times, talk of his most celebrated pictures, and hint a strong desire to see them. These stratagems, and many more, were tried, but all in vain. His grace would take no hints, and hear no insinuations. Poor madame, constantly reminded of the fact, began to think it the black cloud of her life that she was shut out from his country-house; complained of it to all her acquaintances, grieved over it in secret, and was thinking

of offerings to the most benevolent saints on the subject, when by chance she hit on a more direct expedient.

Passing through the Jews' quarter in one of her missions of charity, she saw hanging in the shop of a noted dealer in second-hand garments a magnificent morning-gown of crimson damask, flowered with gold. Being a woman, the stift-dame was taken captive by its grandeur. Moreover, it looked perfectly new. The Archbishop had a special liking for splendid attire; and if, as Solomon told her, a gift made room for a man, such a present would certainly secure a lady place at his board and in his ball-room. The Jew's price was low compared with the actual value of the robe; it had come into his hands by some chance of trade, and did not suit his customers. Yet decidedly cheap as it was, the cost would leave madame nothing to offer that Christmas at the shrine of Our Lady, who happened to be the patron-saint of her stift. However, the Archbishop's good graces were in prospect. Madame went straight home for all her savings, paid for the magnificent morning-gown, saw it safely packed up, and felt herself an already invited guest, when it was deposited, box and all, in a private cupboard, to be seen by nobody till it was dispatched to the country-house, as a Christmas gift for his Grace of Salzburg.

Christmas was the Archbishop's birthday, which returned for the seventy-fifth time that year, and he determined to celebrate it with more than usual festivity. The uttermost branches of his family were invited months before, and gladly obeyed the summons of their rich and reverend relative. They came from the hills of Bohemia, and the plains of Lombardy; from the frontiers of France, and the borders of Russia; for the house of First-enfield was numerously represented; and wherever the Hapsburg scepter ruled, there were its boughs to be found flourishing in the law, in the church, or in the army. Gifts came in as well as friends—when did a rich man's birthday lack presents?—but among them there was nothing so splendid, nothing so much to the Archbishop's taste, as the magnificent morning-gown, sent just as it came from the Jew's shop, by the hand of a trusty messenger, with a note which it had cost the stift-dame two sleepless nights to compose. His grace was delighted, and all his

assembled relations envied the lucky sender, except Madame Segandorf, who returned to her praises with fresh vigor, hinted that she feared the poor lady had but a lonely Christmas; every body had not a dear, kind uncle like her and her girls. The Archbishop took no notice of these grateful remarks, but as the present had arrived on the eve of the festival, he did madame the honor of wearing it at his birthday levée.

Every body admired the morning-gown. The sports of the day, the morning mass, and the evening banquet, all went off well. The Bishop's health was drunk in old Austrian fashion—good wishes, predictions, and prayers for length of days and increase of dignity, even to the Cardinal's hat, were made on his behalf; but before the rejoicings were fairly over, it was observed that his Grace did not look quite well. Next morning, he was decidedly indisposed; his anxious relations, not knowing the state of his will, remained in the house to see what turn the illness would take; but first Madame Segandorf sickened also; then her daughters, one after another; then the cousins, cousins-in-law, noble ladies, and high officials who had assembled round the Bishop's festive board, began to complain and retire to their chambers. Half the physicians of repute in Vienna were in full action at the country-house. At first, they thought something might have gone wrong at the banquet, and a strict search after poison was commenced; but in a short time it became evident that the disease was small-pox. The dread and devastation which attended that malady over all Europe in the eighteenth century, are matters of history. It was the desolater of palace and cottage, and the plague of preceding ages had no such terrors for men. In the Bishop's country-house, its visitation came with a malignity never equaled. All who sickened, died; all who fled were seized on their homeward ways. The prelate himself survived the widow and her daughters, who had been in such haste for his testament, only a few days; and before the new year was a month old, the numerous house of First-enfield was so diminished, that its large possessions fell to three poor priests and an old doctor of laws, who by common consent, built a monastery for the brothers of Lazarus on the site of the elegant country-house.

The court and the public woke up as they seldom wake in Austria. A strict investigation regarding the stiff-dame's present was set on foot, and by the perseverance of the police it was discovered to have formed part of the wardrobe of Louis XV., and been worn for the first time in the attack of small-pox which finished his reign. As usual in those times, every thing worn by his departed majesty on that occasion was supposed to have been burned; but the magnificent morning-gown tempted a covetous valet; he saved it from the fire; sold it to a traveling Jew, under a stipulation never

to show it on French ground: thus it had found its way to Vienna, and been purchased by the unlucky Madame von Enslar. The sifting of the transaction not only confirmed the public belief in her connection with the last enemy, but induced the Empress-Queen to command her immediate retirement to her stiff-house, which she never again quitted; and it is said to have given currency to a popular superstition, which still prevails in Upper Austria, where every out-of-the-way village has some tale regarding the unconscious powers of some old man or woman known as the Death-bringer.

From Chambers's Journal.

A WIFE'S DISTRESSES.

CHAPTER I.

I was born an heiress. The day I entered the world, my poor dear mother left it. I was her first and only child; and my father, who loved her passionately, was sadly grieved at his loss. The very light of his eyes was gone, and in her place he had only me—a sickly, irritating baby, so poor a comfort, and so great a care. Mamma's property was secured to me, and till I came of age, papa was to enjoy the interest of it. Dear papa, how faithfully he carried out all the implied conditions of that will, how tenderly he loved me, not surely for my own sake, but for hers that was gone. He spared neither time nor expense to make me the most accomplished of my sex; every thing that could possibly tend to improve me, mentally or physically, was freely granted, and I grew up fully prepared to support the position that came to me by birth. But as the sunshine seldom lasts through the day, my good, dear, self-sacrificing papa was taken from me when I was on the eve of womanhood, and at the most critical period of life. He did his best to secure me from my inevitable dangers; he left for my guardians his two cousins

and former companions, who were honest above suspicion, and only anxious to do their duty to me. Under their care I continued my studies, and still lived in seclusion, spending only the interest of the interest of my fortune; and so I grew and grew, and lived on in an ideal world, dreaming rather than acting, and feeding an already too active imagination. But there are few lives so quiet that have not some gay occasions, and so it happened to me when I was somewhat past twenty. I was staying with my aunt at Horngrave, which happened to be the head-quarters of the Wessex militia. Wherever there are military, there are sure to be music and dancing. A ball celebrated the conclusion of the period of annual training, and every body in Horngrave was going. I protested to all my acquaintances that I did not care for balls—that I had never danced much—and that my guardians, I knew, did not think well of those promiscuous meetings in country towns. But flattery soon conquered all my scruples. I could not resist being told that with my beauty and my known wealth I should be the pride of the ball. And why, thought I, have these advantages, and not enjoy them? It was a mischievous spirit that

urged me to such an exhibition of vanity; but who that has felt the pleasure of being admired, can refrain sometimes from indulging in it? I went to the ball with some friends, and dressed, I felt, to perfection; I wore some of my family jewels, which were valuable enough to show every one my wealth, even if it were not known.

How brilliant, how gay, how unlike every thing else in our quiet monotonous lives, a well-lighted ball-room is—how fairy-like and bewitching the elegances of costume, how joyous the atmosphere, how inspiring the music of the dance. I had not been in the room ten minutes before I felt how flat and tame my life had hitherto been as compared with the enchanting present. I was not wrong in the anticipation of my success. I was eagerly sought as a partner, and engaged for every dance of the evening. I used to fancy young men were much alike; tall or short, dark or fair, they always appeared to say the same things, to have the same ambitions, objects, and thoughts; to be, in short, uniformly uninteresting. I came back from that ball an altered being. One there was who had danced more often with me, who seemed to say precisely what I cared to listen to, to think precisely what I felt, and to meet my ideal of a man in some unaccountably wonderful way. I *do* believe in love at sight; and I am convinced that I could no more help loving that man, than I could have felt a passion for any other of my partners. He was a Captain Norman. His father I had heard mentioned as a cold, stern, hard-hearted aristocrat; while the son was as kind and generous as if all his ancestors had been professional philanthropists. I fancied he was pleased with me; otherwise, why did he dance again and again with me, and why did he hope, when we parted, that we should meet again? I heard him answer to some question put by a bystander, "Very, very charming." Was it I?

But now the ball was over, there was a reaction, and I felt sadder and duller than I had ever been before. But my pride was roused. I would display my wealth in some way, and not live on as if pinched by poverty. I was fond of driving. I would have a pair of ponies, and drive them myself; there would, at least, be some excitement about that. I was quite

right, and enjoyed myself exceedingly; but was it not partly in the hope of meeting Captain Norman that I acted thus? At any rate, I did meet him, and, of course, as opportunities will occur when hearts are willing, we improved our acquaintance. I was soon desperately in love. I believe I would have given up all for that man, even then. He was no less ardent; and seeing, as he must have done, my disposition, he was not slow in breathing his vows, and asking my love. It had been given long before, though in secret; and now there had been mutual confession. How smoothly every thing went in the dreams of that happy hour—nothing was wanting but my guardians' consent, for I was not yet of age, and for that I impatiently waited. At length their answer came; it was written in the joint-name of both, and was as kind in expression and feeling as their letters had ever been. It made me feel very, very sad, and almost wicked in my love; and yet, in what they told me, there was no appearance of ill-feeling; their honesty was unimpeachable, and what purpose could their warnings serve? Still my betrothed husband, my beau-idéal, was, in their language, a very doubtful, even dangerous character. "His family is aristocratic by birth, but seldom visited, and there is a hereditary danger in the blood; he is known to be fascinating, and very clever, an admirable actor, [this cut me to the heart,] but changeable, violent, unreliable." They warned me to beware of letting my feelings be too much engaged, as such an alliance could not result well. This letter was the first great shock I had ever had; my life hitherto had been so calm, that I was quite unprepared for such a blow. It seemed to me that all the world opposed our union, and combined to make me wretched; but this feeling, in itself, only drew me closer to Arthur. To his impatient pleadings for our union, I urged my present dependence, and the impossibility of marriage till I was of age, which would occur in three months. This interval passed in a mixed state of anxiety and pleasure; delight in the society of Arthur, but with a constantly irritating remembrance of the warning I had received. At length, my birthday drew so near that I determined to see my lawyer, and make my own disposition of my property, to be signed when of age. Arthur nobly asked nothing from me, though he must have known my

wealth, and I knew his comparative poverty. In a feeling of generosity at his noble disinterestedness, I determined to give him the half of my property irrevocably, but to reserve for the day he should call me wife to tell him what I had done. On the evening before my birthday and our wedding-day, I received a large packet of papers from my late guardians—kind, pensively kind, but unaltered in expression. In resigning their charge, they said that my conduct had been exemplary during the whole period of their duties; they had never had any difference with me, and every recommendation save one had been dutifully attend to. "Now I was my own mistress, and although they must deeply regret the step I was about to take, they earnestly trusted that their former anticipations might prove incorrect, and that my future lot might be as happy as my merits deserved." I wrote them a grateful answer, and thanked them from my heart for all their services. The next day, I was married. The wedding was quite private; neither Arthur nor I cared to have it gay; to me, he was all in all, and no numbers could have given me additional pleasure. A small party at breakfast, a few tears, and then we left for a long wedding-tour, that had been arranged previously.

CHAPTER II.

For the first few months our lives were as happy as it seems to me possible for human lives to be; indeed, after such happiness, we must expect to have much that is desolate and sad, or our lot on earth would not be what we know it is. I will not say that I did not discover in Arthur some signs of a naturally impetuous temper, in fact, some faults; but he was not at all the less charming than before marriage, and his love for me seemed firm and strong. We made a great tour of some seven months or more, and visited in succession every thing that is worth seeing in Europe. We traveled in great state—Arthur had his own valet, I, my maid—and we engaged the most accomplished courier at I must confess, rather an extravagant rate. His salary was as large as the most gifted man of his age could have earned by any occupation other than that of music; but he was

"unique." I forget how it was that we staid so long at Baden-Baden on our return home; but I had not been so well, and Arthur thought rest would restore me. However, it was there that Arthur's manner first altered to me; he was less attentive, less devoted than before. I sometimes fancied that he staid away to help on my recovery, as his presence always excited me. One evening, I know not why, after passing the greater part of the day in filling up a sketch made in Rome, I felt an unusual wish to join the gay throng in the Kursaal. I waited, thinking Arthur would return, intending to ask him to take me there. I waited some time—it was rather late—and he had usually returned before. I determined to go and seek him myself; and hastily changing my dress, and somewhat concealing my features, I set forth on my search. I looked for him in vain in many a well-lighted saloon; he was not among the dancers. I thought he might possibly be detained in some more than usually fascinating waltz; but no. I was afraid of being recognized by some of our numerous acquaintances, but fortunately I was not. At length I reached that room of rooms which makes Baden-Baden a Vesuvius of danger—that crater of excitement which swallows all its victims—the gambling-table. As I entered, a pang shot through my frame; Arthur surely could not be there. The old doubtful warning flashed before me, and I felt fearfully wretched, but it was but for a moment. Before my eyes were the tables, and seated round that mixture of every age and country, to whom alike, savage and civilized, gambling is the common pleasure. I stood half-concealed in the crowd that surrounded the players. The stakes were evidently high, for little gold was passing, and memoranda on paper were mostly exchanged. The game must indeed be exciting, for although a perfect stranger to it, even as a spectator I was interested, almost bewildered, in watching it. Opposite to me was one of the players, who soon absorbed my attention, to the exclusion of all the others. I followed his play with all my attention, though I could not tell why. In my absorption, I forgot the motive that brought me there. There was a striking resemblance to some face I knew well that riveted me, and yet my brain whirled to such a degree I could not tell whose image it was. His hair

was dark and curling, his forehead clear and high, the whole face intellectual, while a rather heavy mustache detracted from the otherwise open expression. His dress was peculiar. The excitement of the game played in every muscle of his face. He was evidently a habitual gambler: he received his gains and paid his losses with a manner that proved his habits. But to-night how fearfully was he losing! Time after time, fortune went against him, and check after check left his hands. His manner, though still restrained, was becoming violent. At last he lost once more: I felt it was his ruin, for he rose—a burning spot on each cheek—and stood with glaring eyes, looking before him. Our eyes met: his face glowed with the reflection of a furnace, and then turned deadly pale. O agony! that moment had revealed all. In those eyes, in that burning face, in that marble reaction, I beheld—I knew it at once, despite the false mustache and deceptive costume—my husband, my Arthur, my adored—false to his honor, for he had promised me not to play! Oh! that fatal warning—too late, too late! I had no time to think, for in, an instant he was beside me. “You dare” he said, “to pry into my amusements, to follow me in disguise;” and madman that he was, he gave me a blow that bore me to the ground.

I remember nothing more. When I awoke in the morning, after a distressing, restless night, I was in a raging fever: the doctor pronounced me in a very critical state; nothing but perfect quiet could save my life, and how was that to be obtained when my anxieties must be permanent? But where was Arthur? Was he ashamed to appear, or had he returned desperately to his ruin? I implored his servant to try and find him, and was in agonies till he came back. No; he was not at the Kursaal. I felt at least a thrill of delight. At length I gained some sleep, and felt more composed, when I was again disturbed by the sound of footsteps: I asked who it was. My maid Emma went out to see. I heard expostulations, and excited language, and then a groan. What could it mean? Had Arthur, in despair, attempted— I was out of bed in an instant, and was on the stairs beside the bearers and the body. Yes, it was he; but oh!—blood, blood—he had done it. I was the murderer of my husband. I fell helpless into

the arms of the attendants, and remember nothing more, till I found myself in bed, doctors beside me, my hair cut short, my lips parched, my head burning hot. “Where is he?” cried I. “Arthur, forgive me.” They covered my lips, and enforced silence. He is better, much better: thank Heaven, he lived; then I was forgiven. By unremitting care, I grew daily stronger, and in a week I was safely delivered of a girl. I never expected to recover, but nature, so strong and beneficent, supported me. I was not allowed to hear much of Arthur, but I felt easy about him, and his recovery, like mine, was quick. The little darling, unconscious of these troubles, was lively and happy as a princess. Three weeks after, I was allowed to meet Arthur. He was much altered; his gay manner quite gone, his face wan and haggard, his eye restless and nervous. But for the voice, and some other characteristics, I could not have recognized him. What mingled feelings of joy and pain I had at seeing him again! I loved him devotedly still, but respect, the conscious feeling of duty, was gone. We talked little. He appeared to like our baby. Soon the doctors ordered us back to our rooms: there, in weariness, I asked Emma to give me the Baden paper, which I saw lying unopened on the table. I turned it over, looking restlessly over the announcements of new gayeties, which did not at all interest me; but my eye caught this paragraph: “Duel at Baden.” I thought duelling had retired from good society long ago. “A duel was fought about three weeks ago between an English gentleman and a German baron: the affair and its cause have been hushed up, and we have not been able to arrive at particulars, but the Englishman was severely wounded.” There could be no mistake. Arthur was the Englishman, and Baron de Gronold, in defending my sex’s honor, had fought my husband for striking me a blow.

Misery—utter desolation: what can equal the agony of those moments! Ill as I was, I resolved at once to return with baby to England. Never, never again could I live with Arthur. I was degraded, deceived; and fiercely as my love had burned, my passion raged. I would see him once more, demand an account of his pecuniary position, and then leave him forever. His broken appearance nearly overcame my resolution,

but I would not be deceived any more. He had spent every farthing of what I had given him; besides this, his debts, old and new, amounted to thousands. It was nearly all I had. Then there was my child; my duty to that, and my submission to my husband. No—all should go to pay his debts. I would earn my livelihood, and he should at least be clear. All was realized, and flowed in a golden stream to relieve his necessities. At last, every claim was satisfied, and, with my child, I bade him a last farewell. Not a vestige of his former self remained. The hereditary malady of my guardians' warning had seized him, and he was fading fast away: nature and life were fast killing him. I spared all I could to leave him the comforts of life. Weak as I had been, I was now determined to act energetically. Arrived in England, I returned to Horngrave, which I had left so happy—a humble lodging my dwelling, my child all my joy.

CHAPTER III.

SEVENTEEN years passed over—years spent in close economy, in careful thought over every small outgoing, and anxious attention for Ellen, now growing up. Nothing more had I heard of Arthur. Since the day we parted, my life had been calm, but it had been the calm of melancholy. The blow I had received could not be effaced—there were dreams, visions that beset me night and day, and destroyed my rest. Still young, I was broken in health, and needed comforts my means could not now procure. But I had truly learned the lesson of adversity, and felt how much more our happiness depends on our internal resources, than on outward means. As far as my circumstances would admit, Ellen had received a good education; it was my boast that at least she was brought up as a gentlewoman, and that, let the worst come, she was worthy of her hire as a governess—she was qualified to earn a livelihood. I heard little of the few surviving members of my family, and that little not to their advantage. One uncle I knew was very rich, but I had neither the necessity nor the desire to ask his bounty. He lived mostly in Ireland, and was reputed popular among his tenants. It was the beginning of summer—I remember well the

evening—Ellen and I were sitting in the full glory of the sunset, when a letter was delivered to me, containing the startling intelligence of my uncle's death, and the discovery of a will giving all his property to me. I was not—I had not been for seventeen years greedy for money; but the power, the influence, the resources of wealth were not lost on me, and in that moment I was overcome with thankfulness. Half my anxieties and cares these long years had been pecuniary, and now, thank Heaven, they were past. The lawyer's letter recommended an immediate departure for Ireland, to secure my possessions. Ellen and I speedily prepared for our journey, and were soon *en voyage*. Killigreen, my uncle's mansion, was a perfect type of an Irish residence—a village attached to the estate—a park in neglected condition—a large rambling house, bearing marks of its open, universal use and accommodation—its furniture decayed—its retainers and servants out of number—dogs and horses breeding and increasing in its paddocks and kennels—every sign of profuseness and neglect; and yet the real value of the estate was large—£4000 a year, free from any drawbacks or deductions. There was no doubt about the bequest—the will was clear and distinct—"To my niece, Mrs. Norman, I bequeath all my estates, lands, and hereditaments." Our reign commenced. The local newspapers teemed with the accounts of the great rejoicings at the revived fortunes of the present possessors. All the neighbors of importance did us the honor of a visit. For months, Killigreen was a scene of festivity and rejoicing. Every thing about the place, as far as possible, was kept as it was. It was about six months after we had been in possession, as Ellen and I were examining some old books in the library, I observed Ellen pick up a paper that fell from an old volume, and read it with apparent interest; suddenly, she uttered a shriek, and fell fainting on the carpet. I was naturally alarmed, and anxiously raised her from the ground: "My darling, what is the matter?"

"The will! the will!" was all she uttered; and taking the paper from the ground, I read our doom in a moment. This deed was of a later date than that acted upon, and reversing all former bequests, bequeathed the entire estates to a Hospital for the blind. I could hardly

breathe—I could barely understand where I was. Was it not a dream?—a fantasy of the night? Surely I was at Horngrave, in our old cottage; and Killigreen and all its wealth a midnight fancy. If otherwise, how could I return to the rightful possessors what I had spent—the lavish expenditure of the last few months? Here is the paper, but what is to prevent me in a moment from destroying all evidence of an altered intention? And indeed the temptation was strong. I held in my hands the destiny of myself and daughter—the title-deed to fortune and happiness, or to distress and care; but, thank Heaven, in that moment my better angel preserved me from a sin I dare not think of. Ellen and I, though bathed in tears, were resolved not a moment should be lost to place the recovered will beyond the power of destruction. We wrote to our lawyer, inclosing the document and praying him to act as quickly as possible; we wished to retire from our false position at once. Judge of the morality of the man when we received for answer his advice to keep the matter secret! There was no moral necessity for us, he wrote, to injure ourselves; it was the *duty* of those whom it concerned to urge their claims. Seeing his obtuseness, I wrote to the secretary to the hospital, telling my story, and praying for immediate action. It was not long in taking place. An order to surrender the house and estate came within forty-eight hours, and not long after, a claim for the rents received. Then I felt the bitterness of our lot—to resign all voluntarily, and then to be called on to reproduce what was gone. My lawyer, after the surrender of our claim abandoned all attention to our cause, and left us to the hands of our successors. As a public body they had no individual feeling, and acted on so-called disinterested grounds; suffice it to say, that we quitted the estate impoverished more than when we came there. My annuity, small as it was before, was eaten up by the law-expenses and other charges on surrender. One month later, we were again in our old quarters at Horngrave. No longer independent, Ellen was now forced to earn something to complete our livelihood, and doubly thankful was I that she could do so. She bore bravely up against our misfortunes; the very necessity for action seemed to brace her. But my cup was not yet full.

We had hardly returned to our old quiet life before it was fearfully disturbed. One day I had been out alone for a walk, while Ellen was at home with her pupils, engaged at a music-lesson. On my return, I was surprised to see a male figure in our sitting-room, to see him bending over her as she played, and then actually to clasp her to his breast and kiss her. I could only see his back, and my heart beat so violently I could hardly breathe. What more was I to bear? To see the affection of my only blessing won from me by a stranger; to see him embrace her before my eyes, and she too to submit. I was hardly sensible, but I managed to enter the room. As the door opened, Ellen burst into my arms, and cried, "Papa, papa has returned! He is here—he is here!" I knew no more till I awoke upon my bed; and saw standing at the foot, the man who had ruined all my hopes and happiness; still, in his corrupt beauty, faded as it was, and beside him, our daughter, more like him than I had ever conceived. Oh! that I had lived to see the day! Had the news of my late fortune brought him back, like a vulture, to the prey? Or was he penitent? Was he to return as a prodigal, and were we now at last to be happy?

My illness was very severe; the recent shock coming upon my already weakened frame, made it even critical, and for days I was unconscious; and what my unrestrained tongue gave vent to, I can not tell, but they were burning words—the pent-up thoughts and troubles of years—strange combinations of the past and present, all clustering round one center—the man who wronged me, who had so broken all his vows. But as I mended, the lowering clouds that so disturbed me cleared away, and I saw, day by day, and hour by hour, although without fairly realizing it, Arthur, the cause of all my cares, ever about my bed, and, with Ellen, anticipating my every wish. I never missed him; he seemed to live in the room, and, weak as I was, I saw an expression of deep anxiety and interest in his face which was new indeed. They seldom spoke to me, for the doctor's orders were for silence; but in my drowsy state I saw them often talking together, and he reading to her while she worked. Little as I could realize all the blessedness of the change, it wrought a wonderful effect on me; it gave the healing peace of mind I chiefly

needed, and worked the cure. Soon I was convalescent, for, the crisis past, nature hastened to restore itself, and then with joys bright as the fresh beauties of the rising sun, life seemed young again, and with a horizon still that promised happiness. The tale were long to tell of all that happened in those weeks of illness: to me they had been lost time, but to my child and husband they were indeed momentous; and happy was the suffering that bore such joyful fruit; for Ellen told me that when I lay unconscious and hardly breathing, her father, struck with the memory of former days, touched by the old love that once burned within him, knelt by my side, and gazed steadfastly in my face. He spoke not, but the working of his features told the mind within. Noiselessly, Ellen came and knelt beside him, and, placing an arm round his waist, claimed him as her parent. Flesh and blood could no longer resist this fresh call on his sympathy. In a voice hoarse and broken with emotion, he cried: "I have been a villain—a base villain! Your mother was an angel; she gave up every thing for me. No, Ellen, I will go—I will not darken your life, as I have hers. Tell her, only tell her, when she recovers, that I have gone, never to forget this day. She may hear of me again, but not as of old. If it is not too late, I will yet do something worthy of her love." And here he rose to go.

Ellen flung herself upon his breast, and told him all the strange vicissitudes of fortune, the close economy of Horngrave life, the bright prospect of Killigreen, the noble self-sacrifice, and how that I loved him still. She was sure that my life was desolate and dreary; as her tale was telling, his eye brightened, his color came; and when she ceased, she clasped her to his heart. "Your mother has been, and is, a perfect woman. I will reform, by the love I once swore to bear her, by the vow to cherish her; and you, Ellen, shall be my monitor—you shall restore me, and be the mediator between your mother and me." As he spoke, he knelt by my bed, and kissed me with an earnestness he had never known before. From that moment, the promise was fulfilled. But I had something yet to hear, and bitterly at the moment did it affect me, though now the recollection of it is a great comfort. My troubles had been partly my own causing. After the

wretched night when Arthur lost so much, I had acted wildly and imprudently; gambling had been a passion with him, and he had generally been successful; in fact, he looked upon it as a certain source of income, and, poor as he was, he did not like his dependence upon my fortune. Attempting to win by cards and fortune wealth for himself, he lost nearly all that belonged to me by right. In the agony of loss, he had struck a blow, he could never forget; he was mad at that moment; the fiend had him at command. The duel, and his and my illness, maintained this deplorable state of mind: he was jealous of the Baron, and even doubted my faithfulness. My subsequent coolness hurried things to a crisis; he was persuaded that the Baron and I had leagued together to destroy him, and in this conviction desperately plunged into dissipation: then I left him for England; and soon after the Baron left Baden too. For months he had been ill; an old friend of his family had found him in great distress, and left him money sufficient for immediate need. On his recovery despairing of ever regaining my love, and hating his own country, he determined to go to India and begin life anew. He had powerful friends there, who procured him such an appointment as he was in need of. He was appointed resident at the barbarous court of Oude, and there his reckless courage gained him vast influence over the savage chiefs and nobles. By careful management, he gained a considerable fortune; and then, sobered and more content to live, thought of returning to England to satisfy his conscience about me; for at times he had thought that his suspicions, strong as they were, might be wrong, and that even then I might be waiting in faithful poverty for his return. He journeyed to Calcutta, and took passage in a homeward-bound vessel, with his property in gold and jewels on board. By a singular fatality, the vessel was lost, and he was the only passenger who escaped. After much hardship, the passengers and crew were saved by a passing vessel, and he at length reached England with a heart almost broken by misfortune. Casually, he read in an old county newspaper the account of our Killigreen fortune and subsequent loss; and with a heart bursting with mingled feelings, he hurried to Horngrave, and found Ellen alone, as I have described. Then came

my illness; in the long weeks of watching, his better feelings gained the victory; and, ennobled by misfortune, he found at length the happiness he had long deemed as lost.

His services in India soon procured him an appointment at home, and though we are still poor, we have enough for all

our wants. Arthur, no longer young, no longer handsome as he was, seems to me more beautiful than ever. Our trials are over; he has done all he promised: he is faithful, and our happiness is secure. We do not own a Killigreen; but we married Ellen from a happy home, and her children now delight their grandmother's heart.

From Chambers's Journal.

NOTHING LOST.

WHEN Lord Palmerston was Home Secretary, under Lord John Russell's premiership, he had to attend to sanitary reform, and to many other subjects far removed from the foreign diplomacy with which his name is more especially connected. While so engaged, he propounded an aphorism which is excellent both for its epigrammatic neatness and for its truth: "Dirt is only matter in the wrong place!" If society would duly act upon this truth, we should save millions a year; if, instead of considering dirt and refuse, sweeping and cuttings, scourings and washings, to be valueless, we could only bring ourselves to believe that they are good things in wrong places, we should be better both in health and in pocket than we are now. Practical chemists have long known this; medical men not unfrequently impress the fact on their patients; patentees of new inventions often show an appreciation of it; and the world is getting wiser thereon every day. A few months after the close of the Great Exhibition of 1851, Dr. Lyon Playfair gave a lecture on some of the results of that wonderful display, taking for his principal topic the recent advances in industrial chemistry. The production of perfumes was not the least curious of these examples. The lecturer showed that beautiful perfumes are now produced from the most trivial, and often from the

most fetid and repulsive substances. If this were all, it would be a triumph of chemistry, and a benefit to mankind; but, unfortunately, the crooked commercial morality with which we are all too much acquainted, stepped in, and encouraged a system of cheating and deception. It is scientific to obtain from decayed or unsightly refuse a perfume similar in odor to that obtained from a beautiful fruit or flower; but it is dishonest to call it by the name of that fruit or flower, and to charge a high price accordingly. "A peculiar fetid oil," said Dr. Playfair, "termed fusel oil, is formed in making brandy and whisky; this fusel oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the 'oil of pears.' The 'oil of apples' is made from the same fusel oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The 'oil of pine-apples' is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making 'pine-apple ale.' 'Oil of grapes' and 'oil of cognac,' used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusel oil. The artificial 'oil of bitter almonds,' now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionery, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas-tar.

Many a fair forehead is damped with 'Eau de Millefleurs,' without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses."

But without dwelling further at present on the roguery involved in all such misnomers and masked substitutions, let us glance at some among the almost innumerable examples of honest utilization of substances which used formerly to be denominated waste, or were at most regarded as possessing scarcely any appreciable value. Dr. Lyon Playfair adverted to some of these examples: "The clippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woolen garments of the inhabitants of the sister-isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of a broken hoop of an old beer-barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer-matches. The dregs of port wine—carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling-bottle, or are used by her to flavor 'blanc mange' for her friends." Very recently, this highly interesting subject has been traced throughout a much wider range by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, an experienced authority on all that relates to the materials for manufactures. In a paper-read before the Society of Arts, he gave a wonderful variety of instances of the utilization of apparently unimportant substances. A bare enumeration of them would be beyond our limits; but it will be seen that—even leaving out all that concerns the devising of new forms of food for human beings, all that concerns the discovery of new fibrous substances for paper-making, and all the schemes for making town-sewerage available as agricultural manure—the variety is very remarkable.

Beginning with animal substances, and with such parts of them as belong to the skin, hair, and wool, we find that the skin of the dog-fish is used to make an abrading substance analogous to sand-paper. Eel-skin is made by the Americans into ropes and whip-lashes. Sole-skin is used

to refine coffee and other liquids, in the manner of isinglass. Porpoise and walrus skins are tanned into shoe-leather. Alligator-skin is tanned by the Texans into leather much resembling fine calf. Snake-skin is dressed to imitate shagreen. Old shoes and boots are "vamped" up, in Monmouth street and in Petticoat Lane, the fractures doctored with "clobber," made of ground cinders and paste, and a little further life of usefulness given to them. In Yorkshire, there are "waste-dealers," who buy up all the odds and ends from the woolen factories, and sell it to "shoddy" mill-owners at Leeds, Dewsbury, and Batley. These mill-owners work up the refuse wool into "shoddy" or "mungo," mix it with a little new wool, and spin and weave it into broad-cloth, doeskins, pilot-cloths, druggets, coarse carpeting, baize, and table-covers. Woolen rags, however dirty, are bought up, torn to shreds, cleaned, made into an inferior shoddy, and wrought into the cheapest kinds of pilot-cloths, beaverteens, Petershams, mohairs, Talmas, Raglans, paletots, and other superbly named woolen fabrics. It is said that Leeds alone reproduces from rags as much wool annually as would represent the fleeces of four hundred thousand sheep. These rags may be the relics of worn-out clothing, tailors' cuttings, old worsted stockings, carpeting, etc.; and there are large quantities imported from abroad, in aid of our home-supply. A small portion, when ground up, makes flock-paper for paper-hangers; and another portion, chiefly carpet-waste, is used to stuff mattresses, and also as an ingredient in the manufacture of Prussian blue. All the delicate materials for ladies' dresses, known by the names of balzarines, Orleans, Coburgs, alpacas, etc., are now imitated by mixtures of wool and cotton, although they may originally have been really wool or worsted. These mixtures, when decayed by long wear to the state of rags, undergo a metempsychosis; chemicals are employed to destroy the cotton, and the residue is worked up with a little new wool into cloth. It is within the region of fair probability that some of the wool in a lady's balzarine dress this year, may form part of her husband's overcoat twelve months hence. Cow-hair is used in making mortar, felt, ropes, carpets, and various substitutes for horse-hair. And when the ingenuity of man can find no

further manufacturing uses for the above varied animal substances, the farmer is always ready to buy them as manure; two and a half pounds of woolen rags are said to contain as much fertilizing power as one hundred pounds of farm-yard manure.

Turning, next, to the skeleton and the inner portion of animals, the value derived from trifles is not less remarkable. Of bones, the best parts are worked up into handles for knives, etc.; into articles of turnery; and into numerous useful productions. Some portions are used to make bone-black or animal charcoal; others are boiled to extract size for dyers and cloth-finishers; and all the rest are ground up into manure for farmers. The almost incredible sum of eight hundred thousand pounds is said to be paid annually in England for bones. Horns and hoofs are used for so many purposes that it would be scarcely possible to enumerate them; many valuable chemical substances are obtained from these sources. Whale-bone cuttings and shavings are used for stuffing cushions, etc., for fire-grate ornaments, and for yielding Prussian blue. Dog-fat is used to prepare kid-gloves at Paris, and is also made to yield an oil used as a cheap — perhaps fraudulent — substitute for cod-liver oil. Wool-scourers' waste, in which tallow or fat of some kind is always an ingredient, is now made to give up the wherewithal for stearine candles. The blood of slaughtered animals is used in sugar-refining, in making animal charcoal, in producing the once-famous Turkey-red dye, and in many other ways. The bile or gall of the ox is used as a detergent for wool or cloth; as a medicine; and by painters for cleaning ivory tablets used in miniatures, for fixing chalk and pencil drawings, and for mixing with certain colors. Fishes' scales are used for bracelets and ornaments, and fishes' eyes for undeveloped buds in artificial flower-making. Butchers' and knackers' offal is cooked up in such modes as to be acceptable as food for cats and dogs. Bladders and intestines are prepared into the cases for sausages and such like articles of food; into water-tight coverings for jars and apothecaries' vessels; into strings for violins and guitars; and into the beautiful membrane named (somewhat equivocally) "gold-beaters' skin." The French buy our old written parchments, and return them to us in the form of delicate kid

gloves. All the odds and ends of skin and parchment of every kind are "grist to the mill" of the glue manufacturer. Calf's feet are boiled down to yield neat's-foot oil for leather-dressing; and sheep's feet to yield trotter-oil, not unknown to our makers of hair-oil. Fish garbage, whether at our fishing-stations or at markets such as Billingsgate, is always salable as manure. Last autumn, one particular shoal of herrings off Lowestoft was so enormously beyond the wants of herring-eaters, that the fishers sold the fish to the farmers at 4s. 6d. per ton! Many a fine field of hops in Kent has been rendered fertile by a manure of sprats and old woolen rags. One more example of the utilization of animal substances we can not resist the temptation to mention. There are certain small brown domestic annoyances which tidy housewives can not endure to hear even named, and which have received the masquerading designation of "B flats." Now, Australia has the misfortune to be very prolific in these B flats; and an enterprising colonist has devised the means of obtaining a useful brown dye from them. Knowing as we do what kind of red dye is obtainable from the cochineal insect, we have no difficulty in believing this statement concerning another small individual. The colonist will be a real "blessing to mothers," and to households in general, if he succeeds in using up this peculiar material.

It would be scarcely possible, even if worth while, to determine whether the animal or the vegetable kingdom furnishes the larger amount of usual refuse; suffice it to say, that the vegetable contributions are almost endless in variety. Let us begin with the fibers, the great material for textile clothing. When the cotton-spinners are engaged in working up the hundreds of millions of pounds of cotton which our Liverpool and Glasgow merchants buy yearly, there are five kinds of waste which become scattered about the mill—"strippings," "flyings," "droppings," "blowings," and "sweepings;" all are carefully collected, not only for the sake of health and cleanliness in the work-rooms, but because they have a money value. The "cotton-waste dealers" will give for the strippings and flyings about one half or two thirds the value of new cotton; and for the other three kinds, a price about one eighth or one tenth of the

original value. It is supposed that there is little less than fifty thousand tons of this waste produced in Great Britain annually; it is worked up into coarse sheeting and bed-covers, or is sold to the manufacturers of printing-paper, to be mixed with linen rags. In the United States, the cotton waste is worked up into papier-mâché for tea-trays and other articles. Linen rags, besides their more prominent use in paper-making, are largely made into lint for surgeons during war-time. Coir, the fibrous husk of the cocoa, is employed as a material for matting, sacking, rope, and other articles, especially where a power of resisting the attacks of insects is needed. Moss, from the woods of the Mississippi regions, is extensively used for making the bags or bales in which cotton is shipped; and when this service has been rendered, paper-making affords a further resource. Sea-weed is employed in France for a great variety of purposes: it is made into paper; it is used as a lining material for ceilings and walls, on account of its incombustible properties and its power of resisting vermin; and it is employed by manufacturing chemists as a substance whence iodine and acetic acid can be obtained.

The minor uses of the numerous other components of the vegetable world are singularly varied. Rapeseed, linseed, and cotton-seed, after the oil has been pressed out of them, present the form of husky cakes, which, both in themselves, and in the portion of oil which they still contain, are valuable as cattle-food, for which they have very fattening qualities. It affords a curious instance of the discreditable adulterating practices of our day, that there are many factories in which the husks and refuse of rice are worked up into a substance called "shude," sold in thousands of tons, to adulterate oil-cake, to which it is made to bear a considerable resemblance—wanting, however, in the oleaginous properties of the latter. Grape-husks, when charred, are employed in making the intensely black ink with which bank-notes are printed. The raisin stalks and skins which accumulate on the hands of British wine-makers form the very best filter for the use of vinegar-manufacturers; and hence arises a certain advantage in carrying on both those processes in one establishment, as is done by the celebrated firm of Beaufoy at Vauxhall. Rice-husks, and the delicate pellicle which incloses the

grain, are largely employed as a litter for stables, as a substitute for saw-dust, and as a food for live stock and poultry. The bran or refuse from the grinding and bolting of corn is useful as a food for cattle, as a material in tanning, as a cleanser in calico-printing and tin plate making, and as a stuffing for cushions and dolls. Brewers' and distillers' grains are much sought after as fattening food for live stock. The bread raspings from rolls and from over-baked loaves are used as a coating for hams, and in some districts by poor persons as a substitute for coffee. In Paris, such of these raspings as have been carbonized to blackness are pounded, sifted, and sold as tooth-powder. Beet-root fiber, after the root has had the juice pressed from it for sugar-making, is eagerly bought by the continental farmers as a fertilizer; while the skinnings from the boiling of the sugar are added to the food for cattle. This same sort of fiber will work up well with other substances as a material for paper, and for papier-mâché tea-trays, etc. The "trash" or fiber of the sugar-cane, after the juice is expelled, is used by the West-India planters as fuel; although chemists tell them that it still contains a great deal of valuable sugar, which might be more profitably applied. The molasses which is left as a residue in beet-root sugar-making can be distilled to yield a spirit, and then made to yield a useful amount of potash. Tan-pit refuse, a complex mixture with much vegetable and little animal substance, is employed in hot-houses and forcing-stoves, and also for making a peculiar kind of charcoal. Maize, in America, besides supplying an important article of food for man, is brought into requisition in a great variety of ways: the grain is made to yield a spirit and an oil; the stalk has sugar and molasses extracted from it; the cob is an acceptable food for cattle; and the husk is employed for packing oranges and cigars, for stuffing mattresses, for making paper, and as a cheap substitute for horse-hair. The cuttings of cork are used as a piston-packing for steam-engines, as a stuffing for beds and pillows, as a buoyant material for safety-boats and garments, and—when mixed with asphalt—as a road-material for suspension bridges; the elegant new suspension bridge at Battersea Park furnishes an example of the last-named kind. Rotten potatoes, damaged grain, and refuse rice, are sources whence

excellent starch is obtained. Horse-chestnuts, which used to be valueless, except as an occasional food for sheep, are now ground, mixed with a little carbonate of soda, to neutralize the bitter principle, washed to whiteness, and employed in making meal, starch, vermicelli, and macaroni. The brick-tea made from the spiked leaves and stalks of the tea-plant, is a cheap and portable substitute for regular tea; but the lie-tea, made from the refuse of the tea-plantations, and from the sweepings of the Hong storehouses at Canton, is too often sold as an unfair adulterant. Acorns are roasted and ground for coffee in France. Malt "commings," the refuse of the kiln, is one of the too numerous adulterants of coffee, while as a more honest application, it is a valuable manure. Pea-shells are carried in van-loads from Convent Garden Market to the dairies in the vicinity of the metropolis, as a food for milch-cows; in France, they are made to yield a little spirit by distillation, and are used also in paper-making. Saw-dust and shavings have a multiplicity of useful applications: from mahogany, they are used in smoking fish; from boxwood, in cleaning jewelry; from cedar, in making "otto of cedar-wood;" from sandal-wood, in filling scent-bags; from deal, in packing bottles, and ice, in stuffing dolls, cleansing metals, and sprinkling floors. Tobacco-ashes, procured by burning damaged tobacco in the custom-house kiln or "Queen's Tobacco-pipe" at the London Docks, are sold to tooth-powder makers. In Savoy, walnuts are pressed for walnut-oil; and the residue oil-cake is eaten by children and poor persons. Palm-oil, which is shipped to the extent of fifty thousand tons annually from the west coast of Africa, for the manufacture of soap and candles, is made from a pellicle which surrounds the nut or kernel: this kernel used to be thrown away as a useless residue; but another kind of oil is now expressed from it. It has been estimated that there must be ten million bushels of nuts to yield the fifty thousand tons of palm-oil; that the kernels from this enormous quantity ought to yield the more delicate oil—something like cocoa-nut oil—to the value of three million pounds annually; and that there would remain one hundred and twelve thousand tons of oil-cake, worth five hundred thousand pounds as cattle food.

Turn we finally to the mineral kingdom,

which presents its own peculiar list of "waste" or refuse now applied to useful purposes. The screenings and siftings at our coal-pits, once allowed to remain valueless, are now become a marketable commodity, either by themselves, or mixed with other substances to form artificial fuel. At the gas-works, after the gas and the coke have been made from coal, there are many residual substances which, in the early history of the manufacture, were regarded as troublesome incumbrances; but now they nearly all become useful. From the liquid left in some of the pipes are manufactured sulphate of ammonia for manure, sal-ammoniac for soldering and for calico-printing, ammonia for dyers, and as one component in orchil and cudbear. A kind of oil useful as manure is obtained from the shale of the coal. Coal-tar (of which three hundred thousand tons are among the annual residue of our gas-works) is used in the preparation of printers' ink, lamp-black, asphaltic composition for pavements, disinfectants, artificial fuel, and for yielding a magnificent straw-color dye for silk. There were days when naphtha, now used for artificial illumination, benzole, now used as a lubricator, and paraffine, now used for a variety of purposes, were all thrown away as waste. Ashes and small cinders form a well-known ingredient in bricks; and soot is worth sixpence per bushel as manure, even if chemists make no use of it for the charcoal it contains. Argol, the sediment of wine-casks, is imported to the extent of a thousand tons yearly; when purified into "cream of tartar," it is used as a medicine, and also as a mordant by dyers. One thousand tons of broken bottles, instead of being thrown away, are, in London alone, yearly consigned to the glass-furnace, to commence a new career of usefulness. Horse-shoe nails, picked up by the grubbers about the streets, and the scraps of steel from needle-factories, are eagerly bought up by the Birmingham gunmakers, as the best of all material for the barrels of muskets and rifles. Steel-pen waste is bought back by the Sheffield steel-makers at ten pounds per ton; Birmingham brass-filings fetch half the value of new brass; and steel-filings are valuable to chemists and apothecaries. Jewelers' and gold-beaters' sweepings are rated at a very high value; the sweepings of the benches and floors are always preserved for sale; the clothing

and aprons have a sufficient number of particles of gold in and about them to give them a marketable value; the older they are, of course, the better. A gold-beater can generally obtain a new waistcoat for an old one; and sometimes a very old waistcoat will be bought by a refiner at a price almost fabulous. In all such cases, every thing extraneous is burnt away, leaving precious gold as a residue. Tin-plate cuttings, in hundreds of tons, are awaiting the result of experiments now being made to separate the tin from the iron, and thus render both again serviceable; meanwhile, the scraps are applied

to a few useful purposes. The old-iron shops, which are supplied by dustmen, street-grubbers, mud-larks, and other persons, in their turn supply the captains of American ships with battered and broken old kettles, sauce-pans, frying-pans, grid-irons, candle-sticks, tea-trays, shovels, boilers, corrugated roofing, etc.; these odds and ends serve as a cheap kind of ballast for ships going away with light cargoes.

Enough. Readers of any experience could easily add to this curious list of proofs that nothing is valueless—that there is good in every thing.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

GREAT AND LITTLE WHITTON.

I.

A RUSTIC congregation was pouring out of a rustic church, one Sunday afternoon, St. Mary's, situated in the hamlet of Little Whitton. Great Whitton, some three miles off, was altogether a different affair, for the parish, there, was more aristocratic than rustic, and the living was worth nine hundred a year: Little Whitton brought its incumbent in but two hundred, all told. The livings were both in the gift of the Earl of Avon: the incumbent of Great Whitton was a gouty old man on his last legs; the incumbent of Little Whitton was an attractive man scarcely thirty, the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. Therefore, little wonder need be expressed if some of the Great Whitton families ignored their old rector, who had lost his teeth, and could not by any effort be heard, and came to hear the eloquent Mr. Baumgarten.

A small, open carriage, the horses driven by a boy, jockey fashion, waited at the church door. The boy was in a crimson jacket and a velvet cap, the position livery of an aristocratic family. The sweeping-seat behind was low and convenient, without doors; therefore, when two ladies emerged from the church,

they stepped into it unassisted. The one looked about fifty years of age, and walked lame, the other was a young lady of exceeding fairness, blue eyes, and somewhat haughty features. The boy touched his horses, and drove on.

"He surpassed himself to-day, Grace," began the elder.

"I think he did, mamma."

"But it is a long way to come—for me. I can't venture out in all weathers. If we had him at Great Whitton, now, I could hear him every Sunday."

"Well, mamma, there's nothing more easy than to have him—as I have said more than once," observed the younger, bending down to adjust something in the carriage, that her sudden heightening of color might pass unnoticed. "It's impossible that Mr. Chester should last long, and you could get Henry to give him the living."

"Grace, you talk like a child. Valuable livings are not given away so easily: neither are men without connections inducted to them. I never heard that young Baumgarten had any connection, not as much as a mother, even: he does not speak of his family. No; the most sensible plan would be for Mr. Chester to turn off that muff of a curate, and take on Baumgarten in his stead."

The young lady threw back her head. "Rectors don't give up their preferments to subside into curates, mamma."

"Unless it is made well worth their while," returned the elder, in a matter-of-fact tone: "and old Chester ought to make it worth his."

"Mamma!"—when they were about a mile on the road—"we never called to inquire after Mrs. Dane!"

"I did not think of doing so."

"I did. I shall go back again. James!"

The boy, without slackening his speed, half turned on his horse. "My lady?"

"When you come to the corner, drive down the lane and go back to the cottage."

He touched his cap and looked forward again, and Lady Grace sank back in the carriage.

"You might have consulted me first, Grace," grumbled the Countess of Avon. "And why do you choose the long way, all round by the lane?"

"The lane is shady, mamma, and the afternoon sunny: to prolong our drive will do you good."

Lady Grace laughed as she spoke, and it would have taken one, deeper in penetration than the Countess of Avon had ever been, to divine that all had been done with a preconcerted plan; that when Lady Grace drove from the church door, she had fully intended to proceed part of the way home, and then come back again.

We must notice another of the congregation, one who had left the church subsequently to the Countess and her daughter, but by a different door. It was a young lady of two or three-and-twenty; she had less beauty than Lady Grace, but a far sweeter countenance. She crossed the churchyard, and opening one of its gates, found herself in a narrow sheltered walk, running through Whitton Wood. It was the nearest way to her home, Whitton Cottage.

A few paces within it, she stood against a tree, turned and waited: her lips parted, her cheeks flushed, and her hand was laid upon her beating heart. Who was she expecting? that it was one, all too dear to her, the signs but too truly betrayed. The ear of love is strangely fine, and she, Edith Dane, bent hers to listen: with the first sound of approaching footsteps, she walked hurriedly on. Would she be

caught waiting for him? No, no: rather would she sink into the earth, than betray aught of the deep love that ran through her veins for the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten.

It was Mr. Baumgarten who was following her: he sometimes chose the near way home, too: a tall, graceful man, with pale, classic features, and large brown eyes, set deeply. He strode on, and overtook Miss Dane.

"How fast you are walking, Edith!"

She turned her head with the prettiest air of surprise possible, her face overspread with love's rosy flush. "Oh!—is it you, Mr. Baumgarten? I was walking fast to get home to poor mamma."

Nevertheless, it did happen that their pace slackened considerably: in fact, they scarcely advanced at all, but sauntered along side by side. "They have been taking me to task," began Mr. Baumgarten.

"Who? What about?"

"About the duties of the parish, secular, not clerical: I take care that the latter shall be efficiently performed. The old women are not coddled, the younger ones' households not sufficiently looked up, and the school, in the point of plain sewing, is running to rack and ruin. Squire Wells and his wife, with half a dozen more, carpeted me in the vestry this morning after service, to tell me this."

Mr. Baumgarten had been speaking in a half-joking way, his beautiful eyes alive with merriment. Miss Dane received the news more seriously. "You never said any thing of this at home! you never told mamma."

"No. Why should I? The school sewing is the worst grievance. Dame Giles's Betsey took some cloth with her, which ought to have gone back a shirt, but which was returned a pair of pillow-cases: the dame boxed Betsey's ears, went to the school and nearly boxed the governess's. Such mistakes are always occurring, and the matrons of the parish are up in arms."

"But do they expect you to look after the sewing of the school?" breathlessly asked Edith?

"Not exactly; but they think I might provide a remedy—one who would."

"How stupid they are! I'm sure the governess does what she can with such a tribe. Not that I think she has much

headpiece, and were there any lady who would supervise occasionally, it might be better; but ——"

"That is just it," interrupted Mr. Baumgarten, laughing. "They tell me I ought to help her to a supervisor, by taking to myself a wife."

He looked at Edith as he spoke, and her face happened to be turned full upon him. The words dyed it with a glowing crimson, even to the roots of her hair. In her confusion, she knew not whether to keep it as it was, or to turn it away; her eyelids had dropped, glowing also; and Edith Dane could have boxed her own ears as heartily as Dame Giles had boxed the unhappy Miss Betsey's.

"It can not be thought of, you know, Edith."

"What can not?"

"My marrying. Marry on two hundred a year, and expose my wife, and perhaps a family, to poverty and privation? No, that I never will."

"There's the parsonage must be put in repair if you marry," stammered Edith, not in the least knowing what she said, but compelling herself to say something.

"And a sight of money it would take to do it. I told Squire Wells if he could get my tithes increased to double their present value, then I might venture. He laughed, and replied I might look out for a wife who had ten thousand pounds."

"They are not so plentiful," murmured Edith Dean.

"Not for me," returned Mr. Baumgarten. "A college chum of mine, never dreaming to aspire to any thing better than I possess now, married a rich young widow in the second year of his curacy, and lives on the fat of the land, in pomp and luxury. I would not have done it."

"Why?"

"Because no love went with it: even before his marriage he allowed himself to speak of her to me in disparaging terms. No: the school and the other difficulties, which are out of my line, must do as they can, yet awhile."

"If mamma were not incapacitated, she would still see after these things for you."

"But she is, Edith. And your time is taken up with her, so that you can not help me."

Miss Dane was silent. Had her time not been taken up, she fancied it might not be deemed quite the thing, in their

censorious neighborhood, for her to be going about in conjunction with Mr. Baumgarten; although she was the late rector's daughter.

The Reverend Cyrus Dane had been many years rector of Little Whitton: at his death, Mr. Baumgarten was appointed. Mrs. Dane was left with a very slender provision, and Mr. Baumgarten took up his residence with her, paying a certain sum for his board. It was a comfortable arrangement for the young clergyman, and it was a help to Mrs. Dane. The rectory was in a state of dilapidation, and would take more money to put it in habitable repair than Mr. Dane had possessed; so, previous to his death, he had moved out of it to Whitton Cottage. Gossips said that Mr. Baumgarten could have it put in order and come upon the widow for the cost: but he did not appear to have any intention of doing so.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still! Is human love the growth of human will?"

A deal happier for many of us if it were the growth of human will, or under its control. In too many instances it is born of association, of companionship; and thus had it been at Whitton Cottage. Thrown together in daily intercourse, an attachment, had sprung up between the young rector and Edith Dane: a concealed attachment for he considered his circumstances barred his marriage, and she hid her feelings as a matter of course. He was an ambitious man, a proud man, though perhaps not quite conscious of it; and to encounter the expenses of a family upon small means, appeared to him more to be shunned than any adverse fate on earth.

Arrived at the end of the sheltered walk, they turned in to Whitton Cottage, which was close by. Mr. Baumgarten went on at once to his study, but Edith, at the sound of wheels, lingered in the garden. The Countess of Avon's carriage drew up. It was Lady Grace who spoke, her eyes running in all directions while she did so, as if they were in search of some object not in view.

"Edith, we could not go home without driving round to ask after your mamma."

"Thank you, Lady Grace. Mamma is in little pain to-day: I think her breath is generally better in hot weather. Will you walk in?"

"Couldn't think of it, my dear," spoke

up the Countess. "Our dinner is waiting, as it is. Grace forgot to order James round till we were half-way home."

"Has Mr. Baumgarten got home yet?" carelessly spoke Lady Grace, adjusting the lace of her summer mantle.

"He is in [his study, I fancy," replied Edith, and she turned round to hide the blush called up by the question, just as Mr. Baumgarten approached them. At his appearance the blush in Lady Grace's face rose high as Edith's.

"You surpassed yourself to-day," cried the Countess, as he shook hands with them. "I must hear that sermon again. Would you mind lending it to me?"

"Not at all," he replied, "if you can only make out my hieroglyphics. My writing is plain to me, but I do not know that it would be so to all."

"When shall I have it? Will you bring it up this evening, and take tea with us? But you will find the walk long, in this hot weather."

"Very long, too far," spoke up Lady Grace. "You had better return with us now, Mr. Baumgarten: mamma will be glad of you to say grace at table."

Whether it pleased the Countess or not, she had no resource, in good manners, but to second the invitation so unceremoniously given. Mr. Baumgarten may have thought he had no resource but to acquiesce—out of good manners also, perhaps. He stood, leaning over the carriage, and spoke, half-laughing:

"Am I to bring my sermon with me? If so, I must go in for it. I have just taken it from my pocket."

He came back with his sermon in its black cover. The seat of the carriage was exceedingly large, sweeping round in a half-circle. Lady Grace drew nearer to her mother, and sat back in the middle of the seat, and Mr. Baumgarten took his place beside her. Edith Dane looked after them, an envious look; the sunshine of her afternoon had gone out; and she saw his face bent close to that of Grace Avon.

Some cloud, unexplained, and nearly forgotten now, had overshadowed Lady Avon. It had occurred, whatever it was, during the lifetime of her lord. She had chosen ever since to live at Avon House in retirement, fearing possibly the reception she might meet with, did she venture again into the world: old stories might be repeated up, and a molehill made into

a mountain. Lady Grace had been presented by her aunt, and passed one season in town: then she had returned to her mother, to share perforce in her retirement, for she had no other home; and it is probable that the ennui of her monotonous life had led to her falling in love with Mr. Baumgarten. That she did love him, with a strong and irrepressible passion, was certain: and she did not try to overcome it, but rather fostered it with all her power, seeking his society, dwelling upon his image. Had it occurred to her to fear that she might find a dangerous rival in Edith Dane? No; for she cherished the notion that Mr. Baumgarten was attached to herself, and Edith was supposed to be engaged to her cousin. A cousin had certainly wanted her, and made no secret of his want, but Edith had refused him: this, however, was not necessary to be proclaimed to all. Strange as it may seem, to those who understand the exacting and jealous nature of love, Lady Grace Avon never had cast a fear of the sort to Edith.

This evening was but another of those he sometimes spent at Avon House, feeding the flame of her ill-starred passion. He told them, jokingly as he had told it to Edith, that the parish wanted him to marry. Lady Avon thought he could not do better: parsons and doctors should always be married men. True; when their income allowed them to be, he replied, but his did not.

He stood on the lawn with Lady Grace, watching the glories of the setting sun. Lady Avon was beginning to nod in her after-dinner doze, and they had quitted her. Scant ceremony was observed at Avon House, no pomp or show: six or eight servants composed the whole household, for the Countess's jointure was extremely limited. He had given his arm to Lady Grace in courtesy, and they were both gazing at the beautiful sky, their hands partially shading their eyes, when a little man, dressed in black with a white neck-tie, limped up the path. It was the clerk of Great Whitton Church.

"I beg pardon, my lady: I thought it right to come in and inform the Countess. Mr. Chester's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Lady Grace. "Gone where?"

"Gone dead, my lady. Departed to the bourne whence no traveler returns," added the clerk, who was of a poetic

turn. "He dropped into a sweet sleep, sir, an hour or two ago, and when they came to wake him up for his tea, they found he had gone off in it. Poor old Mrs. Chester's quite beside herself, sir, with the suddenness, and the servants be running about here and there, all at sixes and sevens."

"I will be at the rectory in ten minutes," said Mr. Baumgarten.

They carried the news to the Countess, and then Mr. Baumgarten departed; Lady Grace strolling with him across the lawn to the gate. When they reached it, he stopped to bid her good evening.

"Great Whitton is in my brother's gift," she whispered, as her hand rested on his. "I wish he would give it to you."

A flush rose to the clergyman's face: to exchange Little Whitton for Great Whitton had been one of the flighty dreams of his ambition. "Do not mock me with pleasant visions, Lady Grace: I can have no possible interest with Lord Avon."

"You could marry then," she softly said, "and set the parish grumblers at defiance."

"I should do it," was his reply. His voice was soft as her own, his speech hesitating: he was thinking of Edith Dane. She, alas! gave a different interpretation to it; and how was he to know that? His lofty dreams had never yet soared so high as Lady Grace Avon.

Persuaded into it by her daughter—her ladyship said, badgered into it—the Countess exacted a promise from her son that he would bestow Great Whitton on the Rev. Ryle Baumgarten. On the evening of the day that the letter arrived, giving the promise, Mr. Baumgarten was again at Avon. Lady Grace had him all to herself in the drawing-room, for the Countess was temporarily indisposed.

"What will you give me for some news I can tell you?" cried she, standing triumphantly before him in the full glow of her beauty.

He bent his sweet smiles down upon her, his eyes speaking the admiration that he might not utter. He was no more insensible to the charms of a fascinating and beautiful girl than are other men—in spite of his love for Edith Dane. "What may I give? Nothing that I can give would be of value to you."

"How do you know that?" And then,

with a burning blush, for she had spoken unguardedly, she laughed merrily, and drew a letter from her pocket. "It came to mamma this morning, Mr. Baumgarten, and it is from Lord Avon. What *will* you give me, just to read you one little sentence from it? It concerns you."

Mr. Baumgarten, but that Edith Dane and his calling were in the way, would have liked to say a shower of kisses: it is possible that he would still, in spite of both, had he dared. Whether his looks betrayed so, can not be told: Lady Grace took refuge in the letter. "I have been dunned with applications," read she, "some from close friends, but as you and Grace make so great a point of it, I promise you that Mr. Baumgarten shall have Great Whitton." In reading, she had left out the words "and Grace." She folded up the letter, and then stole a glance at his face.

It had turned to pale seriousness. "How can I ever sufficiently thank Lord Avon?" he breathed forth.

"Now, is not the knowing that worth something?" laughed she.

"O Lady Grace! It is worth far more than any thing I have to give in return."

"You will be publicly appointed in a day or two, and will of course hear from my brother. What do you say to your marrying project now?"

She spoke saucily, secure in the fact that he could not divine her feelings for him—although she believed in his love for her. His answer surprised her.

"I shall marry instantly: I have only waited for something equivalent to this."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Baumgarten, to make so sure of the lady's consent. Have you asked it?"

"No; where was the use, until I could speak to some purpose? But she has detected my love for her, I am sure: and there is no coquetry in Edith."

"Edith!" almost shrieked Lady Grace. "I beg your pardon: I shall not fall."

"What have you done? You have hurt yourself!"

"I gave my ankle a twist. The pain was sharp."

"Pray lean on me, Lady Grace; pray let me support you: you are as white as death."

He wound his arms round her, and laid her pallid face upon his shoulder: for one single moment she yielded to the fascina-

tion of the beloved resting-place. Oh! that it could be hers forever! She shivered, raised her head, and broke from him. "Thank you; the anguish has passed."

He quitted the house, suspecting nothing, and Lady Grace rushed to her writing-desk: "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned." A blotted and hasty note to the Earl of Avon just saved the post. "Give the living to any one you please, Harry, but not to Ryle Baumgarten: bestow it where you will, but not on him. Explanations when we meet."

Mr. Baumgarten, meanwhile, was hastening home, the great news burning a hole in his tongue. Edith was at the gate, not looking for him, of course; merely enjoying the air of the summer's night. That's what she said she was doing when he came up. He did not listen: he caught her by the waist, and drew her between the trees and the privet-hedge. "Edith, my darling, do you think I am mad? I believe I am: mad with joy: for the time has come that I may safely ask you to be my wife."

Her heart beat wildly against his, and he laid her face upon his breast, more fondly than he had laid another's not long before.

"You know how I have loved you: you must have seen it, though I would not speak: but I could not expose you to the imprudence of marrying while my income was so small. It would not have been right, Edith."

"If you think so—no."

"But, oh! my dearest, I may speak now. Will you be my wife? I am presented to the living of Great Whitton, Edith."

"Of Great Whitton! Ryle!"

"I have seen it in Lord Avon's own handwriting. The Countess asked it for me, and he complied. Edith, you will not be afraid of our future: you will not reject me, now I have Great Whitton?"

She hid her face; she felt him lovingly stroking her hair. "I would not have rejected you when you had but Little Whitton, Ryle."

There they lingered, now pacing the confined space and talking, now her face gathered upon him again. "Yours is not the first fair face which has been there this night, Edith," he laughed, in the exuberance of his joy and love. "I had Lady Grace's there but an hour back."

A shiver seemed to dart through Edith Dane's heart. Her jealousy of Lady Grace had been almost as powerful as her love for Mr. Baumgarten.

"I was telling her my plans, now my prospects have changed; that the first step would be my marriage with you; and, as I spoke, she managed somehow to twist her ankle. This pain must have been intense, for she turned as white as death, and I had to hold her to me. But I did not pay myself for my trouble, as I am doing now," he added, taking kiss after kiss from Edith's face.

She lifted her face up and looked in his: "You would only have liked to do so, Ryle."

"I have liked to do so!" he uttered, smothering back a glimmer of consciousness. "Edith, my dearest, my whole love is yours."

A week passed, and then the lucky man was announced. The living of Great Whitton was bestowed on the Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, a personal friend of the Earl of Avon's.

II.

A TWELVEMONTH passed away. In a shaded room of Little Whitton rectory lay Edith Baumgarten—dying. Changes had taken place. That Mr. Baumgarten must have been disappointed and annoyed at the appointment of another to the living, could not be doubted; he set it down to the caprice of great men: and he consoled himself by immediately marrying Edith, sending his former prudence to the winds. It is probable he thought he could not in honor withdraw, and it is more than probable that, once having given the reins to his hopes and his love, he was not stoic enough to do so. Following close upon the marriage, came the death of Mrs. Dane, an event long anticipated: a few hundred pounds descended to Edith, and they were employed in putting the rectory in order, into which Mr. and Mrs. Baumgarten removed.

"Ryle, we have been very happy," she faintly sighed.

He was sitting by her, holding her hand in his, his tears kept back, and his voice low with its suppressed grief. "Do not say 'we have,' my darling; say 'we are.' I can not part with you; there is hope yet."

"There is none," she wailed—"there is none. O Ryle! my husband, it will be a hard parting!"

She feebly drew his face to hers, and his tears fell upon it. "Edith, if I lose you, I shall lose all that is of value to me in life."

A tap at the door, and then a middle-aged woman, holding a very young infant in her arms, put in her head and looked at Mr. Baumgarten. "The doctors are coming up, sir."

He quitted his wife, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, rubbed it over his face, and then turned to the window, as if intent on looking out. He lingered an instant after the medical men entered the chamber, but he gathered nothing, and could not ask questions there; so he left it and waylaid them as they came out. "Well?" he uttered, his tone harsh with pain.

"There is no improvement, sir: there can be none. If she could but have rallied—but she can not. She will die from exhaustion."

"She may recover yet," he sharply said; "I am sure she may. But a few days ago, well; and now —"

"Mr. Baumgarten, if we deceive you, you would blame us afterwards. She can not be saved."

And yet, later in the day, she did seem a little better: it was the rally of the spirit before final departure. She knew it was deceitful strength, but it put hope into the heart of Mr. Baumgarten.

"Ryle, if he should live, you will always be kind to him?"

"Edith! Kind to *him*! O my wife, my wife!" he uttered, with a burst of irrepressible emotion, "you must not go, and leave him and me."

She waited until he was calmer; she was far more collected than he.

"And when you take another wife, Ryle —"

"You are cruel, Edith," he interrupted.

"Not cruel, my darling, I am only looking dispassionately forward at what will be. Were I to remain on the earth, or, going where I am, could I look down here at what passes, retaining my human passions and feelings, it would be torment to me to see you wedded with another. But it will not be so, Ryle: and it seems as if a phase of my future passionless state were come upon me, enabling me to contemplate calmly what must be. Ryle,

you will take another wife: I can foresee, with all but certainty, who that wife will be."

"What mean you?" inquired Mr. Baumgarten, raising his head to look at her.

"It will be Grace Avon. It surely will. Now that impediments are removed, she will not let you escape her again. But for my being in the way, she would have been your wife long ago."

"Edith, I do think you must be wandering!" uttered Mr. Baumgarten, speaking according to his belief. "Grace Avon is no fit wife for me: she would not stoop to it."

"You are wrong, Ryle: I saw a great deal in the days gone by: and I say that, but for me, she would then have been your wife. Let what is past, be past: but the same chance will occur for her again. I only pray you, with my dying breath, to shield my child from her hatred, when she shall have a legal right over him."

Mr. Baumgarten became more fully impressed with the conviction that his wife's mind was rambling. He was mistaken. Smoldering in her heart through the whole months of her married life, had been her jealousy of Lady Grace: she had felt a positive conviction that, but for Mr. Baumgarten's attachment and engagement to herself, the other marriage would have been brought about: and she felt an equal conviction that, now the impediment was about to be removed, it would be so. A jealous imagination is quick, and gives the reins to its extravagance, but it is sometimes right in its premises. She had observed an entire reticence to her husband on the subject, so no wonder that her present words took him by surprise, and caused him to suspect her mind must be playing her false.

"My dearest love," he whispered, "if it will give you a moment's peace, I will bind myself by an oath never to marry Grace Avon."

"Not so, Ryle. What will be, will be; and I would not have you both loathe my memory —"

Mr. Baumgarten started up in real earnest. She was certainly mad.

She held his hand, she feebly drew him down again, she suggested calmness. "It may come to that, Ryle: you may learn to love her as you had loved me. O Ryle! I pray you, when she shall be your

wife, that you will shield my child from her unkindness!" she continued, in a low wail of impassioned sorrow.

"I can not understand you," he said, much distressed: "it is not possible I could ever suffer any one to be unkind to your child. Why should you fear unkindness for him?"

"I should fear it from her alone; she has regarded me with hatred; I have been a blight in her path; and so would she regard my child, *our* child, Ryle, should she become its second mother: that she should do so is but in accordance with human nature."

Mr. Baumgarten sighed: he scarcely knew how to answer her, how to soothe her: were her mind not actually insane, he looked upon these far-fetched fears as only a species of illness, which must have its rise in some derangement of the brain. All that she had said, touching Lady Grace, he considered to be a pure fantasy.

"Ryle! my love, my husband, you will love our child? you will protect him against her unkindness, should it ever be offered?"

"Ay; that I swear to you," he ardently replied. And Edith Baumgarten breathed a sigh of relief, and quietly sheltered herself in her husband's arms, to die.

III.

WHETHER it be death or whether it be birth, whether it be marriage or whether it be divorce, time goes on, all the same. After the funeral of Mrs. Baumgarten, the parish flocked to the rectory in shoals, especially the young ladies who were, vulgarly to speak, on the look out; there to condole with the interesting widower, and go into raptures over the baby. They need not have troubled themselves: Mr. Baumgarten's eyes and heart were closed to them: they were buried for the present in the tomb of Edith.

She had been dead about six months when the open carriage of Lady Avon stopped before the rectory, as the reader once saw it stop before Whitton Cottage, but it had but one occupant now, and that was the Countess. After the marriage of Mr. Baumgarten, the Countess had sometimes attended Little Whitton church as heretofore, but Lady Grace never. She had always excuses ready, and the Countess, who had no suspicion of the true state of the case, put faith in

them. The Countess declined to alight, and Mr. Baumgarten went out to her.

"Would it be troubling you very much, Mr. Baumgarten, to come to Avon House occasionally and pass an hour with me?" began the Countess.

"Certainly not, if you wish it," he replied: "if I can render you any service."

Lady Avon lowered her voice and bent towards him. "I am not happy in my mind, Mr. Baumgarten; not easy. The present world is passing away from me, and I know nothing of the one I am entering. I don't like the rector of Great Whitton; he does not suit me; but with you I feel at home. I shall be obliged to you to come up once or twice a week, and pass a quiet hour with me."

"I will do so. But I hope you find nothing serious the matter with your health."

"Time will prove," replied Lady Avon. "How is your little boy?"

"He gets on famously; he is a brave little fellow," returned Mr. Baumgarten, his eyes brightening. "Would you like to see him?"

The child was brought out for the inspection of Lady Avon—a pretty babe in a white frock and black ribbons, the latter worn in memory of his mother. "He will resemble you," remarked her ladyship. "What is his name?"

"Cyrus. I know it would have pleased Edith to have him named after her father."

Mr. Baumgarten paid his first visit to Avon House on the following day. Lady Grace was alone in the room when he entered, and it happened that she knew nothing of his expected visit. It startled her to emotion. However she may have striven to drive away the remembrance of Mr. Baumgarten, she had not done it; and her feelings of anger, her constantly indulged feelings of jealousy, had but helped to keep up her passion. Her countenance flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale.

Mr. Baumgarten took her hand, almost in compassion; he thought she must be ill. "What has been the matter?" he inquired.

"The matter! Nothing," and she grew crimson again. "Is your visit to mamma? Do you wish to see her?"

"I am here by appointment with Lady Avon."

The conversation with his wife, relating to Lady Grace, had nearly faded from

Mr. Baumgarten's remembrance. Not the words; they would ever be remembered; but he attached no more importance to them, than he had done when they were spoken. The Countess came in, and Lady Grace found that his visits were to be frequent.

Did she rebel, or did she rejoice? O reader! if you have loved as she did, passionately, powerfully, you need not ask. The very presence of one so beloved, is as the morning light: dead and drear is his absence as the darkest midnight, but at his coming it is as if the bright day opened. So had she felt when with Mr. Baumgarten; so did she feel now; although he had belonged to another.

From that day they saw a great deal of each other, and in the quiet intercourse of social life—of invalid life, it may be said, for Lady Avon's ill-health was confirmed—grew more intimate than they had ever been. Lady Grace strove to arm herself against him: she called up pride, anger, and many other adjuncts, false, as they were vain, for the heart is ever true to itself, and will be heard. It ended in her struggling no longer: in her giving herself up, once more, to the bliss of loving him, unchecked.

Did he give himself up to the same, by way of reciprocity? Not of loving her: no, it had not come to it: but he did yield to the charm of liking her, of finding pleasure in her society, of wishing to be more frequently at Avon House. He had loved his wife, but she was dead and buried, and there are very few men indeed who remain constant in heart to a dead love, especially if she has been his wife. The manners of Lady Grace possessed naturally great fascination: what then must they not have been, when in intercourse with him she idolized? She was more quiet than formerly, more confidential, more subdued; it was a change as if she had gone through sorrow, and precisely what was likely to tell upon the heart of Mr. Baumgarten. But there was no acting now in Lady Grace; she was not striving to gain him, as she had once done: she simply gave herself up to the ecstatic dream she was indulging, and let results take their chance. Mr. Baumgarten may be forgiven if he also began to feel that existence might yet be made into something pleasant as a dream.

The Honorable and Reverend Wilfred Elliot, claiming a dead earl for a father

and a live earl for a brother, was not, of course, a light whose beams could be hid under a bushel, the more particularly as the live earl was in the cabinet. It therefore surprised nobody that when the excellent old Bishop of Barkaway was gathered to his fathers, Mr. Elliot should be promoted to his vacant shoes. The good bishop's life had been prolonged to the patriarchal age of ninety, but for the last twenty years of it he had been next to incapable, therefore the see of Barkaway hugged itself as being in luck, on the principle that any change must be for the best. Great Whitton, on the contrary, hugged itself in like manner on the same principle, for the Honorable and Reverend—to speak mildly—had not been popular. The Earl of Avon, as luck, or the opposite, would have it, was on a few days' visit to his mother when Mr. Elliot received his miter.

"Don't put such another as Elliot into Great Whitton, Henry," observed the Countess to her son, "or we shall have the parish up in arms."

"What was the matter with Elliot?" drawled the earl, lighting a cigar. "Didn't he please them?"

"Please them! He made every soul in the parish, laborers and all, attend daily service in the church between eight and nine, allowing them ten minutes for breakfast and fifty for prayers; and he has dressed the school in scarlet cloaks, with a large white linen cross sewn down the back; and there are eight-and-thirty pairs of candlesticks displayed in the church; besides other innovations, which country parishes don't understand, and don't care to take to. One thing has been made a great grievance of: the poor could not comprehend, or could not collect, to turn which way he wanted them at the Belief, so he planted some men in white behind the poor benches every Sunday, with long wands, and the moment the Belief began, down came the wands, rapping on the heads of the refractory ones. You have no idea of the commotion it used to cause."

The earl burst into a laugh. "I'd have come down for a Sunday had I known there was that sort of fun going on. The girls must take care the bulls don't run at the scarlet. Did you get up to attend the early service?"

"Not I. I can say my prayers more quietly at home, Henry. He did not

force the rich to early service, only the poor, who really could not spare the time, for their time is their money. He told the rich he would leave it between themselves and their consciences: the truth is, you know, Henry, that the rich in this country will not be controlled absolutely, in matters of religion."

"They are not such geese," returned Lord Avon. "It's a great bother, though, these good livings falling in: seventeen letters I have had this blessed morning, applications direct or indirect, for Great Whitton. I have a great mind to reply through the *Times*, and make one answer do for the lot."

The Countess raised herself from her sofa, and looked at her son. "Did you want a candidate, Henry?"

The earl looked at her. "Scarcely, mother: with seventeen bold applications, and seventy more behind them, peeping out."

"Henry, if you have no one particular in view, let me name the rector: it will perhaps be one of my last requests to you."

"I'm sure I don't, care, mother: I had heartburning enough over it last time, every man but the successful one thinking himself ill used. If your mind's set upon any fellow, I'll give it him at once, glad to do it, and to send off a stereotyped answer to my correspondents: 'Very sorry: living's given: wish I had known your excellent merits earlier.'"

"Then give it to Mr. Baumgarten. He is a deserving man, Henry, and he'll restore peace to the parish. He was to have had it before, you know, and I never knew why you went from your promise: not that I minded then; I did not esteem him so well as I do now."

"Why, you sent me word not to give it him! Grace did: a peremptory note. Some freak of hers, I suppose. Well, mother, I don't dislike Baumgarten; he's a gentlemanly fellow, and he may have the living."

And so it was. Great Whitton, with its nine hundred a year and its handsome rectory, was presented to the Reverend Ryle Baumgarten. The churchwardens threw up their hats, and looked in at the school-house to tell the mistress that the girls might unsew those white symbols from behind their tails. Mrs. Baumgarten had been dead about ten months then, and summer was coming round again.

He hastened to Avon House as soon as the news reached him. Lady Grace was standing amidst the rose-trees: she liked to linger in the open air at the dusk hour, to watch the stars come out, and to think of him. But that she wore a white dress, he might not have distinguished her in the fading twilight. He left the open path to join her.

"It is a late visit, Lady Grace, but I could not resist coming to say a word of gratitude to Lord Avon."

He felt the hand, he had taken in greeting, tremble within his, and he saw her raise her other hand hastily and lay it on her bosom, as if she would still its beating. She answered him with a smile.

"Your visit will not accomplish its object, Mr. Baumgarten, for my brother is gone. He left before dinner. Mamma says she is very glad that you will be nearer to us."

"Perhaps I have to thank you for this, as much as Lord Avon," he said.

"No; no indeed: it was mamma who spoke to Henry. I——"

"What, Lady Grace?" he whispered.

"I did not speak to him," she continued — "that is all I was going to say."

But Mr. Baumgarten could not fail to detect how agitated she was, and as he stood there, looking at her downcast face in the twilight, the remembrance of his wife's last words came rushing over him, and he felt a sudden conviction that Lady Grace *had* loved him—and that she loved him still. He forgot what had been; he forgot his idol, but ten months gone from him; and he yielded himself unreservedly to the fascination, which had of late been stealing over his spirit.

Her trembling hands were busy with the rose-trees, though she could scarcely distinguish buds from leaves. Mr. Baumgarten took one, and placing it within his own arm, bent down his face until it was on a level with hers. "Grace, have we misunderstood each other?"

She could not speak, but her lips turned white with her emotion. It was the hour of bliss she had so long dreamt of.

"Grace," he continued, in a tone of impassioned tenderness, "have we loved each other through the past, and did I mistake my feelings? O Grace, my best-beloved! forgive me; forgive my folly and blindness!"

With a plaintive, yearning cry, such as may escape from one who suddenly finds

a long-sought-for resting-place, Grace Avon turned to his embrace. He held her to him; he covered her face with his impassioned kisses, as he had once covered Edith Dane's; he whispered all that man can whisper of poetry and tenderness. She was silent from excess of bliss, but she felt that she could have lain where she was forever.

"You do not speak," he jealously said; "you do not tell me that you forgive the past. Grace, say but one word, say you love me!"

"Far deeper than another ever did," she murmured. "O Ryle! I will be more to you than she can have been!"

Recollection, prudence, perhaps for her sake, began to dawn over Mr. Baumgarten: he wiped the drops of emotion from his brow. "Grace, I am doing wrong: it is madness to aspire to you; I have no right to drag you down from your rank to my level."

"Your own wife, your own dear wife," she whispered. "Ryle, Ryle; only love me forever."

THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah! summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed
o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what
cares and pleasures too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when this
old ring was new!

Oh! blessings on that happy day—the happiest
of my life—
When, thanks to God, your low sweet "Yes"
made you my loving wife!
Your heart will say the same, I know—that
day's as dear to you,
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when
this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now, your young,
sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my
tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you. Ah! how proud I
was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this
old ring was new?

No, no; no fairer were you then than at this
hour to me;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you
dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it
is, 'tis true;
But did I know your heart as well when this
old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness! — wife, what care,
what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me
you would not share?
Oh! what a weary want had every day if want-
ing you—
Wanting the love that God made mine when
this old ring was new!

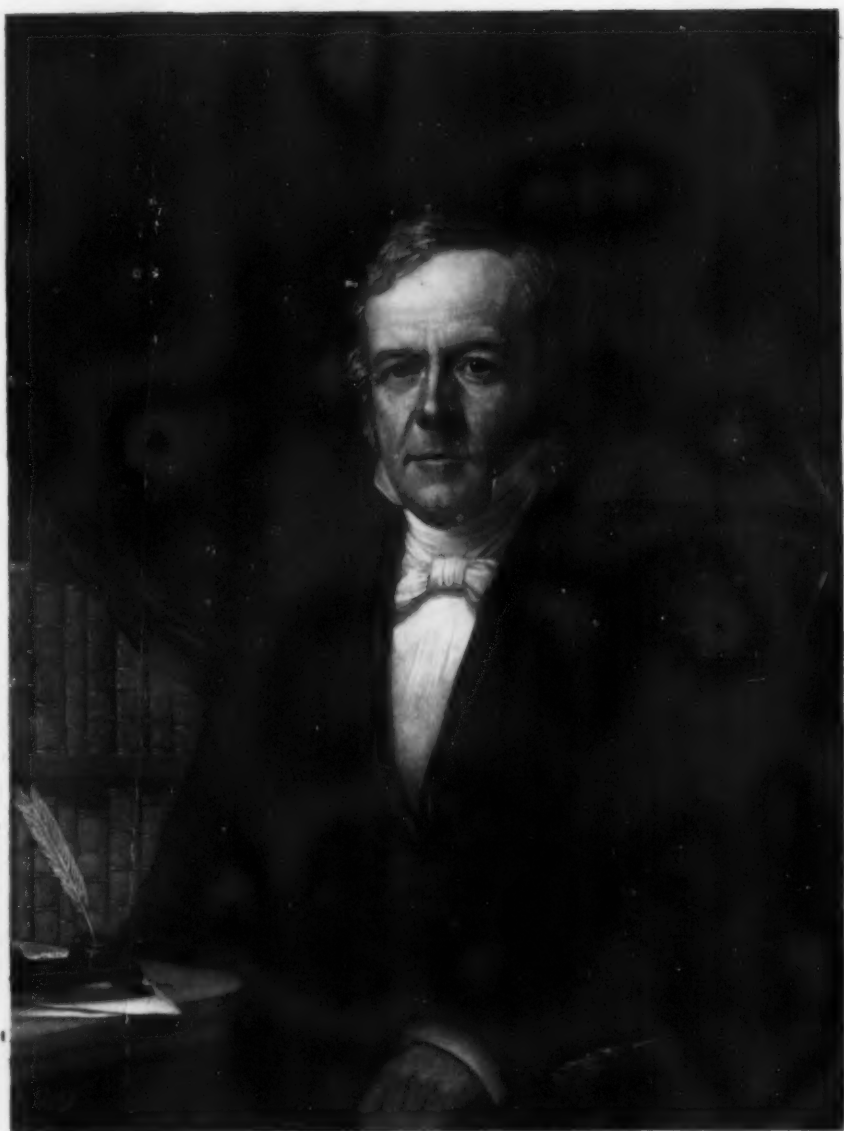
Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—small
voices that are here,
Small faces round our fire that make their
mother's yet more dear;
Small, loving hearts, your care each day makes
yet more like to you—
More like the loving heart made mine when this
old ring was new.

And, blessed be God, all he has given are with
us yet; around
Our table, every little life lent to us still is
found.
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts
the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be his name for all his love since this
old ring was new.

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memo-
ries treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we
would not now forget.
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto
heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and
daughters to grow old,
We know his goodness will not let your heart
or mine grow cold.
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still
shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this
old ring was new.

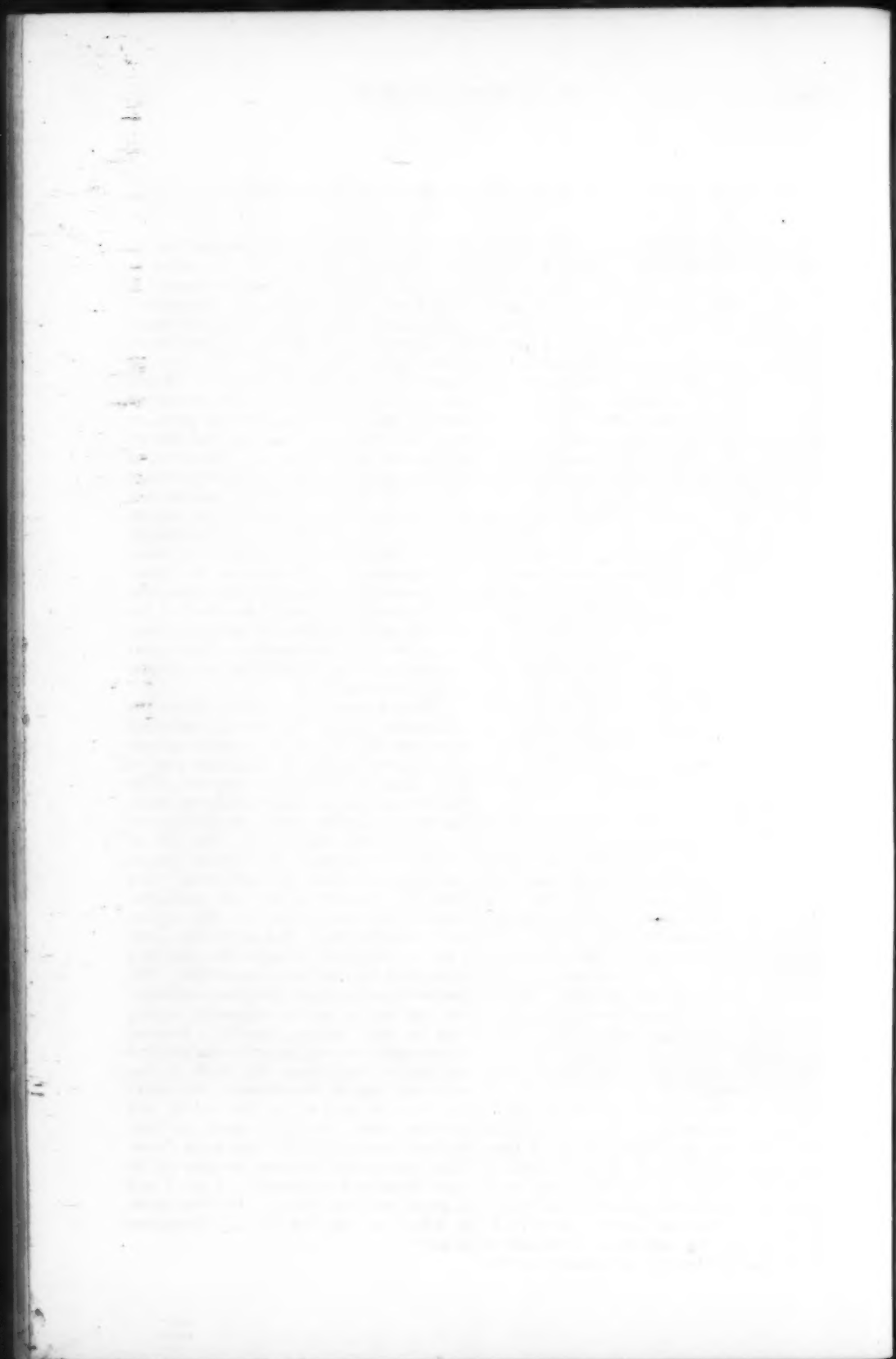
And oh! when death shall come at last to bid
me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on
that breast!
Oh! may my parting gaze be blessed with the
dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when
this old ring was new!



ENG^d BY JOHN SAKMAY - PHIL^a

REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

Eng^d for the Editor



DR. JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

IN placing a truthful portrait of the late much lamented Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., as an embellishment to the present number of the *ECLECTIC*, we hope to gratify the feelings of many of his admiring and loving friends, as well as that of our own personal regard. We knew him well. We would honor his character and his memory as a faithful and devoted minister of the Gospel, who was well and widely known, and whose praise is in all the churches. Others, his personal friends and compeers in the pastorate, who knew him more intimately, have already embalmed his memory in touching and eloquent language. Our record of this great and good man is rather in the delineation of those well-remembered features once all alive with swelling emotions before the great congregation in the sanctuary of God, but now emotionless, away from human view, in the dark chamber in the long sleep of ages. The portrait will aid in cherishing his memory. To this it is fitting that we should add a brief biographical sketch—very imperfect at best, as many volumes would be needed to record a small portion of all he has said, written, and performed in a laborious and well-spent life.

We quote from the *Presbyterian* of Philadelphia the following:

"James Waddel Alexander, the eldest son of Dr. Archibald Alexander, was born in Louisa county, Va., March 13th, 1804. On his mother's side he was the grandson of James Waddel, William Wirt's celebrated 'Blind Preacher.' He graduated at Princeton in 1820, and was appointed tutor in that Institution in 1824. He resigned that post the next year, and settled as pastor in Charlotte county, Va. Here he remained two years, and in 1828 accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, Trenton, N. J. In 1832 he resigned this charge, and became the editor of the *Presbyterian*, whence, in 1833, he was called to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the College at Princeton. Here he remained till 1844, when he was elected pastor of the Duane-street Presbyterian Church, New-York. In 1849, he was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Govern-

ment in the Princeton Theological Seminary, where he remained till 1851, when he was led to return to his former charge in New-York, then erecting for themselves their present place of worship in a more inviting section of the city, and in a more encouraging field of labor. His ministrations here were eminently blessed. When the revival commenced in 1858, he entered heartily into it, and through the press, as well as by his pulpit and pastoral labors, endeavored to promote it. His series of revival tracts, published without his name, were extensively circulated; and we notice by some of our last foreign papers, that they have found their way to Ireland, and are helping on the good work there. By reference to the Minutes of the General Assembly, we observe that during the last ecclesiastical year he received to his church, on profession of faith, *one hundred and twenty-five members*—the largest number, we believe, added to any church within our bounds.

"After a winter of exhausting labor, Dr. Alexander found his health seriously impaired, and his whole nervous system greatly prostrated. In the early part of June last, at the urgent request of his devoted people, he consented to lay aside his work for a few months, in the hope of a speedy restoration. To this end he visited the mountains of Virginia, where, on former occasions, he had found relief from the salubrious air and medicinal waters. His last letters from this region were encouraging. But on Friday, July 29th, a telegram brought the startling news, that his condition was critical. The forebodings thus awakened were confirmed on Sunday by another dispatch, saying that he was 'sinking rapidly.' Earnest prayer went up from many hearts and lips for his recovery, that day, both in the sanctuary and in the closet. But alas! the time for prayer on this behalf was already past. At five o'clock on that Sabbath morning he fell asleep in Jesus. Thus the pulpit has lost another of its most illustrious ornaments. A good and a great man has fallen. Another name is added to the list of the illustrious dead."

LUTHER, MELANCTHON, POMERANUS, AND CRUCIGER.

MARTIN LUTHER.

IN presenting the portraits of these men of renown, as an embellishment to our present number, it is fitting to subjoin a brief biographical sketch.

Luther, the great German reformer, was born at Eisleben, tenth November, 1483. As he was born on St. Martin's Eve, and baptized the next day, he received his Christian name of Martin. His father, who was a poor miner, left Eisleben for Mansfield, when the infant Martin was scarcely six months old. Here the hardy laborer so prospered, as to have at length two blast-furnaces of his own, and to be thus enabled by a benignant Providence, to give his son a good education. After getting such tuition as the place of parental residence could afford, Martin was sent at the age of fourteen to school at Magdeburg, where his poverty forced him, with other boys, to traverse the neighboring villages and to sing hymns as a means of procuring a supply of victuals. Removing next year to Isenach, he was pressed by similar difficulties, and compelled to a similar means of relief, till a benevolent family took him under their roof. His father was anxious that his son should study law, and Martin entered the University of Erfurt in 1501. The fashionable scholastic philosophy occupied him here for a series of years, and "the whole university admired his genius." During the second year of his studies at Erfurt, being a laborious reader, and in the habit of ransacking the college library and devouring its volumes, he found a copy of the Latin Bible, a book he had never seen before, and which on his reading it, stirred up strange and rapturous sensations within him. Not long afterwards his severe studies produced an alarming illness, which brought him face to face with death, and created serious and permanent religious impressions, which were so deepened by the death of a very intimate friend and fellow-student, by a stroke of lightning, that he at once resolved to become a monk, and leaving all his property behind him, but a Virgil and Plautus, and giving his astonished

friends a hearty farewell banquet, he entered the monastery of the hermits of St. Augustine. Here the ambitious scholar soon felt the crushing despotism of those monkish brothers, for he was forced to do the most menial and disgusting offices, and the master of arts was made a servant of all work—sweeper, porter, and beggar, for the lazy drones who buzzed in the convent. Still, he did not neglect his studies, and he strove earnestly all the while to obtain that spiritual peace and sanctity which he had imagined must be easily found in a religious establishment. Alas! he watched, fasted, prayed, read, and did penance on himself in vain. His melancholy could not be relieved by such ghostly mechanism. His was not a mind to be cheated into quiet by monastic routine, or degraded and hushed by morbid asceticism. But the conversations of Staupitz, his vicar-general, at length led the young Augustinian to feel the freedom and peace of the Gospel, and he was ordained to the priesthood, and celebrated his first mass, in his twenty-fourth year. By the influence of Staupitz, Luther was, in 1508, called by Frederick, elector of Saxony, to be a professor of philosophy in the University of Wittemberg. Here in a short time he taught also biblical theology, and obtained more internal serenity, and a deeper view of the divine plan of redemption. He began to preach too with that vigor, impetuosity, and eloquence which soon attracted immense crowds. About 1510 he was sent to Rome on ecclesiastical business, and his mind received a terrible shock by what he witnessed of the idleness, profanity, and sensuality of the Romish clergy and laity, and the grief and indignation he experienced during this visit to the city of the pope, caused the veil to fall from his eyes. On returning from the Italian metropolis, he was, in 1512, made doctor of divinity, and he continued to preach boldly, attacking the scholastic philosophy, and basing his arguments more and more on the Holy Scriptures. The court of Rome, to supply its luxuries, and aid in building St. Peter's, had commissioned indulgences to be sold in Ger-



JOHN H. H. H. H. H.

LUTHER MELANCTHON, PENEKANIS & CRUCIGER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. H.

many. The traffic was carried on with the utmost effrontery, and under a regular tariff, and Tetzel was a fit instrument for the nefarious commerce in the souls of men. Some of the people of Wittenberg, who had confessed to Luther, refused to abandon their sins, and pleaded the indulgences which they had bought. The spirit of Luther was fired—the spark was laid to the train which ended in so mighty an explosion. He preached and remonstrated, and on the thirty-first October, 1517, nailed to the door of the castle church his ninety-five theses, and sent a copy of them to the archbishop of Magdeburg. The consequent discussions with Tetzel at Wittenberg, and his debates upon the same subject at Heidelberg, only increased and deepened the agitation, and added to Luther's popularity. By and by he was summoned to appear and answer at Augsburg before the papal legate, Cardinal Cajetan. At the several interviews he stood firm and resolved, and the friar Martin returned in triumph to his cell and his lecture-room. The excitement was now so prodigious that the courteous Elector wished him to leave the city—the idea of a capital penalty for him was loudly talked of, and the unquailing Luther at last appealed from the pope to a general council. But Miltz, another legate, was appointed, and at a meeting which took place at Altenburg in 1519, Luther was so far cajoled as to write a humble and apologetic letter to Leo. The letter was unheeded—the reformer became more and more alive to the errors of the church—the disputation with Eckius still forced him onwards, and, being too honest to conceal his convictions, he took advantage of the press, and his works found a wondrous and immediate circulation. Rome became seriously alarmed, and Leo at length issued a bull of excommunication, which Luther publicly and contemptuously burnt before an immense assembly at Wittenberg. The German mind was thoroughly roused, and prepared to throw off the yoke of Rome. Luther's separation from Rome was now complete. Leo urged the new Emperor, Charles V., to apprehend and punish the turbulent and daring heretic, but by the influence of the Elector of Saxony, the reformer's cause was tried at Worms. On his way to Worms, Spalatin, apprehensive for his safety, dispatched a messenger to forewarn and dissuade him from continu-

ing his journey, but the magnanimous champion replied: "Go tell your master, that though there were as many devils in Worms as tiles upon the housetops, I will enter it." On the sixteenth of April he reached the city, attired in his friar's cowl; multitudes met him, and he entered attended by two thousand persons. Before his three hundred and four august judges, the Emperor and his nobility, his courage did not fail, for clearly and fully did he vindicate his past procedure, and he steadily appealed to the authority of Scripture. The result was, that Charles issued a rescript "against the evil fiend in human form," "the fool," and "the blasphemer," and put him under the ban of the empire. Luther had already left the town, pursuing the road that took him to Mora, that he might see his aged grandmother. He resumed his journey the next day, but as he passed through the depths of the Thuringian forest, he was roughly seized by five horsemen, and carried to the castle of Wartburg, and a whole year he lay there in solitude, while his friends mourned his absence or death. But his powerful patrons had in this way provided for his safety. This period of forced retirement was not mis-spent, and though he had to wrestle with morbid and nervous sensations, produced by his confinement, and sedentary life, he translated the New Testament into German, which was published in 1522. Leaving his Patmos, and returning to Wittenberg, his undaunted energy carried all before it, the reformation was ushered in, and in 1524 Luther abandoned the monastic dress—the last symbol of his connection with Rome. He crushed his fanatical opponents, who did more injury to his cause than his papal adversaries, gallantly entered the lists with Henry VIII. of England, and fought stoutly with Erasmus on the Freedom of the Will. In 1525, he was married by Pomeranus, to Catherine von Bora, who had left her convent about two years before, and "his dear and lovely Ketha" proved a kind and affectionate wife to him. The labors of Luther were at this period incessant, for the care of all the churches was upon him, and many of the States of Germany embraced his doctrines. From 1517 to 1526, every year saw him publish a book or books against some form of papal error. The translation of the Bible occupied a large portion of his time, for it was the mainstay of the reformation; and com-

mentaries on almost all the books of the Bible proceeded from his unwearied pen. Councils were in those days reckoned a grand specific for healing ecclesiastical discord, and there were not a few in the life of Luther: Worms in 1521, Nuremberg in 1522-23, when the German princes presented a list of "a hundred grievances;" another at the same place in the following year, at which the members resolved to work out as far as possible the decisions of that of Worms, and that of Augsburg in 1525, adjourned to Spire in 1526, at which a general council was demanded. Another diet was convoked to meet in February, 1529, and the imperial and popish party having the mastery, decreed to suppress the reformation by force. Against this bloody decree the deputies solemnly *protested*, and the reforming band received from this circumstance the appropriate name of *Protestants*. The diet of Augsburg met in 1530, the confession prepared by Melancthon was submitted to it, and Protestantism, in spite of all obstacles, was firmly established among the German nations. Amid many interruptions and incessant labors, Luther continued at Wittenberg, during his remaining years. In his sixty-second year his health began to give way—the strong man was bowed down. After an altercation with the lawyers about clandestine marriages, and certain female fashions in dress, he indignantly left Wittenberg for Eisleben in the month of January, 1546. The river Issel being swollen, he was five days upon the road. On the seventeenth of February he complained of oppressive pain in his chest. Momentary relief from it was soon obtained; but he was again attacked in the night, and after brief but earnest religious exercises, and thrice repeating the inspired words: "Into thy hands I commit my spirit—God of truth thou hast redeemed me," he expired between two and three o'clock in the morning. His disease is supposed to have been *angina pectoris*, but some say, cancer in the stomach. On the nineteenth, his body was inclosed in a leaden coffin, and carried into the church ere it was removed for burial; and on the twenty-second the hearse arrived at Wittenberg, where the whole city stood around the gates in deepest sorrow and lamentation. Luther was buried in the Schloss-kirche, and many a traveler has read the simple inscription that still stands

over his tomb. No one will deny that Luther was one of the mighty. He had an earnest and honest nature—a stranger alike to cowardice and dissimulation. Whatever he did, he did with his might. that he sometimes spoke roughly and wrote harshly, no one knew better than himself: "I was born," said he, "to fight with devils and storms, and hence it is that my writings are so boisterous and stormy." It required a leonine temperament to do the work of Martin Luther. Yet he was a man of a loving and generous heart—playful and happy with his wife and family or friends. Luther had great natural capabilities for music, and he had sedulously studied its theory. He wrote very many hymns and set them to music. In 1523 he published his first hymn with music in a single sheet; the next year he wrote seventeen with a similar accompaniment, and in other subsequent years his muse was not idle. Forty-two original tunes were composed by himself and his associates. But amidst all his literary labors, his translation of the Scriptures stands preëminent. Fully aware of the difficult and responsible task, he craved assistance in every form and from every available quarter. But especially did he summon erudite and skilled professors of theology to his aid. They met from time to time, each having prepared himself for the interview by a thorough elaboration of the literary materials belonging to his department of investigation. At those repeated and prolonged consultations, Luther invariably presided, and he had always spread out before him, his own manuscript, the ink of which was scarcely dry, the Hebrew Bible, and the Latin Vulgate. On his one hand sat Melancthon, with the Greek Scriptures before him, and on his other was placed Caspar Cruciger, with his notes made from the Chaldee Targums. Bogenhagen, usually called Pomeranus, from the country of his birth, was also by their side, ready with his suggestions from the rabbinical writings and the old Greek versions. These scholars did their work with marvelous precision and fidelity, for they sometimes returned fourteen successive days to the reconsideration of a doubtful clause or word. In short, Martin Luther was one of the few men whom Providence occasionally endows, prepares, and raises up for gigantic enterprise. He lived to see his work of religious emanci-

pation immovably rooted among the German nations—the work of one man and one age. He sowed the seed in tears, but he saw the harvest gathered with joy.

PHILIP MELANCTHON

Was born at Bretheim, in the lower Palatinate, in 1497. His father was an armorer, and his original German name was Schwartzerd, which, in imitation of Reuchlin and other learned men, he Grecized into Melancthon, or as he used, especially in his latter days to spell it, Melanthon. Both names denote "black earth." After having studied at Pfortzheim for two years, Philip removed to Heidelberg, where he became bachelor of arts; and on being refused a mastership, on account of his youth, he repaired to Tübingen, where he became a lecturer. In 1518 he received the high encomium of Erasmus, and, at the instigation of Luther and Reuchlin, he was the same year invited by Frederick, elector of Saxony, to fill the chair of Greek in the recently founded University of Wittenberg. At this seat of learning he was at once under the mighty spirit of influence of his intrepid colleague Luther. His agency in the Reformation has been overshadowed by that of Luther, but he was ever active and industrious in his own humble and unostentatious mode. In 1519 he accompanied Luther to Leipzig, in order to dispute with Eckius, and in 1521 he published his famous *Loci Communes*, a treatise which in his own lifetime went through sixty editions. In 1520 he married the daughter of one of the burgo-masters of Wittenberg, and by her had two sons and two daughters. During the progress of the Reformation he visited many cities, and was active in patronizing seminaries of learning. Nor was his pen idle in the cause; and though his compositions had not the overwhelming torrent of Luther's rhetoric, yet their quiet, elegant, and self-possessed tone was not the less useful in aiding the emancipation and progress of Germany. He was as earnest as Luther to free theology from scholastic subtleties. There is no doubt that many of the plans carried out by the Reformers were the result of Melancthon's wise suggestions. His Greek scholarship was also

of continued and inestimable advantage to Luther in his work of translating the Bible. His own commentaries also show how his erudition qualified him to be a lucid, accurate, and elegant expositor. In 1530 Melancthon was appointed to draw up the general Confession which was presented to the Emperor at Augsburg, and he also wrote the Apology for it. He was invited to dispute with the Sorbonne in 1535, but refused this invitation, as well as a similar and subsequent one from England. After Luther's death, Melancthon was often sadly perplexed and harassed. The famous measures of the Interim did not find him disinclined to look upon it with a kindly eye. Men of bolder character rallied him on his irresoluteness, and pointed to his failures at Worms, Ratisbon, and Bonn. His orthodoxy was suspected, and he was blamed for the approximation of his views on the Lord's Supper to those of the Swiss Reformers. These rough and unceremonious assaults often plunged him into grief. Melancthon died at Wittenberg, nineteenth April, 1568, aged sixty-three. The amiability, gentleness, and benignant purity of Melancthon; his zeal, learning, and ingenuity, have placed him next to Luther as an agent in the work of the Reformation. He sometimes fretted at Luther's overbearing vehemence, but he venerated its grounds; and Luther, though he might doubt the propriety of Philip's procedure in some cases, and stigmatize it as mere expediency, was won by his gentle demeanor and unquestioned sincerity. These qualities, like the "still small voice," often commended the new doctrine where the whirlwind and thunder had only produced terror and revulsion. Melancthon wrote on many topics besides theology, such as commentaries on various Greek and Latin classics, and some historical and philosophical treatises. His works were published at Wittenberg in four volumes folio, in 1562 and subsequent years, and were reprinted several times. There had been a previous edition printed at Basle in 1541. A new edition has been in course of preparation and publication for many years under the editorial care of Bretschneider and Bindseil. The general title is *Corpus Reformatorum*, and eighteen quarto volumes have already appeared.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE LOGIC OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, *Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater,"* etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1859.

THE other papers which make up this choice volume are: The Life of Milton, The Sultanes, The Fatal Markman, The Incognito; or Count Fitz-Hum, The Dice, The King of Hayti. A courteous note appears from the author of the book to the publishers. The admirers of De Quincey's productions, with the condensed and powerful language which he employs, will need no second suggestion to possess these fruits of his pen. The perusal of his graphic and burning words is like a vigorous tonic to the mind, imparting strength and power to the mental vitalities. The book appears in a neat and attractive dress, like all the issues of this house.

ALMOST A HEROINE. By the Author of "Charles Auchester, "Counterparts," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THE caption of Chapter I. is, "A Marriage not made in Heaven and its Result." Starting from this point of departure, suggestive of the direction, the reader is conducted through fields of incident, and scenes of personal and family history, both interesting and instructive. The characters are well drawn and developed, and the reader will find, in passing over its pages, much to interest and instruct in the experiences of daily life.

A VOLCANO IN SPAIN.—The Spanish journals announce that last week a volcano suddenly broke out in the Cruz de la Muela, one of the mountains near Orihuela, provinces of Murcia. "It presented," say they, "an aspect which was both imposing and horrible. Burning lava rolled down the sides, and the crater threw out ashes to a great distance. The town of Orihuela is considered in so much danger that the inhabitants have taken to flight. The crops of cotton and the cultivated fields in the vicinity of the volcano are much damaged. The outburst was succeeded by extraordinary heat."

MR. MADDEN, of Lendenhall street, announces an Appeal on behalf of 80,000,000 of the Human Family, by Antonius Ameuney, of Syria. The author, a native of Syria, educated at King's College, London, is aiming at the establishment of an Arabic newspaper in this country, to be circulated gratuitously in every country where Arabic is spoken.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, under a decree of August 8th, has nominated the celebrated poet, Alexandre Manzoni, *President de l'Institut*, with an annual pension of 12,000 fr., as a mark of national recompense.

THE Turin correspondent of the *Morning Post* states that sixty Hungarians who escaped from the Austrian army were retaken, placed before a battery, fired upon with grape, and all killed but two.

DISINFECTION OF SORES.—Drs. Demeux and Corne have just communicated to the Academy of Sciences a discovery of the highest importance in surgery, and which has been repeatedly tried in Professor Velpeau's wards at the Hospital de la Charité. It consists in the application of a compound which not only absorbs pus, and destroys its fetid smell, but also dispenses with the necessity of employing lint. The prescription is as follows: Take 100 parts of plaster of Paris finely-powdered, coal tar from 1 to 3 parts, and mix in a mortar. Add olive oil *quantum suff.* to reduce the mixture to the consistence of ointment, and preserve it for use in a close vessel. This mixture is of a dark brown color, and has a bituminous smell. The oil binds the powder without dissolving it, so that the compound retains its absorbing quality when placed in contact with a suppurating sore, and it never dries sufficiently to become inconvenient to the patient by its hardness, nor can it do any injury to the sore. The application may be immediate or mediate, according to circumstances. If applied immediately to the sore it causes no pain, and has a detersive action favorable to cicatrization. The advantages it offers may be summed up as follows: 1. A gangrenous wound, emitting a fetid and abundant pus, is at once deprived of its bad smell. 2. After a twenty-four or thirty-six hours' application, the bandages of a bad sore exhale no more smell than if they had been applied to a common fracture. 3. A cancerous ulcer is immediately deprived of its fetor. 4. The same is the case with ulcers in the legs. 5. Bandages and poultices charged with offensive pus are at once disinfected when brought into contact with the compound above described. 6. It also stops decomposition, keeps away insects, and prevents the generation of worms. Drs. Chevreul, Velpeau, and Cloquet have been appointed by the Academy to report on this discovery.—*Galignani.*

EMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants who sailed from the United Kingdom during the 44 years from 1815 to 1858 inclusive amounted to 4,797,166, of whom 1,180,046 sailed to the North-American colonies, 2,690,403 to the United States, 652,910 to the Australian colonies and New-Zealand, and 37,807 to all other places. The average annual emigration from the United Kingdom from 1815 to 1858 amounted to 109,028, and for the ten years ending 1858 to 261,865.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & Co. announces a new monthly issue of the best copyright novels in their possession, under the title of their Select Standard Novels, to be published uniformly in the best style, with illustrations, the first volume to be Sir E. Lytton's Caxton, for half-a-crown.

ACCORDING to the semi-official *Austrian Correspondence*, of Vienna, the Emperor of Austria, has promised the Emperor of the French that the remains of the Duke de Reichstadt shall be removed to Paris.

